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THE MEMOIRS

(Chiefly Autobiographical)

FROM 1798 TO 1886.

OF

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN, M.D., F.R.C.S.

Formerly Colonial Secretary of Western Australia;
H.M. Commissioner of Inquiry into Slave Trade, West African Settlements.
Author of "Travels in the East," "Memoirs of the Countess of Blessington," "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," &c.

EDITED BY HIS SON,
THOMAS MORE MADDEN, M.D., F.R.C.S.I.

LONDON
WARD & DOWNEY
12 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN
1891

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PREFACE.

In the following pages will be found a record of the long and eventful career of the late Dr. Richard Robert Madden, of whom a recent writer has observed—

"Few men have ever seen so much of the world, mingled in more stirring scenes, or with persons of greater eminence, or accomplished a larger share of useful and permanent work than that brave old man, whose talents are attested in each and all of his forty published volumes; and whose life is well worthy of being chronicled, not only on account of its almost romantic character, but also because of his eminence as a *litterateur*, and his achievements as a philantrophist."

For this Memoir Dr. Madden left abundant materials, including his personal reminiscences of, and correspondence with, many remarkable literary and political personages, at home and abroad. How far these have been advantageously utilized in the present volume it remains for the reader to decide.

T. MORE MADDEN,

55 *Merrion Square, Dublin*, 1891.

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MEMOIRS

OF

DR. R. R. MADDEN.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

THROUGHOUT life, an interest in the affairs of the Irish Insurrectionary movement of 1798, and of those that figured therein, whose memory I have endeavoured to preserve and vindicate in my *History of the United Irishmen*, has been a sort of ruling passion with me. This is perhaps ascribable to the circumstance of my having been ushered into the world in that memorable year in the midst of a rebellion, the councils of which were carried on in the immediate vicinity of my father's abode in Wormwood-gate. On the day of my birth, August 20th 1798, that house was searched for arms by the notorious Major Sirr, attended by a company of yeomanry, a privileged banditti, who then carried terror and consternation into every dwelling of a Roman Catholic however peacefully disposed he might be. After ransacking without interruption the lower part of the house, they were repulsed at the door of my mother's room by her husband, who exposed his life to imminent danger in so doing, and was only rescued from it by the sudden appearance of Major Sirr, who rushed upstairs and prevented the armed marauders from bursting into the apartment, saying: "I know Mr. Edward Madden to be a peaceable citizen." This in those days was saying a good deal for a person who was one of "The Catholic Delegates" mentioned in Theobald Wolfe Tone's *Memoirs*. These few words, however, saved Mrs. Madden, and perhaps her infant, from the consequence of so untimely a visit, and it must, perhaps, be admitted that the Major's courtesy was not duly requited by the latter in his manhood.

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At that time, and for many years previous to the close of the last century my father, Edward Madden, was an eminent manufacturer in the city of Dublin. He was a man of great worth, probity and piety. Before the Union he had amassed considerable means, but like most others engaged in commerce in Ireland, he gradually declined in prosperity from the date of that calamitous event. Even then, however, he was not a young man, having been born in November 1739, the son of Mr. John Madden of Kilternan, county Dublin, who was married to an English lady, Miss Lee of Macclesfield. My father commenced business on the Merchants Quay as a silk manufacturer, at that period one of the leading industries of this country. Thence, in 1768 he removed to No. 9 Wormwood-gate, where he built a very extensive factory and dwellinghouse, where he lived for sixty years, held by those who knew him of all classes and creeds, in honour, for his sterling merit. He was twice, and each time happily married. First *circa* 1765, to Miss Duras, the sister of Edward Duras, a wealthy manufacturer of Bordeaux, by whom he had issue ten children; and secondly, in 1777, to Miss Elizabeth Forde, youngest daughter of Thaddeus Forde, of Corry, Innismagrath, county Leitrim, by which marriage he had eleven children, of whom I was the youngest.

In the 91st year of his age—the 20th of November 1830—he died, with the best of all claims to consideration, that of being an honest man. It may be pardonable in me—the last living of his twenty-one children—to say a few more words of so good a father. He had in effect many friends, and few—probably not any—enemies; for it was the rule of his life never to speak ill of any human being, and his constant precept to all around him—"when they had nothing good to say of the absent or the dead, to pass their failings by in silence." One trait in his character was strongly marked, namely, a lively feeling of humanity for every living creature that God has given for our use, or that is dependent on our care. He keenly felt for the sufferings of the poor, and was prompt to relieve them. The representative of an ancient family,* whose descendants, despoiled of their patrimony in penal times, were subsequently content to be allowed in peace to earn their bread in their own land;—Edward Madden was not unmindful, in the principles which regulated his life, of the obligations of his creed and lineage. In days when persecution was abroad, and our venerable prelates and worthiest divines found difficulties and even danger attendant on their annual visit to the metropolis, his house was open to them, and for many years his hospitality was acceptable. The same prudence that guided his principles in private life directed his political sentiments; he loved his native country with the ardour of a Christian patriot, and in the worst of times he was loyal to his king, not for expediency, but "for conscience' sake."

* Vide Appendix.

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My mother was the youngest daughter of Thaddeus Forde, Esq. of Corry, county Leitrim, by his marriage with Miss Lyons, of Lyonstown, county Roscommon.* Her father died in 1759, and, three or four months previously her mother died also. Their youngest daughter, Elizabeth, was born in 1754. After the death of her parents she resided at Lyonstown, the seat of her uncle, Myles Lyons, until her eighteenth or twentieth year, when she came up to Dublin to her sister, Mrs. Reilly's house. After some time she became a boarder in a convent, and there continued to reside to the date of her marriage. She was remarkable not only for her personal attractions, but also for the sweetness and brightness of her disposition, in which (ere time and many troubles had done their work on her heart and its fondest hopes) was reflected a joyous serenity that well accorded with those religious sentiments which at all times were uppermost in her mind.

If natures best gifts and advantages afforded a reliable ground of hope and promise for the secure possession of happiness in this world, much felicity might have been hoped for her career in it. It pleased God, however, to reserve her happiness for life eternal; and here, to render one so good more worthy of its best rewards, she was tried with many grievous afflictions, and she was sanctified by them. Honoured by the clergy of her Church for her worth and piety, she enjoyed the esteem and friendship of many of the most eminent Prelates and Priests of Ireland of her time. Her hospitality was valued by such men as Bishop Delany, Bishop McGauran, Dr. Betagh, and Rev. Dr. Gahan: and in their sickness and at the hour of death, it was her privilege to minister to some of the most saintly of them. Beloved by the poor, not only for her charity, but also for the soothing kindness with which this was exercised:—endeared to her family for the tenderness of her affection, every member of it felt there was reason to be proud of such a mother;—and the last of those children, for whose welfare here and hereafter to her latest moment she prayed, cherishes her memory, venerates her virtues, and attributes to her prayers every deliverance from evil and danger, and many blessings that have come to him or his. In her 75th year, on the 21st March 1829, full of hope in her Redeemer, she died the death of a truly Christian woman.

* Thaddeus Forde was the last of the race of the Macansnahas of Munsterkenny (a territory of which they were the chiefs, and of whom, in conjunction with the O'Rourkes of Breifny, much mention is made in our ancient annals), who possessed a remnant of their old territory in the vicinity of Corry—a promontory jutting into Lough Allen, in front of the island of Innismagrath.

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CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

THE first school I was sent to was that of Mr. Chaigneau, of Usher-street; then to that of the Rev. Dr. Farrell, of Coldblow-lane, Donnybrook; and next to that of the Rev. Barnaby Murphy, of North Anne-street.

An uncle of my mother's, Robert Lyons, a younger brother of Myles Lyons, of Lyonstown, a very well-known and eccentric attorney who resided in Stephen's-green, was not very remarkable for making himself agreeable to people in general, and to members of his family in particular. He was pleased, however, to notice me a good deal, and in return for his civility I assumed the name of Robert. It used to be a subject of surprise, why I should be a favourite of his, not being a very demonstrative, bright, or communicative boy, but, on the contrary, as he was pleased to describe me, a quiet, retiring "mope of a boy;" "a poor soft child." By the desire of this uncle of mine I was sent to the school of the Rev. Edward Martin, of York-street, close to his house. Mr. Martin was a Protestant clergyman, a distinguished scholar, and a Professor of Trinity College. He was, moreover, truly just and liberal. His school was the best in Dublin of its day, and although a Protestant one, it was remarkable in its management: not one word that could be considered offensive to Catholic ears was ever to be heard in that school on the part of the master, ushers, or pupils. On Saturdays about noon the worthy pedagogue, I well remember, used to call up the Catholic boys and say to them: Now, my dear children, as you learn your catechism at home, and the other boys are now about to learn theirs, you may go. I have often contrasted my experience of some sixty years ago in this matter of mixed education with what has come to my knowledge of the conduct that is now pursued in regard to Catholic children in similar circumstances, and I must say things have by no means improved.

I was in the habit occasionally after school hours of calling on my grand-uncle in his office, Stephen's-green. Curran used to visit him there frequently, and on several occasions I had the privilege of being patted on the head and receiving a few encouraging words from Mr. Curran. From that time, emboldened, I suppose, by the kind look and words of the great little man, it became a fixed habit of mine, in term time, to hurry after school was over to the Four Courts to pull off my cap to the celebrated orator as he was leaving the Rolls court. When Curran was living on Hog-

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hill* in obscurity, the first brief he received was given to him by my maternal uncle. The account of this matter in Mr. Philips's "Recollections," is given in Curran's own words:—"I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence—I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where Lavater alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bob Lyons marked on the back of it. I paid my landlady, bought a good dinner, gave Bob Lyons a share of it, and that dinner was the date of my prosperity."

Perhaps the reader may feel some interest attached to the person of the man who thus held out to Curran the hand of encouragement when he was trembling on the pivot of his destiny—Robert Lyons, the attorney, was a perfect, but indeed a very favourable specimen of a class of men now quite extinct in Ireland, and never perhaps known in any other country in creation. They were a kind of compound of the rackrent Squire and the sharp law practitioner, extravagant and usurious, honourable and subtle, just as their education or their nature happened to predominate at the moment. Plausible in his manners and hospitable in his habits, those who feared him for his undoubted skill as a practitioner, esteemed him for his convivial qualities as a companion. Nor had even his industry the ill-favour of selfishness. If he gained all he could, still he spent all he gained; and those who marvelled at the poverty of his neighbourhood, could easily have counted his personal acquisitions. No matter who might be the poorer for him, he was richer for no man; in short, it seemed to be the office of his left hand lavishly to expend what his right hand assiduously accumulated. When I first became acquainted with him, although he had reaped the harvest of two thirds of a century, and alternately sued and entertained two-thirds of the province of Connaught, in which he resided, he still had all the pleasantry of youth in his address, and art struggled hard to set off the lingering graces of his exterior. His clothes were always adjusted to a nicety; a peruke, *a la* Brutus, rendered either baldness or greyness invisible, and the jet black liquid that made his boot a mirror, renovated the almost semicircle of his eyebrow!

Such to an iota was old Bob Lyons; and to him Curran has often told me he owed not merely much of the prosperity, but many of the pleasantest hours of his existence. The case in which he employed him first was the Sligo Election Petition cause between

* Hog or Hogges Hill—This, the editor is informed by Mr. E. H. Earl, M.R.I.A., was situated in the vicinity of the present Protestant Church of St. Andrew's, Suffolk-street. *Vide* also Rev. Professor Stokes' "Lectures on Celtic Church History," p. 280; London, 1883

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Ormsby and Wynne, a species of litigation from which, thanks to the Union, no young Irish barrister will ever date his prosperity in future. In this case Mr. Curran eminently distinguished himself; and so grateful was Lyons for his exertions, that he gave him professional business afterwards in succession."

There is a circumstance in the early career of the subject of this memoir which it may be permitted to notice as some evidence of an enterprising disposition, and a strong sense of the claims of humanity on all such powers as are given to each and every individual.

When about the age of fourteen, accompanied by one of my school-fellows, I obtained admission to see those dungeons of which many of the men of '98 had been inmates in the jail of Newgate. On passing a door with a grated window looking into the courtyard of the cells for convicts condemned to death, I heard myself called by name to the door, and addressed in earnest terms of entreaty by one of the condemned prisoners. The man, to me unknown, begged me to speak to my father, Mr. E. Madden, by whom he said he had formerly been employed as a workman, to interfere in his behalf, and have a petition drawn up for a remission of the sentence of death, for presentation to the Lord Lieutenant. It turned out that this person, named . . . ., a powerful-looking man of about thirty-five years of age, and two juvenile accomplices, had been convicted of a robbery, and sentenced to be hanged. The day appointed for their execution was only eight or ten days distant from the time of this interview with the culprit, whom I had no recollection of ever having seen before. I promised to do all that I was entreated to do. But as I turned away, deeply impressed with the awful situation of this unfortunate man, I reflected on the impossibility of acquainting my father with the circumstance of my visit to the prison, and began to think how I could accomplish the object in question. On my return home, finding my thoughts disturbed wherever I went in the house, I betook myself to the hay-loft of a stable detached from the dwelling, having called to my councils there my cousin, Edward Byrne, a youth of my own age, a playmate, and a favourite companion. In that hay-loft, at this conference of two boys treating of the salvation of the life of a human being, the plans were coolly and deliberately discussed with a strange conviction of success, or rather a strong determination to succeed, which, under Providence, contributed to the fortunate issue of those efforts.*

Pen, ink, and paper were brought into requisition, and after various attempts, a memorial was at length completed, addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Richmond, on behalf of the con-

* The gentleman above referred to, Mr. Edward Byrne, when this statement was written, some ten years ago, was a wealthy and respected citizen of Paris, and was the same trusted friend of the subject of this memoir he was then. All the vicissitudes of the career of both in foreign lands for upwards of half a century had left their friendship unchanged.—In July 1868 Mr. Byrne died whilst on a visit to Dublin.

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demned culprit, purporting to come from the wife of the prisoner (to whom a numerous progeny was liberally conceded by the framers of the petition). There was a recommendation to mercy of the accomplices of this man, ingeniously referred to, which it was hoped would cover a multitude of sins and crimes, and take in those of the adult culprit, to which they were not extended by the jury. Having completed their memorial, the young hay-loft conspirators against the interests of the Irish Calcraft—Mr. Thomas Gavin—descended to the stable and parted company.

The wife of the prisoner was sought after, but her discovery afforded no facility whatever to our plans for her husband's life. She was incapable of seconding them. It now remained to procure the signatures of the jury to the memorial. This was done with complete success except in a single instance. The foreman, a Mr. Dwyer of Bridge-street, declined to sign it. It was not without difficulty that we presented a copy of our memorial to the Judge, being refused admission at his house in St. Stephen's Green, near the present establishment of the Sisters of Charity. However, we succeeded in doing so as he was going to court, and our boyish importunity was not merely unrebuked by him, but was received with a considerate kindness that I have never ceased to remember.

Much was now done; but the question came to be considered, how was the memorial to be presented to the Lord Lieutenant? The youngsters had no knowledge of the Castle or those who had access to His Excellency. Various inquiries were made, and at length it was discovered that the servant maid of a neighbour (Mr. James Griffin) had a sister who was one of the waiting women of the Duchess of Richmond. The memorial was soon in this way brought under the notice of the noble lady, and in due time passed into the hands of the Viceroy. There it remained unheard of: days sped on and no news of the memorial reached the prisoner or his friends. On reaching the goal, as I did at a very early hour on the Saturday morning appointed for the execution, to my horror I saw the ropes in the blocks, and all about the gallows in readiness. I returned home, and no one there was made acquainted with my efforts in behalf of the convict or my disappointment. Edward Byrne, however, remained on the spot, and was not long there before the hour fixed for the execution when he heard a loud shout of "A reprieve, a reprieve." He forced his way through the crowd, stuck close to the sheriff's people, and got into the goal with them. There he saw the condemned culprit a few minutes after it had been announced to him that his life had been spared, and the first words he uttered on stretching forth through the bars of the door his great elephantine hand, were—"Ah, my little man, is that you?" and then passing his left hand round his thick neck, said:

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"I never thought this was meant for a rope. Hurrah for Botany Bay! If you or young Master Madden ever come to that country you'll find a friend there in me." Master Madden did go to Australia, but had not the opportunity of meeting this person, or testing the gratitude he owed to a schoolboy and his companion for his life.

There is a moral in this story, though it may not have much of novelty perhaps in it. There is no human being too insignificant, of too humble a station in society, too feeble in his frame, too little acquainted with great people, to perform a service to humanity if he has only sufficient common sense to devise, and employ the means within his reach, together with sufficient energy to make the effort in a hopeful and enterprising spirit.

COMMENCEMENT OF MEDICAL EDUCATION.

My first ambition manifested itself in 1815, when I ventured to make known my strong desire to be apprenticed to a surgeon, then of great eminence in Dublin, of the name of Keogh. For, in those days, to gain admission to the medical profession, it was necessary to be thus bound apprentice, and my father and mother used to talk the matter over day after day at the breakfast-table. If ever a boy could be said to be heart-sick, I think I felt so, listening to the different objections urged against what I had set my mind on. My father's objections was to the expense. My mother's chiefly to my leaving home in by no means robust health. Not being able for the former reason to become a pupil of Mr. Keogh's, who demanded a fee of £250, or to any of those other great surgeons with which Dublin then abounded in, the only resource left me was to get apprenticed to a general practitioner or apothecary, and thus eventually to succeed in getting to the surgical profession. I accordingly resolved to offer myself for examination at the Apothecaries' Hall, in order to qualify myself for this, by a preliminary examination in the classics, comprising a smattering of Greek, at least of the four first books of St. John, without the knowledge of any member of my family, fearing the obloquy of rejection. I fortunately passed, however, though not without difficulty at the hands of one of the examiners, a fanatical politician of violent Orange principles—Mr. Giffard, of some notoriety in the year '98—better known as "Jack Giffard, the dog in office." The last attempt he made to upset me was by a question as to my age, which I stated was seventeen. Mr. Giffard said he did not believe that answer was a true one. I was nettled at this insult and, perhaps, foolishly retorted "I was born in 1798, and probably, sir, you may remember that remarkable year." The Chairman, who, I think, was Mr. Moore of Anne-

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street, evidently thought I was badly treated, and deemed it time to interpose. He said: "You may retire Mr. Madden. You have satisfied me as to your qualifications." When I told this to some other young men who had to be examined, they assured me Jack Giffard would inevitably get me plucked. They were mistaken, however. I brought home my certificate.

For some time after this I searched over Dublin for a master, and at length I heard of a country practitioner—Mr. Woods of Athboy, county Meath (brother-in-law of an eminent Dublin physician, Dr. Adams), who wanted an apprentice, and required only a small fee. I was accordingly bound to him, and, at the age of seventeen, for the first time in my life left home. That word has magic in it, but its spell is now a melancholy one to me. At that time my father's hospitable house was still the pleasant home of a large, youthful, joyous family, the members of which were warmly attached to each other. But within the two following years, by the deaths of two of my brothers, and subsequent commercial mischances, that long happy home became desolate and saddened.

CHAPTER III.

MEMORANDA OF EARLY CAREER COMMENCED IN PARIS, 1820.

In April 1820, having previously completed my apprenticeship to Mr. Woods, I quitted Ireland at the age of twenty-one years and eight months. Threatened with consumption, which had been fatal to two of my brothers; labouring under severe pain in the side, cough, and spitting of blood (which latter symptom I sedulously concealed from my mother), I consulted an eminent medical practitioner, Dr. John Reilly of Thomas-street, and requested to be told if it was likely that I should follow my brothers. Dr. Reilly endeavoured to avoid giving a direct answer, but on pressing him, he said that my only chance of escape from consumption was immediate removal to a warmer climate, and subsequently Dr. Percival and Dr. Callanan confirmed his opinion. I had a great horror of pining away before my mother's face, and dying by inches, as I thought, and determined on abandoning home. I did so accordingly, without informing anyone of my intention except a young friend named Higgins. (This Higgins afterwards became

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well-known as the O'Higgins of Radical notoriety, and was an honest minded, kindly disposed young man). Just then I received a small sum of money—something under thirty pounds, being my portion of half a year's rent of the lands of Kanbeg, in the county Leitrim, the last remnant of the property of my maternal ancestors, the Fordes of Corry, which had been bequeathed to my brothers and myself by the will of my mother's brother, the Rev. Henry Forde, parish priest of Enniskillen. With this limited capital I started. After paying my passage from Cork to Bordeaux and purchasing an outfit, I had on embarking eleven guineas wherewith to face the world when I arrived in France. I had, however, a vague idea that I should not fail to obtain a clerkship in some English commercial house in Bordeaux.

During the voyage, unusually tedious (eleven days), our captain sacrificed freely to Bacchus, and was daily under the influence of his inspirations. On my arrival in Bordeaux, the state of my finances was well calculated to alarm a prudent man. Eleven golden guineas was my stock of earthly riches. Beginning the world with this, I was determined to sink or swim by my own exertions, and I had no fears but that I would succeed in earning a livelihood.

I took lodgings in the skymost chamber of a fine house in the noble Rue Chapeau Rouge, belonging to two persons who carried on the business of printing-paper merchants. After some weeks' residence there I began to be able to speak French pretty fluently. In Bordeaux there were few objects of curiosity or antiquity. The old ruined Chateau Franchette, the Castle de la Trompete, the Tour de l'Horloge and the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre and those of the Convent of the Chartreux were the only remains worth noticing. The theatre was then one of the finest in France; the magnificent design of a bridge over the Garonne, planned by Napoleon, was yet incompleted.

From Bordeaux I made a journey to Toulouse, Montauban, Pau, Cauterets, Bagneres de Bigorre, Bagneres de Luchon, &c. At Toulouse, the widow of Lord Edward Fitzgerald was at that time living. On my return from Toulouse I sailed down the river to Bordeaux, a distance of about 150 miles, in three days, during which time I had leisure to reflect on my dreary prospects, and to think how I might hope to amend them. I now, but in vain, sought to obtain employment as a clerk in some of the Bordeaux merchants' offices, and was obliged to request my kind landlord, Mr. Magrene of the Chartrons, to allow me to be in his debt nearly ten pounds till my arrival in Paris, and also to borrow five pounds on my I. O. U. from an Irish merchant.

Previous to my departure I had a disagreement with a Mr. Gouldsbury (my *compagnon de voyage* from Dublin to Bordeaux) in

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a billiard-room. I was asked by some one he was playing with to score the game for them. I did so, and Gouldsbury said I was wrong in the count; I said I was not, and he replied that I was mistaken. Rather angrily, I very improperly put an offensive word in his mouth, and said: "You mean to say I have said what is untrue?" "Yes, I do," he replied. One imprudence led to another. I went up to him and said: "You will hear from me in the course of the evening." I proceeded to a friend of mine—a Corkonian, Captain Raynes—and the result of the interview, and one which he had with Mr. G. an hour afterwards, was an appointment for meeting the next morning. I returned home, a young gentleman wholly unacquainted with affairs of honour; and, having some disagreeable remembrance of a brother of mine—Henry Madden, an officer who, after having served unscathed through the Peninsular campaign, had some five years previously been badly wounded in the same class of encounter, could not be in want of food for reflections. These certainly were not of the most pleasant nature, as the thoughts of my folly, and more especially the grief which I knew its possibly fatal event would occasion to my mother, sufficed to banish sleep from my pillow until the time came to prepare for the meeting, which was appointed to take place at six o'clock next morning. Half an hour before then, however, and I may candidly add with no little satisfaction, I received a message conveying an ample and unqualified apology from my antagonist for his conduct.

MY EARLY CAREER IN PARIS IN 1820.

Having remained three months in Bordeaux, I set out for Paris by diligence, a distance of five hundred miles, on the 19th of August 1820. The day before my departure a succession of disagreeable circumstances annoyed and vexed me. Not the least of these was the painful necessity of parting with a beautiful edition of my favourite Shakespeare, which had cost four guineas in Dublin. I took it with a heavy heart to a French bookseller, who offered me ten francs for it, with the remark—"La reliure, Monsieur, est assez joli, mais votre poesie Anglais ne vaut rien en France." Shakespeare and I thus parted company in Bordeaux, and the parting was more disagreeable than I can express or could be easily imagined. I found myself seated in the diligence with a French lady of distinction and her daughter, a young lady of great beauty, together with a young gentleman not of their party—a complete "petit maitre," whose manners and appearance were exceedingly

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distasteful to me. I had the misfortune to have acquired a habit of judging people by first impressions. There was something as I fancied in this person's physiognomy indicative of intense self-conceit: so I was not disposed to communication, nor he to be civil, or even courteous during the first two days of our journey. Yet before it was over Monsieur de Pluvier and I were on excellent terms, which eventually led to a sincere friendship. I found him a kind-hearted and genial fellow. He was of an old and wealthy family in the south of France. During the time we both remained in Paris, there were few days that we did not meet, and we parted the best of friends. So much for first impressions and hasty judgments from outward appearances.

On my arrival in Paris I took up my abode in the Hotel d'Hollande, Rue Neuve des Bons Enfants. I had determined to seek some employment, and felt sanguine of success—without any good grounds indeed for that expectation except in my mother's prayers, which I knew were never likely to fail being offered up for me whilst she was in life. That thought kept me up. After a while, however, I began to realize the difficulties of my position, and at times, and on one occasion particularly, to give way to a feeling of depression and despondency, and to think myself without hope for the future. Yet I was perfectly aware that I had only to write home and make known my want of means and they would be supplied. But some infatuation—a feeling of false pride—not only prevented my doing this, but determined me never to do it.

* * * * * *

Shortly before my arrival in Paris the Duke de Berri had been assassinated, having survived the restoration of the House of Bourbon to the throne only two years, and a general impression seemed to prevail in the public mind that a revolution was imminent. The gloom of the political atmosphere seemed to affect all classes, and was not lightened in my own case by the uncertainty and difficulties of my prospects. One day when labouring under these feelings, in bad health and mind depressed, I had as usual strolled out for air and exercise, and going along the Boulevards, at last sat down on the bank of the canal in front of the then existing ruins of the Bastille, by no means in a cheerful mood, when I was disturbed in my meditations by the noise of a person rushing past me. I looked up, and saw a man running down the bank and throwing himself headlong into the canal. I rushed in after him, and seized hold of him just as his head was for the second time going under water, and after a short struggle, as he resisted strenuously, I landed him safely on the bank. For this, however, he seemed in no wise obliged, being, on the contrary, at first in an agony of

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distress and despair at the frustration of his purpose. His first coherent observation was, "Monsieur, Voila mon chapeau," pointing to his hat that was floating on the water. I thought it most extraordinary for a man seeking death to look after so trifling an object; but, of all mortals, a Frenchman is the most unaccountable. This adventure was a useful lesson, bringing forcibly to my mind the thought that there was more misery "in the world than I dreamt of in my philosophy," and hence the impropriety of drawing an overcharged picture, or thinking oneself supremely wretched when there were thousands infinitely more afflicted. I reflected whether if there was any possible way of extricating myself from my own present difficulties, and then suddenly recalling to mind my early medical training, I straightway resolved to turn it to account.

That very moment I returned to the city, and, as soon as I had changed my dripping garments, I entered an apothecary's and asked where a situation might possibly be procured. I was fortunately directed to M. Planché of the Boulevard des Italiens, at that time the first apothecary in Paris, who was then in want of an English assistant, and in the same evening was established with him at a fair salary, and with permission to attend the hospitals. It would be impossible to say how rejoiced I felt at this piece of good luck, which enabled me to follow my surgical studies, and rescued me at the same time from want. Occasional minor operations, bleeding, leeching, and cupping brought me in a great many louis. I had in this way opportunities of knowing several of the most celebrated characters of the day; but the first time I saw and spoke to the glorious little Tommy Moore, it might appear childish to acknowledge what pleasure I experienced. On one occasion at this period, my enthusiasm for our national poet found a somewhat original mode of expression, viz:—in a few lines which in November 1820 I indited and transmitted on the lid of a pill-box to Mr. Moore, who then resided at Paris in the Allée des Veuves. This circumstance was long afterwards recalled to mind at a dinner party at Mr. Hume's, where I met Moore in 1835, and is referred to in his Memoirs.*

I followed the advice of Chesterfield in conforming to the habits of the people I lived with; but more than outward customs I was unwilling to adopt. The character of my employer and his family was the character of the nation—"ex uno disce omnes,"—self-triumphant over every other consideration. Religion was a matter apparently of no consideration whatsoever. Monsieur Planché was about forty-five years of age, as perfectly French as one can well imagine. He was a great chemist, spent half his time in his laboratory, and slumbered

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Edited by Lord John Russell, vol. vii, p. 107; London, 1856.

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away the other in a gloomy corner, while his wife was fagging in the pharmacy from morning till night. He was incapable, as I perhaps unjustly then thought, of an action, or of an idea beyond the ordinary routine of his profession. There were five assistants in the pharmacy. Their nationalistic tendencies were displayed in very unmistakeable manifestations of ill-will to me from the day I made their acquaintance. They entered into a league against the "gentil-homme Anglais," for so they called me, and hostilities were carried on between us for some months with various success. A regular pitched battle at length was fought between myself and a young Gascon, a fierce little fellow with a tongue even more warlike than his spirit. Victory was on my side, and henceforth I was treated with respect. During the engagement, the Gascon never ceased crying out: "Je suis Francais;" when the fight was closing, I collected my strength for a parting blow to demonstrate "Que j'etais Irlandais." About this period I was in want of a surgical instrument, the cost of which was sixty francs, and I had only thirty. I took it into my head to try what gaming would do for me, and set off to try my luck at the *rouge et noir* tables in the Palais Royal. I determined to try all on the first hazard, and if I should win, there to stop. It came up in my favour, but I had not the resolution to go off with my winnings. I tried "my luck" again, and ended by losing all I had won and had brought with me. Most fortunate for me was my mischance. I never entered a gaming house again from that day to this, an interval of fifty odd years.

I remained in Paris for about six months, during which time I made some advancement in my professional studies, gained some knowledge of the world, saw everything of interest in the city, and oftentimes visited the theatre more as a distraction in my lonely and friendless leisure hours than for any enjoyment of the performances, from which though naturally enough fond of the legitimate drama, I frequently returned home disgusted. A recurrence of my old pulmonary symptoms at the commencement of winter compelled me to give up my employment in Paris and to resume my search for health and fortune in a more genial climate. Accordingly I now, and without much regret, took my departure from the French capital with the intention of going to Naples.

JOURNEY FROM MARSEILLES.—ROME IN 1821.

On my arrival at Marseilles from Paris in January 1821, I called on a countryman of mine established in practice there, Dr. Luby, of whose solid worth and many excellencies of character I had then

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and subsequently reason to think highly. I brought an introduction to him from a mutual friend in Paris, Dr. Morgan. From Dr. Luby, who had been long in Marseilles, and had repeatedly visited southern Italy, I got much valuable information as to the eligibility of the several principal health resorts of English invalids between Nice and Naples, with reference to my views of practice, and of obtaining some employment as a travelling medical attendant. All I learned of Naples confirmed my resolution to proceed there.

After a brief stay at Nice, where I experienced much civility from Lieutenant Boyd, whom I had formerly known at Montauban, I embarked with my friend Mr. Marshall on board a felucca bound for Genoa, and thence, after a passage over the smoothest sea and under the brightest sky, along the beautiful Ligurian coast, meriting all that the Mantuan Bard has said of its romantic beauty, I arrived in Civita Vecchia. My stay at the last named place was only of a few hours, and I set out about nine o'clock in the evening to walk to Rome, a distance of thirty-nine miles.

On one subject fools and philosophers arrive at the same conclusion, namely, that an empty purse and a heavy heart are two bad things for a long journey. This I realized as I started at nightfall, on a route renowned for robberies and murders, on my dreary walk. The first twenty miles was easily accomplished; but the darkness of the night and the dangers of the road wearied and depressed me more than the bodily fatigue. Every blast of wind appeared to me to be the sound of the footsteps and whisperings of banditti; and, to my shame be it told, that passing a solitary churchyard at midnight I felt dismayed, and heartily could have wished myself in a more frequented locality. But imaginary perils were unnecessary, as I was soon assailed by a somewhat more substantial apparition. From behind a wall on the road-side a huge mastiff rushed out and attacked me furiously. A momentary impulse led me to stand my ground. I stooped down, picked up a large stone, made a sling of my pocket-handkerchief, and with that succeeded, after a long contest, in beating my assailant out of the field, and marched off in triumph. I continued my journey without further interruption until I arrived in Rome, at two o'clock in the afternoon, thoroughly worn out in mind and body, having been for seventeen hours on the road without rest or food. On getting into an hotel I spat blood, and felt so ill that I fancied I was then going to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." During that illness I fully realized all the miserable feelings of a sick man in a foreign country, who, without a friend to give him hope or means to bribe a stranger to do for him the offices of humanity, has, as I then had, to pass the lingering hours in retracing happier scenes; the comforts of a home he may look upon no more, or the kindness of friends he may never meet again!

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In every trial and perplexity I endeavoured to prevent my mind from preying on itself by spinning out the cobweb of the brain into scraps of rhyme, beguiling away the melancholy hours with—"my shame in crowds my solitary muse." So far has this poetical mania carried me, that in the dissecting room, while hanging over a subject, I have often found my scalpel at a standstill while my head was running over a love-sick lay. Thus the following lines were written about this time when I expected to leave my bones in Rome:—

ODE TO THE KING OF TERRORS.

Hail! grisly monarch of the grave!
Thy subject, yes, but not thy slave,
I greet thee, tho' thy law is one
It bows the spirit down to own.
No matter, hail! for still thou art
The solace of the broken heart,
The final refuge of poor mortals,
Who seek lost peace within thy portals.
All vain distinctions and unjust,
With these are levelled with the dust;
The wise sink calmly on thy breast,
The weary fly to thee for rest,
The wretched woo thee to their bed,
To ease the tortured heart and head,
And half thy adventitious terrors
Are but the growth of human errors.
Such terrors may the base appal,
Oppression, pomp, and pride enthral,
Seize on a Jeffrey's parting breath,
Or haunt a . . . bed of death.
A grasping Elwe's groans convulse,
Throb in a Chartre's sinking pulse,
Thrill in the quivering lips of traitors,
And paralyze the shocked spectators.
Thy summons, with it, still dread king,
Its pangs may never fail to bring
The dread e'en of protected pain;
Of lingering agonies which chain
The parting spirit to the clay
That keeps it where it would not stay.
And yet though darkness be thy throne,
Corruption thy appalling crown,
Still dost thou lead to life and light,
And realms beyond the reign of night!

As soon as I was able to stir abroad I visited the wonders of the ancient capital of the world, "the Eternal City." Well is that proud title applied to Rome as the centre of Christendom; the enduring monument of the unbroken continuity and identity of the

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Church, which is ruled by the occupant of the See of Peter, with that which was sheltered in the Roman catacombs, and whose martyrs received their glorious crown in its blood-stained arena. In no other aspect is that designation justified. For what other association is there between the idea of eternity and a mass of moulder-ing monuments, however noble, sinking into ruin under the wither-ing influence of time? Is the broken pyramid of Metellu's tomb, or the crumbling structure of the Coliseum an example of eternity? Well may Rome be called the Niobe of nations; and he who can survey the decaying palaces of the Cæsars without feeling how perishable are all the works of man, must be one of the many tourists who can derive no benefit from "sermons in stones," or from aught except their guide book.

How comes it that travellers are so frequently disappointed in their expectations of ancient edifices and other objects of curiosity? Is it that these things are devoid of interest, or themselves deficient in taste? No; it is because they understand not the conduct of curiosity, and falsely imagine that there is at all times the same fitness of taste for visiting an ancient temple or lounging through a modern palace. The blue devils is a disease not very uncommon, and a traveller under its influence will do well to remain at home for the day, lest he cry out with Smellfungus: "All is barren." There are likewise proper hours for going to these places, and particular situations for a favourable view. Of a sombre day the sublimity of St. Peter's is most developed; the Vatican is best seen by torchlight, and the moon must guide your steps along the grass-grown streets to the temples in the Campo Vecchio, where the silver beams are reflected on the shattered pillars, and the obscurity around leaves room for the imagination to fill the awful scene with the shades of former times. But after a few years wandering, when the pleasant page of our early travel's history is filled up; when modern wonders are exhausted, we may roam over the universe and find disappointment following at our heels. We wonder how every thing about us is changed, and never imagine the alteration is in our own perception. In our way through the world judgment, founded on sad experience, may be a useful substitute for the warm enthusiasm of early days, but life divested of romantic feeling affords a dreary prospect when reason triumphs and imagination fails; when the bright hopes of youth, long over, our accustomed rambles in the green fields with the god of nature are perforce exchanged for the valetudinarian's easy chair by the fireside, and when the lyrics of Moore are abandoned for the Meditations of Harvey. The feeling of a disillusioned wayfaring man are by no means to be envied or made a vaunt of. This fact I have, alas, now learned, and

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yet few have ever waded through greater difficulties to indulge a passion for travelling than I did in those far-off days of my youth, the recollections of which are now before me.

MY FIRST VISIT TO NAPLES.—RETURN TO ENGLAND IN 1822.

In March, 1821, the attempted revolution of the Carbonari had brought an Austrian army into southern Italy, a portion of which had possession of Civita Vecchia when I arrived there. All communication between Rome and Naples by diligence or any other public vehicle had ceased. To wait till it might be restored was not a proceeding in accordance with the state of my finances. The distance from Rome to Naples is about one hundred and fifty miles, and this journey I determined on undertaking on foot. I had little to apprehend from banditti on the score of my property being imperilled—"*cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*" Still, with a view to the greater probability of escape from banditti in a country notoriously infested with them, and of peril at the hands of stragglers from the fugitive forces of the Carbonari and detachments of the Austrian troops proceeding to or from Rome, I proceeded as far as possible by night. At the end of the first thirty miles, thoroughly exhausted, I was forced to make the ground my place of rest. During the entire route, however, I pursued my way unmolested, and reached Naples, after a walk of five days and nights (almost thirty miles a day) on the 6th of March 1821.

On my arrival in Naples my funds were very low. I lost no time in repairing to the surgery of Dr. Reilly, an English practitioner in affluent circumstances, to whom I had been recommended, and by whom I was fortunate enough to be engaged as assistant at a sufficient salary, and with permission to attend the hospitals and the medical courses of the university, together with the expectation of succeeding at the expiration of a year to a share in the profits of the business. Dr. Reilly was surgeon to the British Legation, a genuine Irishman, open-hearted and humorous, possessed of most of the good qualities of his countrymen and very few of their supposed characteristic defects. By him a good deal of minor, but yet profitable practice was placed in my way, and also the treatment of some patients who might be considered my own. The first fee worth speaking about that I received was from a young English gentleman, Mr. Elton. After about a month's attendance, when about to leave Naples, he put a bank note of £20 into my hands.

The year of my engagement had not, however, elapsed before I was recommended by Dr. Reilly to an English family, a Mrs. Coltman, wife of Judge Coltman, and her two nieces, one of whom was

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labouring under a pulmonary disease, even then evidently of a fatal character, to be their medical attendant to England, it having been decided they were to return by sea. For this service I was to receive £100. We embarked on board a merchant vessel, the *Maria Crowther*, Captain Walsh, master, in the latter part of May 1822, and after a voyage of thirty-five days arrived in England. A few days previous to our arrival, my patient's illness presented symptoms threatening her immediate death. Fully aware of her danger, she expressed her desire to her family that a sum of a hundred pounds should be given to me after her death as a mark of her appreciation of my medical services. She, however, again rallied a little and lived to reach her native land. On arrival in London, the celebrated Dr. Baillie was called in consultation, and fully approved of all that had been done for her; but, unfortunately, no medical aid could avert the inevitable end, or prolong her short career, which was terminated in her twenty-second year, a little while after her return home.

I now received a cheque for two hundred and twenty pounds, which included the hundred pounds agreed on for my medical attendance, the hundred pounds legacy from Miss Coltman, and a further fee of twenty pounds, thus making up a sum which I had never before been master of, and which enabled me to enter at St. George's Hospital and take out a winter course of medical lectures. At the expiration of this, however, I began to find my funds running low, and determined on returning to Naples, which I did, *via* Genoa. The passage thence to Naples in a small coasting vessel was a tedious and tempestuous one, as we were delayed by adverse winds, and at one time were driven back by a violent gale in the Gulf of Spezzia, during which I perpetrated the subjoined:—

LINES TO MORNING.

Written on board a Felucca in the Gulf of Spezzia, 1822).

Hail rosy morn! whose dawning beam brings hope
To each abode of woe and wretchedness;
Whose gladsome smile dispels the phantoms dire
Of night and all its train of miseries.
Thy rise the lark doth tunefully proclaim,
And wakes betimes the herald of the morn,
With clarion summons calling nature forth
From silent semblance of the last long sleep,
To joyous life and new-born energies.
Thy rays shed blessings on the sick man's couch.

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The dawn at last of long expected day
Beams through each crevice and outshines the dim
Night lamp, that served to show the chamber's gloom,
More drear and dubious to the suff'rers sight;

And still at evening's close the man of care,
Feels sadness ever stealing on his mind,
Surrounding gloom invests his dismal thoughts;
The dread of failure tracks each plan recalled,
He dreams of evils crowding on his path,
Imagines dangers—difficulties near,
And makes his couch a hell with vain alarms,
Till morning's joyous face illum's the East,
Dispels the clouds, and dissipates his fears.

The sailor tossing on the swelling surge,
At nightfall glancing at the gathering clouds,
He well presages the approaching storm:
Full soon, the lightning rives the livid sky,
The tempest rages and the thunder roars,
And all is terror, till the morning dawns,
And then the jarring elements are still.

The lover's sighs have banished gentle sleep,
Night's tedious hours are counted o'er and o'er,
Or if he slumbers, horrid fancies rise;
He dreams his mistress false—a rival loved,
Feels all the pangs and miseries—of one
"Who doats yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves;"
But when Aurora mounts her golden Car,
The lover wakes once more to joyous hopes,
Rejects each fear, and wonders at his doubts,
Smiles at such thoughts and says—'twas but a dream.

R. R. M.

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON IN 1823.—SECOND VISIT TO NAPLES.

On returning to Naples, I was welcomed by Dr. Reilly with his former friendliness, and once more was installed as a member of his household, and also as a student in the Neapolitan University and hospitals. Not many months, however, had elapsed when I was again required to accompany a young English invalid, Mr. Baker, to England. A hundred pounds was the fee proposed, and I accepted the offer.

On the 21st of April 1823 we embarked on board a miserable schooner—the *Betsy* of Plymouth. The captain was a man very

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loud in religious professions, which he unfortunately discredited by being an intolerable drunkard. Our vessel was unseaworthy, and from the moment we were under weigh, throughout the voyage, the average leakage was some thirteen inches an hour. Abreast of Cadiz the north-west wind set in, and, owing to the drunkenness of our captain, we came within the influence of the trade winds before he thought of tacking. We were now daily approaching Madeira, and at one period, when only thirty miles distant from that island, and our provisions were getting scanty, in the course of the night we fell in with a German brig, with the master of which our captain exchanged his last tierce of salt beef for a cask of wine. A shift of wind at length took us back into the Bay of Biscay, and matters now became rather alarming. We were on a short allowance of water—a pint a day; our biscuits were nearly out, and worst of all, my patient was sinking rapidly. The poor fellow was only in his twentieth year—a gentleman and a scholar. The disease in his lungs, long existing, rapidly progressed, and he died on the fiftieth day of our voyage. Believing it would be more gratifying to the feelings of his family that his remains should be brought to England, and very much against the will of the crew of the vessel, I succeeded in embalming the body in a somewhat rough though effectual manner by means of common tar.

On the seventy-fifth day of our voyage from Naples we anchored off Plymouth. I immediately communicated with Mr. Baker's friends at Rochester, whither his remains were carried for interment. After remaining a few days at Rochester, and receiving many marks of attention from his family, I proceeded to London. Thence I set off immediately for Ireland, after an absence of nearly three years, to visit friends and relatives, and above all to see once more my mother. The passage from Liverpool to my native city in a small sailing vessel was unpleasant; the wet which I was exposed to for many hours brought on a fever, and on arriving in Dublin, instead of hastening to my often longed for home, I was forced, not wishing to present myself as an invalid, to go to an hotel without acquainting any relative of my illness. The attention of the worthy Dr. O'Reilly soon restored me to health and to my family.

Even in so short a period as I had been absent, death had made no inconsiderable change amongst my acquaintances. My youthful companions were scattered over the kingdom, and of the few who remained, some, as I thought, received me coldly. My dear sister, Mrs. Cogan, whose affection and kindness was never interrupted through life, had become the mother of a family, my brothers were necessarily busily engaged in their several pursuits, and the infirmities of age were accumulating on my ever good parents. It was the inevitable, but nevertheless most afflicting experience of my life; the conviction felt for the first time that I was no longer a youth,

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and that home was no longer as home had been. I remained three weeks in Ireland, and then bade adieu, perhaps for ever, to the country which contained all that was dear to me on earth.

I returned to London, and setting to work at the prosecution of my surgical studies, went through the course of lectures and hospital practice in St. George's Hospital, under Sir Benjamin Brodie. This I did wholly and solely at my own expense and out of my own earnings, and in the same way ultimately completed my studies, and took out my diploma as a Member, and subsequently a Fellow of the London College of Surgeons, the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Erlangen, and likewise the license as a General Practitioner of the London Apothecaries Company.

EARLY LIFE IN LONDON.—MY CONNECTION WITH THE PRESS.

On my arrival in London, Sir John Grey Egerton and his lady, whose acquaintance I had made in Naples, where I was introduced to them by Miss Tierney (daughter of George Tierney, Esq., one of the celebrities of the age of Pitt and Fox), received me with great kindness. Lady Egerton was again placed under my care, and continued for some months to be my patient, and to remunerate me with no ordinary liberality. At the same time I was enabled to maintain myself by my connection with the London Press, from which at the end of that winter I was in receipt of four guineas a week. For this I was principally indebted to my relative, Patrick M. Murphy, afterwards County Court Judge for Cavan (son of P. Murphy, Esq., of Navan), who was then a Parliamentary reporter of eminence on the *Morning Herald*, and a writer for some other papers.

My first engagement was with Henry Thwaites, of the *Herald* (an eccentric but a very kind-hearted man, and, as I have reason to say, to me a most considerate and generous employer), as a reporter in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, for which employment of about two, and sometimes three hours a day I was to receive two guineas a week. As an occasional writer of articles, principally theatrical, and literary also, I received two guineas more. These four guineas amply sufficed to defray the cost of my medical lectures and hospital fees, and contributed towards my expenses for living.

The first day's attempt at reporting would have ended in its hopeless abandonment if Mr. Murphy had not considerately joined me about two o'clock in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, listened patiently to my difficulties and perplexities, and taken charge of my nearly unintelligible notes and set them in readable order. A few lectures in the mystery of reporting enabled me from that time to get through my business to the satisfaction of my

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worthy employer. The first literary essay I published in the *Herald* at this period was an article entitled "The Vagabond," signed "Mutius," purporting to give an account of a young Englishman's Continental tour, turning to an amusing account perplexities and absurdities arising from English prejudices and unacquaintance with foreign habits and manners. In this and some following essays of the same character, and under the same signature, a good deal of my own travelling experience was given somewhat ludicrously.

My connection with the Press as one of the staff of the *Morning Herald* now brought me into close intimacy with several of its chief members, by whom I was introduced to the places of resort frequented by the leading writers on the London periodicals of that day. At this time I was persuaded to become "an Eccentric," *i.e.*, the member of a society which then comprised all the talent of the Press, the Temple and the Stage. For the meetings of this motley congress a saloon was fitted up in the Shakesperian tavern, where the veteran Mayor D—— filled the post of President, with no less eccentricity than dignity and address. My cousin Mr. Murphy having proposed and carried my admission, I was introduced to the assembly by the President, who, according to custom, delivered the initiatory harangue.

* * * * *

After some time, although my earnings were sufficient for my wants and my future prospects were fairly good, I grew weary of my present pursuits and determined to abandon them, being seized with a wish to return again to Naples, where I looked forward to the realization of Dr. Reilly's promise of a future partnership in his medical practice. In those days—"when George the Fourth was King,"—the journey by road and sea was a very different affair to what it is at the present time, when rail and steam have so nearly bridged over the most remote points of the globe. Thus, in the coach in which I jolted down to Dover, I passed away the hours by inditing a few doggerel stanzas descriptive of the parting from the scenes of my recent avocations:—

FAREWELL TO LONDON.

(A Stage Coach composition in the good old times of travelling).

I.

Roll and rumble, jolt and jumble,
Let the rattling wheels go round!
Hurry skurry, glorious flurry,
How the spanking leaders bound!

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Wilderness of brick and mortar,
Town unmatched for Barclay's porter,
Star of cities, soul of barter
  How I loved thee who can tell?
Paradise of blooming lasses,
Hell of horses, mares and asses,
Parent of all sorts of gases,
  Monster city fare thee well!

II.

Fashion flaring, splendour glaring,
  Vice in virtue's trappings dight,
Smirking folly, melancholy
  Masked in haggard smiles, good night.
Lath and plaster, brick and Babel
Architecture few are able
To describe, discarding fable;
  Darling Regent-street, good bye!
Lounge of mine in times of sadness,
Lurking place for studious madness,
Crowded solitude where gladness,
  Winks at grief and pipes her eye.

III.

Charming city, what a pity,
  Money flies so fast away!
Moments pleasant! claims incessant,
  Ghosts of joys of yesterday!
Charnel vast of hopes defeated,
Field for talent well competed,
Town that teems with authors cheated,
  Vampire publishers, adieu!
Goschen of all light that's mental,
Clime of all least oriental,
Jail of all, who have no rental,
  Or whoever dealt with Jew.

IV.

Public writers, private fighters,
  Bards divine and birds of prey,
All one feather flock together,
  One of passage flies away.
Every author, Whig or Tory,
Jealous of another's glory,
Whet your beak and whilst it's gory,
  Whimper o'er the flesh you tear.
Every circle has its shamble,
Every coterie its - ———-,
Every grave's a place to scramble,
  For another's fame 'ts clear.

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v.

Wrangle, jangle, maul and mangle,
Let no rival near your throne!
Every brother hates another,—
Envy calls her craft your own!
Some are there who woo the muses,
Friendship of no fraud accuses,
In whose structure, nature uses
All that's excellent and good.
Modest merit! ardent spirit!
Honor shrined in which doth dwell
Wit that wounds not, truth that bounds not,
Beattie, friend of friends, farewell!

R. R. M.

THIRD JOURNEY TO ITALY.—LIFE IN NAPLES IN 1824.

Leaving London with a light heart, and a purse as light, and taking the diligence from Calais, I journeyed up slowly to Paris, where I remained for a week, and then went on to Marseilles. Here I embarked once more for Naples, paying a hundred francs for the passage.

On reaching Naples, I found that my expectations of obtaining a share in Dr. Reilly's practice were doomed to disappointment, as during the interval which had elapsed since my departure he had taken his stepson into partnership, and subsequently gave that position to his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Bage, a young surgeon (son of Charles Bage, Esq., of Shrewsbury), who ultimately succeeded him, and died in July 1851. Nevertheless, Dr. Reilly received me with his accustomed kindness, in fact I was treated exactly as though I were a member of his family, and had my place at his table whenever I choose to avail myself of it. By his advice I removed to one of the best quarters of the city, frequented by English visitors, Riviere di Chiaja, where, within a short time, and on the strength of his recommendation, I obtained a fair share of practice amongst the affluent foreign health-seekers with whom Naples was then thronged.

In this way I was now introduced to Lord and Lady Blessington, who became not merely my patients but also my greatest friends, and whose biography many years subsequently I published. In their company, and in that of Count D'Orsay, Sir William Gell, my intimate friend, Charles Mathews, the actor; Mr. Westmacott, the sculptor; Unwin, the painter; John Herschell, and Signor Piazzi, the astronomer, I saw all the wonders of that glorious city and its environs, with which my previous visits had made me familiar; for on no less than five occasions did I ascend to the summit of Vesu-

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vius, thrice visited the buried magnificence of Pompeii and the galleries of Herculaneum, paid my homage to Virgil's tomb, explored every winding of the Sibyl's Grotto, and retravelled the fields of Elysium.

Who that ever then enjoyed the elegant hospitality of the Countess of Blessington in her delightful Neapolitan abode, and the brilliant society of the eminent persons by whom she was habitually surrounded there, can forget the scene—the hostess, and the circle that imparted to the Villa Belvidere some of the Elysian characteristics which poetry has ascribed to a neighbouring locality? Many a glorious evening did I pass with the Blessingtons in 1823 and the early part of 1824, sailing in the Bay of Naples in their yacht the "*Bolivar*," which had belonged to Lord Byron; and not unfrequently, when the weather was particularly fine, and the moonlight lent additional beauty to the shores of Portici and Castellamara, Sorrento and Posilipo, the night was far advanced before we returned to the Mole. The furniture of the cabin of the "*Bolivar*" reminded one of its former owner: the table on which he wrote and the sofa on which he reclined were in the places where they stood when he owned the yacht. Byron was very partial to this vessel, which had been built for him expressly at Leghorn. On one of the last of these occasions I was of the party when, having dined on board and skirted along the shores of Castellamara and Sorrento, the wind fell about dusk, and we lay becalmed in the bay till two or three o'clock in the morning, some six or eight miles from the shore. The bay was never more beautiful than on that delightful night: the moonlight could not be more brilliant. The pale-blue sky was without a cloud, the sea smooth and shining as a mirror, and at every splash of an oar glittered with phosphorescent flashes of vivid light. But all the beauties of the bay on that occasion wasted their loveliness in vain on the weary eyes of Lady Blessington, who diverted her *ennui* by grave banter at the unconscious expense of "Captain Smith," a lieutenant in the navy, and a very great original, who commanded the yacht.

* * * * *

Agreeable as my life in Naples had become, and great as were its social attractions and advantages, I soon began to reflect that, although my professional income was probably as good as I had any right to expect, the *dolce far niente* existence of my distinguished friends was not suitable to a young medical man who had to make his way in the world entirely by his own exertions. And being, as I have already said, disappointed in the main object with which I had returned to Naples, and having managed to save a little money (under a hundred pounds) from my practice there, I resolved with this to indulge once more my love for travel, and this time to make

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my way to the East, having reason to hope that I might there more profitably follow my profession, and at the same time act as special correspondent in Turkey for my old friend Mr. Thwaites of the *Morning Herald*. Before my departure, Lord Blessington and my other acquaintances in Naples procured for me a number of introductions to various influential persons in different parts of the Turkish Empire. Amongst the many others of a similar kind, I had, for instance, a letter addressed to one of the Ministers, the High Admiral of the Egyptian fleet, from his intimate friend Sir William Gell, in favour of one whom he was pleased to call—"un amico mio, il Signore Madden, chirurgo de grande talento," for employment as medical attendant to the then ailing Viceroy of Egypt, Mohammed Ali. I never availed myself, however, of these introductory letters, the faded originals of which are still by me, and which, had they been used as they were intended, might probably have been proved of no little service to me. In the autumn of 1824 I took my leave of Naples and embarked for Smyrna.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST VISIT TO THE EAST.

I REACHED Smyrna at the end of eleven days. This town, like most other Turkish capitals, I found a filthy congregation of narrow lanes and pestilential alleys. The Frank merchants are very numerous, and have an excellent assembly-room wherein, during the Carnival, many pleasant balls are given. The misfortune of the society of the merchants of Smyrna is that the subject of figs or raisins is ever the fruitful theme of conversation. You ask about the gardens of Bournabut, and you hear that figs abound there; you inquire about the curiosities of the place, and they lead you to the fig mart; you solicit information on politics, and you are told that figs are low; and when you seek for further information, you are told that "figs are flat." In short, go where you will the eternal topic is figs, figs, figs—and the very name I apprehend will be found written on their hearts at their decease. During my short stay I attended some Greek families here, who amply repaid any little service I rendered them by their politeness and attention.

From Smyrna to Constantinople, a distance of some three hundred miles, I had to travel on horseback, the fatigue of this long rough route through Asia Minor being moreover aggravated by the

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spectacle of a fine country and a rich soil uncultivated and unpeopled. For whole days we rode on our way without seeing hardly an inhabitant, and indeed from Brusa to Magnesia without viewing as many scattered houses as would form a decent hamlet. Nothing could be more dreary than to traverse a country for which nature had done everything and man nothing. In short, the traces of Moslem despotism were written in legible characters in the desolation I encountered at every step in the face of the neglected soil, and the stamp of degradation was imprinted on the features of the few wretched peasants we encountered in the towns. It was evident, indeed, that the country through which I passed was "a land of tyrants and a den of slaves."

I travelled with the Tartar who conveyed the post, and night and day, with the intermission of two or three hours for repose, we continued our route. There was no other road than a horse track across the country, and at night it was no easy matter to keep in the right direction or to retain our seats. It rained incessantly the first three days: I had no means of changing my apparel, and what with cold and excessive fatigue, on the evening of the third day I had so violent a paroxysm of ague that the Tartar was obliged to hold me on the saddle. The pommels of these Turkish saddles, and the horrible jog-trot of the horses, are exceedingly inconvenient to Europeans. My fever made me feel the fatigue ten times more than I otherwise should, and had it not been for the kindness of the Tartar, I verily believe I should have been left upon the road. This good fellow, when I sat shivering in my wet clothes, dosed me with the brandy of the country, and forced me to drink almost his entire stock of it in the course of the journey. It prevented the further access of the intermittent fever for the last two days of the ride, and thus probably contributed to save my life.

At long last, however, we reached Constantinople, and never shall I forget my first impressions of the capital of the Moslem world. Whoever would paint the picturesque in all its loveliness has but to gaze on Stamboul from the sea. Whoever would pourtray the barbaresque in all its horrors has but to land and wade through the abominations of Constantinople. It is not my intention to reiterate all the charms of the Bosphorus, or the praises of its fairy scenery, its smiling shores studded with enchanting kiosks, and graced with lofty minarets and splendid mosques. All this may be taken for granted without my description. And likewise, at the same time, take it for granted that the traveller who sets his foot in the Turkish metropolis is doomed to traverse the filthiest and most ill-constructed city in the world. The population of Constantinople, with its suburbs, at the time of my first visit was estimated at about 800,000. The city is triangular in form, and lies upon a neck of land rising with

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a steep acclivity with several mounts, which are intersected by narrow lanes and encompassed by crumbling walls and ancient turrets. The two most imposing buildings are the Seraglio of the Sultan, which occupies a large portion of the site of the ancient Byzantium, and the mosque of San Sophia, whose splendid dome dominates the city, and whose sacred aspect has survived its degradation. In every corner of the city a pack of hungry dogs are suffered to prowl for the diversion they afford in worrying all Frank passengers, a subject of unceasing amusement to the Turkish citizens. I seldom passed through the *bazaars* without having some of those dogs set on me by the men, or having stones thrown at me by boys, or being spit upon by the women, and being cursed as an infidel and a *caffre* by all. My experience was that of every European in Constantinople at this time.

Before I left Naples, and on the passage to Smyrna, I had succeeded in acquiring some little smattering of the ordinary phrases and medical terms in most common use, in Turkish as well as in Arabic. This extremely limited colloquial stock of Easternisms, slender as it was, I found of no little advantage in facilitating my opportunities of acquiring some social and professional knowledge of the people amongst whom I was now located. Shortly after my arrival in Constantinople, I was indebted to an old French *doctor* (formerly, as I afterwards learned, a "*tambour major*" in the French army) for getting acquainted with many families, both Turkish and Levantine. The old gentleman was a "*bon vivant*," and had the talent of making himself agreeable wherever he went: he had one little fault—he very seldom was sober after dinner; but the Turks liked him, and he was the only Frank in Constantinople who ate his dinner at the expense of Moslems almost every day in the week. As I had the good fortune to be a favourite of his, he took me with him to his friends as often as he could induce me to go, and I thus had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of the Turkish upper classes, and of partaking of their lavish hospitality, in which quality not even the Irish surpass them. I have been at dinners where as many as forty dishes have appeared in succession, commencing (for they are opposed to us in everything) with the dessert, consisting of sweetmeats and preserves, then whetting the appetite with raw spirits in abundance; for (however contrary it may be to the Mahometan doctrines, of which they make such loud profession) even the most exalted personages in Turkey are commonly addicted to drink, the very highest classes. I do not here allude to the great mass of the people, drinking rum and *rakee* as Christians might drink small beer. The scenes which follow these excesses only Hogarth could depict: the stolid gravity of the Moslem is overcome, his mirth is like the frisking of a camel, exceedingly awkward and ridiculous, and often eventuates in a song,

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if such a term may be applied to an interminable dump, not musical, but most melancholy.

As I have already said, my chief object in visiting the Turkish Empire was the hope that I might there be able to follow my profession with advantage, nor did I lose time in setting about this as soon as possible after my arrival in Constantinople. Some account of the extraordinary character of medical practice in this country as set down from my own experience may therefore not be devoid of interest. In my notes I find it stated that there were then about fifty medical practitioners in Constantinople, principally Franks from Italy and Malta. Of this number there were perhaps five regularly educated physicians, and two of these were English gentlemen, highly respected both by the Turks and Franks. Every *medico* has his allotted quarter: he beats this ground daily in pursuit of patients, and visits all the coffee-houses in the district, with a Greek *dragoman* as interpreter at his heels, whose occupation it is to scent out sickness and to extol the doctor. They are ever to be found on the most public bench of the coffee-shop, smoking with profound gravity, and prying into the features of those around them for a symptom of disease. I had perforce to follow the common custom and submit to this degradation to get practice. The first day my *dragoman*, who had left the service of a Roman doctor, and had been practising on his own account since his discharge (for all these dragcmen become doctors), undertook to teach me my professional duty, which he made to consist—firstly, in never giving advice before I got my fee; secondly, in never asking questions of the sick; thirdly, in never giving intelligible answers to the friends. He also advised me to look for symptoms only in the pulse, and to limit my prognosis to three words—"In Shallah," or "Please the Lord," for doubtful cases; and "Alla kharim," or "God is great," for desperate ones. I took my post in the coffee-shop, had my pipe and coffee, whilst my dragoman entered into conversation with the Turks about us. I soon heard him narrating a history of a wonderful cure which he alleged he had seen me perform some days before on the body of a dying Effendi; how I had taken out his liver and put it in again after scraping off the disease, and how the patient got well the next day and gave me five purses. I was of course exceedingly annoyed at all this absurdity, but the fellow seemed to mind my anger very little, and merely reproved "my want of prudence" with a frown.

A well dressed man, who had been sitting at my side in silence for half an hour, at last recollected that he had a wife or two unwell, and very gravely asked me "what I would cure a sick woman for?" I inquired her malady. "She was sick." "In what manner was she affected?" "Why, she could not eat." On these premises I was to undertake to cure a patient who, for aught I knew, might

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be at that moment *in articulo mortis*. I could not bring myself to drive the bargain, so I left my enraged dragoman to go through the pleasing process. I heard him ask a hundred piastres, and heard him insist by his father's head and his mother's soul that so good a doctor never took less. However, after nearly an hour's haggling, I saw fifty piastres put into his hand. I visited my patient, and had to ascertain her disease as well as I could with a door between us, she being in one apartment and I another; the door was ajar, and through this her head, enveloped in a sheet, was occasionally projected to answer my questions. I, however, was enabled to collect enough in this way, and from the attendants, to cause me to suspect she had a cancer. I did all that under such circumstances I could well do—I gave her an opiate; and after smoking the inevitable pipe and drinking sherbet, took my leave.

A few days afterwards I was sent for to a consultation which was to be held on the case of a Pasha of high rank. I found the patient lying on a mattress spread on the carpet, as is customary in Turkey, and in his habiliments, none of which are here doffed at night. A crowd of doctors were around the sick man, and amongst them were the friends, slaves, and the followers of the patient, the latter taking an active share in the consultation. But he who took on himself to broach the case was a Turkish priest, who administered to the diseases both of soul and body. He prefaced his discourse with the usual origin of all things in general and the praises of the Koran in particular. This, he said, he had consulted in the present case; and "the repetition of the word 'honey' he discovered tallied with the number of days his highness suffered. Did not the bee suck the juice of every herb? Was there not wax in honey? Did not wax contain oil? Oh, illustrious doctors," he concluded, "let us put our trust and administer the dose: our patient has been thirty-six days sick, therefore let him have six-and-thirty drops of oil of wax every six-and-thirty hours!!!" The moment he ended, all the servants, and even many of the doctors, applauded this discourse. There was no time allowed for any further discussion. Each of the consultants got four Spanish dollars, and the unfortunate sick man was forthwith left to his fate. On the way out I expressed my astonishment to one of the faculty, an old Armenian, at this, to me, novel remedy. He looked round cautiously and whispered in my ear the word "Poison!" On further inquiry I found that the bulk of the patient's property was invested in a mosque. In spite of the remonstrance of my dragoman, I immediately made my way back to the room, and gave the attendants to understand distinctly that their master would die if he took the medicine. The poor man died, however, and I heard of the event about a month afterwards.

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I was shortly after called to a man who was said to have a fever. When I visited him I asked what was the matter with him, where he felt pain? but his friends made the customary reply: "That is what we want to know from you; feel his pulse and tell us." Not one symptom could I get from either the patient or his attendants. I thought, however, from what I was able to observe that I was warranted in taking blood. I did so, and when binding up the arm, accidently discovered that his other hand had been blown away by the explosion of a gun a week previously, and that the mutilated stump was still undressed. No wonder that the poor creature shortly afterwards died from tetanus. A short experience of such cases as these, which were of daily recurrence, sufficed to convince me how difficult it would be for any medical man to deal with such a people, and how rarely they could be benefited by him. I was, moreover, thoroughly disgusted with the customary routine and unworthy surroundings of medical practice in the Turkish capital, and as soon as I had satisfied my curiosity with exploring all the wonders of this semi-barbarous city, I resolved to shake off the dust from my feet and to turn my wandering steps elsewhere.

CHAPTER VI.

VISIT TO CRETE DURING THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

From Constantinople I took my departure, about the end of December, in a small trading vessel bound for Candia. This passage occupied no less than fifteen days, being interrupted by several calls at intervening ports. Of one of these delays I gladly took advantage to visit the plains of Troy and the tomb of Hector. I set out with my travelling companion, the Austrian Consul at Candia, from the Dardanelles on horseback, and arrived at noon at Chiblak, which is sometimes erroneously described as ancient Troy. We next proceeded to the promontory of Sigeum, close by which are the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, and near the shore are evident remains of a moat and a redoubt, probably the remains of the Grecian camp. We went over the ground with Homer for our guide. Nine miles from the shore, at the bottom of the plain, and at the foot of Mount Ida, is the site of Troy, the modern Bournarbashi. On an eminence above the town stands the tomb of Hector, a pyramid of disjointed stones. From this point the view, extending to the Hellespont, was exquisite; and whether the associations which constituted half its charm emanated from delusion or not, I certainly enjoyed a few moments of pure happiness, and perhaps only three or four such moments occur during one's life.

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We breakfasted at the tomb of Hector, and passed the day exploring the scene of so many wonders. At nightfall we returned to the Aga's house at Bournarbashi, but he was from home and we were refused admission; at last, however, we obtained some shelter under a miserable shed. For supper we had a little sour milk and boiled rice mixed together in a dish. We got no rest here, and, had we been inclined to have studied the operations of animated nature, the opportunity was extensive. We rose unrefreshed, and little pleased with Trojan entertainment, directed our course back to the Dardanelles. On the way we met with no impediment except the not unusual one of being worried by a pack of savage mongrels at the door of a Khan, to the great delight of the Turkish spectators by whom they were set at us, and one of whom said, "It was but fitting that one dog should fatten on another." Nor was it until we exhibited our pistols that the brutes were called off and we were allowed to proceed on our way to Abydos. It was from the opposite European side that Lord Byron swam with the current, which runs at almost four miles an hour; but I believe he would have found it impossible to have crossed from Abydos to Europe. Yet I covet not the society of that traveller who looks across the Hellespont and laughs at the story of Leander. Heaven knows the enthusiasm of the traveller is early enough worn out without making a vaunt of its destruction.

RESIDENCE IN CANDIA DURING THE GREEK WAR.

CANDIA, April 28th.—I arrived here three months ago, on my way to Alexandria, purposing to remain a few days: how much longer I may stop the star which watches over the destiny of travellers must determine. . . . This beautiful island, the largest in the Archipelago, the most fertile and most important for its position, being equi-distant from Europe, Asia, and Africa, is also famed for the noble port of Suda, in which the largest navy in the world might ride in safety. It is now in the possession of Mehemet Ali, the Egyptian Viceroy, by whose Albanian troops the native Greek peasantry have been ruthlessly exterminated, until hardly as many of them are left as suffice to cultivate the gardens which surround the town. There is scarcely a day I do not hear of additional atrocities of this kind. A few days ago, on my way to the camp, I saw the body of a murdered peasant lying with his head cut open, the blood yet streaming, and the poor wretch's donkey, with the pannier attached to it, standing by the side of its dead master. I am now accustomed to horrors, but this spectacle sickened me to the heart.

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I have taken up my abode with the Austrian Consul at Canea. On my arrival he presented me to Ibrahim Pasha, who had put in at Suda a few days ago with a portion of his shattered fleet, having been engaged with the Greeks off the island two successive days. The troops were immediately disembarked, and the only swamp in the neighbourhood was chosen for the encampment. No rational precautions whatsoever were taken by Ibrahim for the preservation of his army, and the consequence was that he lost one-fifth of it before he left the island. Sullen with disappointment, he sits daily on the poop of his frigate, venting his fury on his unfortunate people and inspiring terror all around him. One day he flogs a sailor for some awkward manœuvre; another, shoots a soldier for some slight insubordination; now bastinadoes a captain in his navy, or strikes him in his rage, and foams like a madman. I saw him take an old captain by the beard, who had been out in a heavy gale and could not make the harbour: he held him for some minutes with his left hand at arms length, as if he were going to use his sword, but he only shook the old man, and said if it had not been for his grey beard his head should be at his feet. The other stretched out his neck, as much as to say his life was at his mercy, and then cringed at his feet and attempted to kiss his garment, but the haughty Ibrahim spurned him from his presence. His officers are every day complaining to us of his ferocity; and I have already counted thirteen bloated bodies of his massacred people washed on the beach and there suffered to remain. The Austrian Consul one day reckoned four.

Some days ago he asked me if our government had given any more money to the Greeks? I assured him that the government had given none, and that the loan was the voluntary contribution of individuals over whom the government had no control. He laughed at the idea, and his laughter was of that sort which makes the observer shudder. Still to myself he was personally civil, and strongly pressed me to visit the Morea with him, promising that if I did so I should have ample remuneration: as many horses and servants as I wished, and when afloat to have my quarters in his own frigate. The drift of his condescension was simply that he wanted my medical services. I thanked him for his very kind offer, and pleaded the necessity of my journey to Egypt, stating that as long as I remained on the island I should render every service in my power to his people. I was most desirous of visiting Greece at this time; but, to go there in the train of her Turkish enslavers in the service of this ferocious Pasha, was a degradation to which I would not voluntarily submit.

The medical officers of Ibrahim's army were the refuse of all nations, and I am proud to say that there was not one Englishman amongst them. Most of them were Italian, some of them had been

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servants to doctors in Egypt; some apothecaries' assistants, and one confessed to me that he had been a watchmaker. I need not say how the unfortunate Arabs sank under their treatment. Never was privileged murder carried to such an extent. I ceased to wonder that the faculty were twice expelled from ancient Rome. The Egyptian officers refused to be attended by their own medical men, so that they insisted on my remaining at Suda sometimes for a week together before I could get away from my professional work at the camp. On one of my rides from Canea to the camp, being sent for to see one of the Generals (Courschad Bey), who was seized with fever, when passing through a wood of olives I was twice shot at, and one of the bullets grazed my ear. I had so little ambition for thus serving as a target in this uncongenial service that I made up my mind to take my departure for Egypt by the first ship. But, before I did so, I was witness to another event which could hardly have occurred in any other country. A few days previously the Turks towed a Greek prize into the port—a large brig called the San Nicolo. The Turkish captain and his officers made merry on the occasion. In our house, which overhung the entrance to the harbour, we heard their drunken revelry at midnight. Two hours later we heard a tremendous explosion: every window in our house was shattered, the doors of my apartment were forced open, and the walls shaken to their foundation. I thought it the shock of an earthquake; but the screams of people from all parts of the harbour soon explained the nature of the accident. The Greek prize which was brought in on the previous morning had blown up, and the Turkish captain, his officers and crew, in the midst of their drunken orgies, were sent to eternity. A few were still alive in the water when I reached the shore. I entreated some of the spectators to launch a boat, but the nonchalance with which they did so enraged me beyond measure. At last, after an interval of nearly an hour, a boat put off, and two of the poor wretches were rescued. Their account of the catastrophe was this: When the captain and all the officers were very drunk, the former proposed as a test of his people's courage that they should go into the powder-room and smoke their pipes on the powder-chest. Three of them performed this feat, and in the middle of the exploit the ship exploded. So much for the character of Turkish officers.

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CHAPTER VII.

RESIDENCE IN EGYPT IN 1825-1827.

ABOUT the end of May 1825, I reached Alexandria after a pleasant sail of eight days from Candia. It happened that at the period of my arrival an outbreak of epidemic Oriental plague had just commenced to show itself. Every Frank was in quarantine, the hotels were infected, and a lodging being nowhere to be found, I was obliged to return to my ship. The captain was a native of the Bocco di Cattaro, an excellent man, who would not accept a farthing for my passage, as I had given him some medical advice during the voyage, and I was thus again forced to tax his hospitality for some days. An eminent English merchant, Mr. Casey, had then the kindness to break through his quarantine and received me into his house, where I remained for a considerable time until I could obtain apartments.

Meanwhile the plague daily increased in violence; the natives perished in large numbers, and few days passed without the death of Europeans, and hence, from the start my medical services were in great demand. For so small a population as that of Alexandria the mortality was considerable. Every house was shut up, the servants were not suffered to go out, money was passed through vinegar before it was touched, letters were smoked, people thronged round the doctors to know how many died in the night; the plague was discussed at breakfast, the contagion was described at dinner, and carbuncles were the theme at supper; in fine, a house in quarantine then became a lazar domicile for the anticipation of death, and an anatomy of melancholy. Already I had lost one servant: I took him with me two days before his attack to a Turkish house where a man was said to have apoplexy. I found on examination it was the plague. On my return I changed my dress, and gave the clothes to my Maltese boy to hang up on the terrace. The second day after this I saw the poor fellow had the plague, and as my hostess would not permit his being kept in my lodgings, I was obliged to take him to the hospital. On the way he insisted on calling on his brother, and left some message for his mother. When we arrived at the hospital I saw him shudder, as well he might, and so I remained by his side until the fatal termination of the disease a few hours later. Three days subsequently his brother, on whom he had called on the way to the pesthouse, was likewise seized, and died, as indeed most of those treated by the routine bleeding practice then in vogue with the Alexandrian doctors. I now tried in these cases an opposite course, namely, the administration of strong stimulants diffusible and

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permanent—brandy and Cyprus wine in frequent but small doses, sponging the body with vinegar and water, cold applications to the head, and hot cataplasms to the buboes. With this treatment, at the rate of seventy-five per cent. recovered. I ascribe my escape from the disease, under Divine Providence, in a large measure to the fact that I always insisted on the windows being opened to admit fresh air into the wards, as well as to wearing an impervious oilskin garment, and never entering the sick room fasting or at least without taking a glass of wine previously, and smoking a pipe or cigar all the time I remained in the crowded lazar-house. These precautions I would strongly recommend to every physician under similar circumstances.

Although I was spared from the widespread epidemic which then decimated Alexandria, I was not long here before I came near to succumbing to endemic dysentery, that at certain seasons prevails in this city, for which I was treated for some time by a native physician, until from the effect of his treatment I began to believe that my mortal pilgrimage was about to end in Alexandria. I then gave orders to admit the doctor no more, and took scruple doses of calomel for three successive days, and thenceforth the bad symptoms ceased. I could not determine what the *rationale* of the previous treatment was, but I certainly thought it not unlikely that the Alexandrian faculty wished me elsewhere. At all events, in this country they get rid of interlopers not unfrequently. During this illness, and indeed during my residence, I received great kindness and attention from the eight or ten leading merchants who then represented English commerce in Alexandria, and to them as well as to my good friend, Mr. Salt, I owe more gratitude than I can express. Thus supported I was not long in acquiring a good share of medical practice, which continued to increase steadily throughout the two years that I remained in this city. I now proposed to Mr. Salt and Mr. Thornburn to attend plague patients exclusively for one season in a small special hospital. I believed that there would be a fair probability of thus saving from seventy to seventy-five per cent. of the sick. Our Consul promised to apply to the government, but the negotiations fell through probably from the fact that Mr. Salt was very partial to me, and considered that I was engaging in a fatal measure. I was therefore obliged to be content with permission to carry out my ideas as far as was practicable in the plague hospital, which I visited daily during the epidemic.

INTERVIEW WITH MEHEMET ALI.—JOURNEY TO NUBIA.

In June 1826, I accompanied Mr. Salt to Cairo, and within a few days was introduced by him as his physician, to the Viceroy, Mehemet Ali, who gave us a flattering reception, and we seated

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ourselves by his side. The presents which Mr. Salt was charged to present on behalf of the Indian Government were brought in. These were extolled by all the Court. Coffee was handed round, and after a long conversation our audience terminated. The Pasha appeared a hale, good-looking old man, with nothing but his piercing eyes to redeem his countenance from vulgarity. When I was in the antechamber I had all the officers of the Viceroy gathered round telling me their disorders, and only got away at last by promising to physic the whole Court gratis next morning.

A day or two afterwards I made the customary expedition to the pyramids, visited "Pharoon's coffin," and ascended the great pyramid. Hence I gazed with a delight I can still recall on the wide prospect that was outstretched, from the base of the pyramid to the distant tombs of Saccara, along the verdant valley of the Nile, fertility everywhere following its course. Before me was the chain of the Mokattam, at its foot the mosques and minarets of Cairo, and the sites of Babylon and Heliopolis. Behind was the Libyan Desert, dreary and desolate, an ocean of sand agitated by burning winds, and traversed only by the descendants of him whose "hand was lifted against all men, and every man's hand against him."

[From Cairo Dr. Madden proceeded up to Thebes, and thence along the Nile on to Assouan, the last town in Egypt.]

We arrived at Philoe after a fatiguing walk from Assouan in the heat of noon day, and crossing over to the island, took up our quarters in a deserted Nubian hut within the precincts of the great Temple. The beauty of the scenery around this enchanting isle compensated us for all our toil from Alexandria to the cataract. It was indeed the only spot in the journey where scenery deserved to be called sublime. The granite rocks, in a thousand mystic forms, rise from the Nile at its western extremity, and are beautifully contrasted with the picturesque effects of the palm-trees and magnificent structures of Philoe; indeed the whole island seems to be a delightful garden studded with obelisks and the ruins of stately temples.

Every trace of Arab civilization, and that is little enough, is lost at the cataracts. Neighbouring villages are at war, and towns not twenty miles distant have been in hostility for ages. This accounts for every man being armed. Every man must have his shield and spear on his arm if he has only to cross his fields; and a man would as soon think of going into his neighbour's house without his skull cap as without his weapons. Whilst I remained at Philoe I was continually pestered, and more especially by the Nubian women, with entreaties for physic. They all imagined I effected cures by supernatural agency, and they considered a *waraga*, or triangular scroll, inscribed with some outlandish figures, a better remedy for every complaint, from lovesickness to ophthalmia, than any of my drugs.

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[Dr. Madden remained for some months in Nubia and Upper Egypt, which at that time was seldom visited by European travellers. He then returned to Alexandria, whence, after a brief stay, he once more departed with the intention of visiting the Holy Land, which had long been a cherished project. Nor was his curiosity satisfied with this one visit to Palestine, as years subsequently he again visited the sacred scenes which had been sanctified by the Redeemer's presence; and even in his extreme old age he delighted to recall the recollections of these visits, and was wont to express an earnest wish that he had but strength remaining to permit of his making a final pilgrimage to the Holy Land.]

* * * * *

I set out with one servant from Alexandria across the desert along the seashore to Damietta, and in five days we accomplished the journey. In all the route we met with nothing interesting but the remains of Canopus on the beach about ten miles from Alexandria, and the scene of the memorable battle in which Abercrombie fell. Near the shore, where the sea had undermined the soil, I perceived a stratum of human bones, which proved to be those of the soldiers that fell on that day. By one skeleton I found the remnants of a coat and some regimental buttons, which were all that remained after thirty years to tell that the poor victim of glory was an English soldier. In two hours more we passed the Bay of Aboukir: it was smooth and tranquil. A spectator could hardly have imagined that the sound of war had ever disturbed the stillness, or that the wreck of many a stately ship was covered by its waters, and that the remains of many a gallant fellow were strewn upon its sands. I picked up a cannon-shot near the shore, which soon convinced me, if I doubted for a moment, that the stillness of Aboukir had once been broken by the fury of Christian armies.

VISIT TO SYRIA.

I CAME to Damietta with the purpose of remaining two or three days, and remained there for three months in the house of Vice-Consul Surur, a native of Syria, and a man of considerable erudition in Arabic literature. The cause of my detention was my repute as a *hakkim* amongst the Levantine merchants, who form at Damietta a very numerous and respectable body. The fame of an amputation of the shoulder which I had performed on one of them in Alexandria had spread here, so that on my arrival I was hailed as a second Hippocrates. In no other place was I ever treated with so much respect, or received so many marks of gratitude. One lady

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presented me with a splendid silk robe of her own embroidery, another with a costly Cashmere shawl, another with several pieces of rare Damascus silk; and one merchant insisted on my acceptance of a whole bale of tobacco. Amongst my other patients was the Turkish Governor, with whom the Vice-Consul alone could vie in the splendour of his entertainments and profuseness of his hospitality. At the latter's house a party of seventy Turks sat down a few evenings ago to the most magnificent banquet I ever witnessed even in the East. The soldiers and servants of the guests had also to be entertained in another apartment, and of these there were no less than one hundred, each of whom had, moreover, to receive a small present for the trouble of gourmandizing at Surur's expense. After dinner a band of Arab musicians and singers performed, and were followed by jesters and buffoons who played all sorts of ridiculous tricks. During this entertainment I had a good specimen of Turkish insolence and pusillanimity. A Turkish officer standing near me when we were crowding round the jesters took occasion to pull off my turban without being perceived. I replaced it thinking it had not been properly secured. A second time it was pulled off in the same way, but on the repetition of the joke a third time I managed to secure the fellow's hand, which he endeavoured to release, whilst with the other he attempted to draw his pistol, but ere he could do so I persuaded him to measure his length on the floor with a concussion which shook the room. There was a general uproar; but the older Turkish officers, instead of resenting the blow inflicted on their fallen comrade, slunk away from him, and the fellow himself, as soon as he was raised up, took hold of my hand in the most abject way, entreating me to overlook what had passed and make no complaint of him to the Governor. If I had passed over this insult with impunity, its repetition would have been certain, but for having resented it he ever after respected me, and would go out of his way to salaam to the ground before me on every possible occasion as long as I remained in Damietta. In short, the *argumentum ad hominem* is the only logic a Turk can be convinced by.

I took my departure from Damietta in June 1827, and, bidding adieu with regret to the Consul and the many friends from whom I had experienced such courtesy and kindness during my stay there, I embarked in a small boat on Lake Menzale for San. Here I started on camel-back two days afterwards, with a couple of Bedouin guides, to ride across the desert through the land of Goshen to Suez. Every trace of vegetation soon disappeared, and nothing but sky and sand was to be seen. From twelve till two o'clock we reposed under the umbrella which formed my tent. We then started again, and in the evening came to a Wady. Here, our camels being tied to one of the date trees overhanging the well, a large fire was kindled, in the red ashes of which our roughly-kneaded cake bread

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was hurriedly baked, and this, with a few onions and a cup of coffee, we supped luxuriantly, and wrapping our weary heads under our blankets so as to keep off the heavy dewfall, in a few moments we enjoyed a sleep which many a head resting on an eider pillow might have envied.

Three such days' and nights' journey brought us to Suez. From Suez I returned to Damietta, falling in with a horde of Bedouin robbers near Adjeronde, by whom I was taken for a Turkish Halge, and so escaped without any violence, merely having to endure the loss of a portion of my small *impedimenta*. From Damietta I embarked for Beirout, or Sour, the ancient Tyre, and arrived there after five days' sail.

[Whilst in Syria, Dr. Madden employed himself in visiting the turbulent district of Mount Lebanon, where the Emir Bechir then ruled the contending Druse and Christian tribes. By the Emir he was courteously received. In Sidon he received an invitation to visit the celebrated Lady Hester Stanhope, who then resided about eight miles from Sidon, in a villa of her own construction called D'Ioun. This solitary house was shut out from the world and hemmed in on all sides by arid mountains, no village near it, and entirely at the mercy of the Bedouins, did they choose to attack it. Here Dr. Madden remained for several days, and as he continues] :—

I took my leave of her ladyship highly gratified with the society of a person whose originality, or eccentricity, if it deserves that name, is a far less prominent feature in her character than her extensive information, her intrepidity of spirit, her courteous manners, and her unbounded benevolence.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY THROUGH PALESTINE, &c.

After a third visit to Tyre I started for Nazareth, a journey of two days and a half. For the first twenty miles our route lay across the summit of a lofty chain of Lebanon, which in some places overhangs the sea. On the third morning we entered Nazareth. The capital of Gallilee is now a little village containing two thousand inhabitants, chiefly Christians. It is delightfully situated on a gentle acclivity, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, enclosing a valley of almost two miles and a half in length, which directly faces the village.

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The Latin Convent of the Annunciation, which was rebuilt in 1730, on the site of an old church, occupies the spot indicated by tradition as the habitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In a cave beneath the church the monks point out the dwelling of the Blessed Virgin, and in the church there is shown a picture of our Saviour painted from a traditionary description of Publius Lentulus to the Roman Senate. In another chapel a rock is exhibited on which it is said the Redeemer ate with His disciples. A couple of miles from the town the precipice is pointed out down which the people of Nazareth sought to throw our Lord.

The peaceful valley of Nazareth, secluded from the noisy world by an amphitheatre of verdant hills, is the spot which one might imagine th emeeka nd lowly Jesus would have chosen for His earliest abode. The silent paths, the deep ravine in the eastern hill might well have served for meditation. Every morning during my stay in Nazareth I visited these solitudes, calling to my mind the wondrous revolution in religion, morality and philosophy, which every country had undergone since "Jesus of Nazareth" first broached His divine doctrines in the village synagogue, the site of which was then before me. The feelings thus inspired were intense; and, seated on a cliff which commanded a view of the village and the valley, I gave them vent in the following feeble verses:—

Jesus of Nazareth! Oh, blessed name!
The sound and scene in sweetest concert join!
What holy rapture in this glorious theme!
And peaceful beauty here in each still line.

Jesus of Nazareth! Incarnate God!
The Lord of nature, here revealed to man!
Hath this poor hamlet then been Thy abode?
This humble spot, where Wisdom's dawn began!

Jesus of Nazareth! the scene around
Of mercy speaks,—here was the chosen shrine;
Earth's purest temple, for Thy advent found,
Here Mary's bosom thrilled with love divine.

Jesus of Nazareth! Eternal Lord
Of uncreated wisdom from above,
In mercy's image shown to mortal sight,
A man of sorrows and a God of love.

Jesus of Nazareth! in childhood's dawn,
A blissful emblem of Thy spotless years,
The same sweet features truth divine has drawn,
In youth and manhood still redemption bears.

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Jesus of Nazareth! this peaceful vale,
This silent spot is holy ground to me,
The pilgrim lingers where the home has been,
Of Mary's hopes and all her joys in Thee.

Jesus of Nazareth! on high all hail!
Jesus of Nazareth! on earth all praise!
Weak though my voice, let mercy still prevail:
Hear me, Redeemer, and direct my ways.

If ever folly urged my tongue in vain
To take Thy sacred name, Thy wrath forego;
If ever madness worked upon my brain
To doubt Thy holy word, Thy pity show.

Here, gracious Lord, where Thou didst humbly wear
The garb of poor humanity, and pass'd
The dawn of mortal life, vouchsafe to hear
The voice whose homage turns to Thee at last.

I set out from Nazareth to visit the Jordan, a journey of twelve hours across a wild country, accompanied by a single servant, and so attired as to avoid exciting the cupidity of the Bedouins. About seven miles from Nazareth we halted at the foot of Mount Tabor. The heat was insupportable, the thermometer in the shade standing at one hundred and two degrees. Mount Tabor is a small isolated mountain, of a conical form, commanding a splendid view of the plain of Esdrælon, which extends about twenty miles in length. In the Scriptures this magnificent plain is sometimes called the valley of Jezreel. It was here "the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host with the edge of the sword, before Barak;" and, in latter times, it was here that Kleber, with one thousand five hundred men sustained the attack of twenty-five thousand Syrians, and where Napoleon, with a reinforcement of six hundred men, routed the whole Syrian army.

The next place worthy of note where we stopped was "Cana of Galilee," where the miracle of changing the water into wine was performed at the marriage feast. There is a small chapel here in which they show a large stone vase, which they assured me was the identical one in which the miraculous change took place. I again passed the tombs in the mountain, which are supposed to be those out of which came the miserable objects who accosted our Saviour as he passed: "And when He was come out of the ship, immediately there met Him, out of the tombs, a man with an unclean spirit." The route from Tiberias to Jerusalem, by Samaria, was beset with so much peril that I was obliged to cross the country to Jaffa. The journey occupied three days, and in that short space of time I was five times in the hands of robbers. The three first

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encounters I had not much to complain of, being able each time to effect a composition of from twenty to sixty piastres. This they regard as but a lawful toll or guffer. But the fourth attack was more formidable. When attacked, we were skirting along the foot of a barren mountain between Nazareth and Acre, about an hour's ride from the plain of Zebulon. I was the first to perceive half a dozen heads rising from behind a rock immediately above us; and shortly after eight Bedouins rushed down the mountain to intercept us. My servant endeavoured to urge on his mule, but was unsuccessful. I was more fortunate; and, although I had a couple of shots fired after me, I got out of their reach in a very few minutes. When I drew up, I discerned the robbers taking my baggage off the mule, and saw everything I possessed spread on the ground ready for distribution. I made up my mind to return, galloped back to the great surprise of all, and commenced salaaming my plunderers: one fellow seized hold of my bridle, and ordered me to dismount! I pushed him from the horse's head, and addressed myself to him who seemed to be the chief: "I have come here," I said, "not as a prisoner; of my own accord I now throw myself amongst you: and he who lifts his hand against the guest who seeks him, is no Arab—he is a Turk and a Caffre!" This speech had a prodigious effect. I sat down on the ground, and lit my pipe with a small lens, which mode of extracting fire from the rays of the sun they could not at all understand.

I never beheld more ferocious looking features than those which were around me; and while I spoke I expected to get knocked on the head every moment, but I perceived there was a disposition to relent, so I pulled out a packet of James' powders, which I carried in my turban, and dividing the packet into eight parts, I gave one to each, with an injunction to reserve it for the hour of sickness, and to think of the *hakkim* who lit his pipe with the celestial fire. I left no time for answering, but threw a couple of pounds of coffee and as much tobacco amongst them. Then I commenced to replace my luggage on the mule, but whilst doing so I observed one fellow secreting my carpet, another my coffee-pot. I affected not to perceive the theft; I hurried off my servant, and salaamed them till I got clear.

The approach to Jerusalem on my entrance from Jaffa afforded a prospect which well repaid all the perils and fatigues of my journey. I had passed on my way from Ramah through a scene of sterility hardly to be equalled, when all at once a noble city rose on my view, with stately walls and lofty towers, and studded with glittering domes of monasteries and mosques. It was indeed a glorious sight, and the very Arab who accompanied me greeted the Holy City with all the fervour of admiration—"Quies el cods wallah, quies kitir!" he exclaimed. "How beautiful, O God, is the Holy City!"

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Every pilgrim, let his enthusiasm be ever so different from that of those who profess to visit Jerusalem from the suggestions of piety, must own there is an atmosphere of melancholy magnificence around the structures of Jerusalem, and a death-like stillness in the streets, which he never before observed in the abodes of the living, and which give an air of sanctity to the site of the Temple, the place which enshrines the Sepulchre of Christ.

Few travellers, except such as visit Palestine to rail against monastic institutions, who see nothing but the horrors of papacy in the sanctuaries of Jerusalem; few travellers, I say, except such at these, can visit the spot which is connected with the history of their religion without experiencing sentiments somewhat such as those I have endeavoured to convey in the following lines, which, however unworthy of their sacred subject, as least faintly reflect the feelings with which my visit to the Holy City impressed me:—

Daughter of Zion! doomed from age to age
To prove the truth of God's unerring page;
Thy sullied beauty, thy dejected mien,
Thy desolation still o'ercast the scene;
Thy mournful silence sinks into the heart,
Astounds the sense, and mocks description's art.
A weary pilgrim, here with steps profane
I tread thy paths, participate thy pain,
Recall the sad remembrance of thy fall,
And in the terrors of thy present thrall
Behold the judgments of a hand Supreme,
And trace the sources of redemption's scheme.

"Mournful, O Zion! are thy ways" indeed,
"They come not to thy feasts," the chosen seed
O'er all the land of Israel hath ceased,
And foes and infidels alone increased.
The scattered remnant of thy race doth roam
O'er earth, without a country or a home;—
"A by-word," an astonishment to men;
Reviled, degraded, and in bonds again.

* * * * *

O'erthrown thy altars, what! alone to yield
The Talmud's promise, for the sinner's shield!
Is this the compensation for thy fall,
And not the blood the Saviour shed for all?
Father of Mercy graciously ordain
That great atonement be not made in vain;
Let Jew and Gentile bow with one accord
Before the altar of their common Lord!
Direct the weak, the wicked overawe,
Enlighten all, and vindicate Thy law!
Thy promised Kingdom spread from pole to pole,
And make Thy chosen people of the whole.

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The Latin Convent was the best reputed of all, for the character of its inmates and the reputation of its cheer: I had every reason to be pleased with both. I found the monks extremely courteous, and most of them men of unaffected piety. It is, however, lamentable to observe the dissensions which exist in this city between the various sects of Christians; the Turk, the common enemy of each, profits by their feuds, and literally enriches himself on the rancour of conflicting creeds.

There was lately a notable instance of Christian animosity and of Turkish interference within the walls of the Church of the Sepulchre, in which it was my fortune to assist in the adjustment of the quarrel. It is necessary to premise that the Church of the "Santa Sepulchra," built by Constantine, was burned down by the Armenians in 1808, and on being rebuilt, the larger portion was divided equally between the Catholics and Greeks, and smaller portions of the same sacred edifice sub-divided between the Syrians, Copts, and Armenians. The latter of these had recently taken possession of the altar on Mount Calvary, which belonged to the Catholics, and which stands within the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and, finally, the intervention of the Turkish Governor was resorted to for decision on the validity of the title of the contending claimants. At this juncture I was attending the Governor, who laboured under inflammation of the liver, brought on, I had reason to believe, from the immoderate use of ardent spirits. He had recently arrived from Damascus, and was in much need of money. I endeavoured to ascertain from him in whose favour he intended to decide, and which party had given in the most substantial arguments. I found the scale of "justice" weighed in favour of the Armenians, and that they had given eight thousand piastres, while the Catholics had only offered six, This important information I lost no time in conveying to one of the Fathers, who waited on me in the Convent, and the result was that three thousand additional arguments were adduced in favour of the ancient title to Mount Calvary, and the Catholics continue the exclusive possessors of the altar in question.

I had the happiness of visiting carefully all the objects and places hallowed to the veneration of every Christian pilgrim in this sacred shrine of Redemption, namely: the Holy Sepulchre, the Pillar, the ascent to Calvary, the site of the Cross, &c.; and having made an excursion of some difficulty to the Dead Sea, from which I returned by Bethlehem, where the cave of the Nativity is cut out of the solid rock beneath the Church, and where the birthplace of the Saviour is marked by a star with a silver lamp always burning in the place of the manger, I made my way back to Jerusalem.

Here I found awaiting me letters from my friends in Egypt, warning me of the danger of remaining in Syria, as war was imminent between the Porte and the allies, so that I no sooner recovered

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partially from the effects of my last journey than I bade adieu for the last time to the Holy City. I was fortunate enough to arrive in Jaffa without any impediment; but on my arrival, the vessel I expected to embark in for Damietta I found had sailed the day before. That night I set out for Tyre, where I embarked on board an English brig bound for Damietta, congratulating myself on my escape from many perils, which I fondly hoped were at an end, but the evening of our departure we observed a suspicious-looking vessel hovering about us for some hours. She stood in for Sour at nightfall, and we saw nothing of her until the following morning. She did not then long keep us in suspense—her boats were soon out, and in the course of a quarter of an hour we were the lawful prize of a Greek pirate. A strong rope was fastened to our bows, and we were towed in the wake of the Greek brig, which mounted eighteen guns, and was manned by seventy men, commanded by Captain Spiro Calfetto, probably as great a scoundrel as any in existence.

* * * * *

[Of the incidents of this untoward voyage, of the scenes of piracy and of violence of which he was consequently a helpless spectator, and of the manner in which his escape and that of his fellow captives was ultimately effected, a graphic description may be found in the second volume of Dr. Madden's "Travels in Turkey and Palestine," published by Colburn in 1829.]

At long last, however, we reached Damietta; my friend, Mr. Muller, having borne all the unpropitious occurrences of our voyage with heroic fortitude, and after seven days' comparatively delightful travelling from Damietta, we arrived in Alexandria. Here I found Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore on the point of setting out for Palestine. It required more than ordinary courage to undertake this journey at such a moment, when the recent news of the battle of Navarino had spread consternation and had irritated the people of the country against every Frank. They had the good fortune to accomplish their journey to the holy city with perfect safety, and Mrs. Montefiore was one of the few Frank ladies who had then traversed the rugged mountains of Judæa. It was settled that I should await their return, to accompany them to Europe; and in the meantime I was called on to attend Mr. Salt (whom I was grieved to find in a wretched state of health) on an excursion up the Nile. At Dessuke, on the Nile, he became so feeble that it was impossible to proceed further; and here, after a fortnight's suffering, he breathed his last.

I had but one consolation, and that was that, being possessed of his entire confidence, I was enabled to soothe his last moments with all the attention that friendship might demand in a country where virtue can hardly command respect, and where sickness calls forth little sympathy. No one unacquainted with Egypt can form an adequate idea of the loss of Mr. Salt at such a moment.

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DEPARTURE FROM EGYPT.—SECOND VISIT TO ROME.

[In Alexandria, Dr. Madden was rejoined by his friends Mr. (afterwards Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore) on their return from Palestine. On the 7th of November 1827 they took their departure in Mr. Montefiore's yacht the "Leonides," for Malta, where they arrived on the 27th of that month. From Malta he crossed over to Naples, and after a short stay proceeded to Rome, where he was received with much kindness by Lord and Lady Blessington.]

In the month of March 1828, on my return from the East, I visited the Blessingtons at the Palazzo Negroni, and there for the first time I met the newly-married daughter of the Earl of Blessington—Lady Harriet D'Orsay. Had I been a member of their family I could not have been received with greater kindness and warmth of feeling. During my stay in Rome I dined with them most days, and passed every evening at their conversaziones. Their salons, as at Naples, were regularly filled with the *elite* of all the distinguished foreigners and natives, artists and *literati* in the Eternal City. Their apartments were amongst the most magnificent in Rome, and well might be so, as they had engaged the two principal floors of the Palazzo Negroni for six months at the rent of one hundred guineas a month. This abode, although nominally furnished, had to be further provided with hired meubles, the cost of which was about twenty pounds a month. The seeds of the Irish Encumbered Estates were thus being sown in Italy as well as in other continental countries pretty extensively some thirty years ago by our Irish landed proprietors.

I remained for a few weeks in the Eternal City, but ere retracing my journey hence home, I may briefly refer to an event of which I had been an eye witness on my previous visit. I entered Rome for the second time a few weeks after the death of the good Pope Pius VII., and at the time of the election of his successor. As usual on such occasions, the Cardinals were secluded in the Palace of the Quirinal, the doors and windows of which were barricaded during the whole fortnight of this election. A Swiss stationed at every door of the Palace prevented ingress or egress. Pasquin's statue was as usual covered with lampoons. At sunset the multitude flocked to Monte Cavallo to ascertain the progress of the election. The smoke which mounted from the chimney of the Conclave Chamber announced the continuance of the election, the register of the votes being burned every evening when the electors retired to their apartments without agreeing in their choice. At length the smoke ceased to issue at the customary hour; the Cardinals were unanimous, and a Pope was chosen. The

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next act was the magnificent ceremonial of the Coronation, which has been too frequently described to need any observation in these notes.

A few days before I quitted Rome for England I received a kind letter from Lord Blessington to his friend John Galt, which I never had an opportunity of delivering—

"Rome, March 6th, 1828.

"My dear Galt,—The bearer of this letter, my friend Dr. Madden, is a gentleman of literary acquirements and talent. He has lately returned from the East; and besides an account of deserts and Arabs, Turks and Greeks, he will be able to give you an account of your old friends at Rome.

"Yours very sincerely,

"BLESSINGTON."

From Rome I returned by Switzerland, and on my way to Geneva paid a hurried visit to the tomb of a great actor, of whose performances I had often when a boy been a delighted spectator in the old Crow-street Theatre, Dublin. I arrived at Lausanne near midnight, and as the diligence was to start at an early hour next morning, my fellow-traveller, Mr. M———, a young native of Aberdeen, and myself determined to take the opportunity, late as was the hour, of visiting the spot where the remains of John Philip Kemble were interred. To do this we climbed over the churchyard wall. The night was fine, and the moonlight so brilliant as to enable us to read the inscriptions on the tombstones. The sombre aspect of Mont Blanc full in view of the cemetery, and the stillness of the placid waters on which its great shadow was visible, were in keeping with our feelings, the place of our pilgrimage, and the shrine we had been in search of, which we at length discovered. There we stood for some time in silence over the grave of the greatest tragedian of his day.

CHAPTER IX.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CONTINENTAL FRIENDS AND CELEBRITIES.

I MAY here interrupt the course of my narrative to record a few reminiscences of some of my early friends, including several notabilities of the first years of the nineteenth century, with whom my former residence in Italy had brought me into contact, and with

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whom I took occasion on my return from the East to Naples and Rome to renew my acquaintance. Foremost amongst these on personal grounds must be mentioned my old and constant friend, Dr. Reilly. Of all the medical men at the *forestiere* in Naples in my time, Charles Reilly, a native of Ireland, and a retired naval surgeon, who had accompanied the Oxford family to Naples in the capacity of travelling medical attendant, and had settled down in practice in that city in the time of King Joachim, was in the highest repute when I was there, in the latter part of 1821-2-3, and the spring of 1824. Dr. Reilly was, in every sense of the term but one, a thorough Irishman. He was full of humour, jocose, good-natured, and as "racy of the soil" he had abandoned, some twenty or thirty years previously, to the period I refer to, as if he had only quitted it the day before.

By his practice, Dr. Reilly realized a large fortune. He married in Naples an English lady, also in affluent circumstances, by whom he had one son and a daughter, a highly accomplished, pretty and amiable girl (the belle of the Chiaja), who eventually became the bride of a young English surgeon, the successor of Dr. Reilly in his professional business. Dr. Reilly, his wife and daughter, and I believe, a second wife also, whom he married about ten years ago, have passed away; and of all the English, Irish, and Scotch—not a few remarkable persons, I may add—whom I remember in the habit of frequenting that pleasant and hospitable house of his, with two exceptions, those of Dr. Quin, now established in his profession in London,* and my worthy old friend, Mr. Ramsay, living in Mordaunt College, Blackheath, none, I believe, are in being.

THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

Amongst the many distinguished personages with whom I became acquainted during my residence in Naples, one of the most remarkable was the celebrated Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth. Nor is it a little strange that a man, living in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century, should in his early career have been well acquainted with a lady who had been an intimate friend of Horace Walpole, and whose hospitality and endowments are recorded by Boswell, and were appreciated by Dr. Samuel Johnson. In his biography of the latter, Boswell speaks of Johnson as "dining with the beautiful, gay, and fascinating Lady Craven." Ah! if the admiring lexicographer could have viewed the same lady through a telescope of sixty years' power of looking into futurity, how he would have been astounded at the haggard old woman, as she was in her latter days when I met her, retaining nothing of the former belle but the sprightliness of her nature, and that vivacity then con-

* Dr. Quin died in London in 1879.

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trasting very painfully with the wreck of pristine beauty and comeliness.

Lady Craven separated from her husband in 1781, and the succeeding ten years of her life were passed on the continent and in the Levant. In 1789 she published in 4to. "A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople." Horace Walpole, in November, 1786, wrote to Lady Craven on the difficulties she had occasioned her friends by the rapidity of her movements. . . . "I heard," he says, "of you from Venice, then from Poland, and then, having whisked through Tartary, from Petersburg, but still no directions. I said to myself I will write to Constantinople, which will probably be her next stage. How could I suppose that so many despotic infidels would part with your charms." Shortly after Lord Craven's decease, his widow, in 1791, married the Margrave of Anspach and Bayreuth. This Prince, some years afterwards, disposed of his German principality to the King of Prussia, and retired to England, where he died in 1806, at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith. The festivities and fashionable *divertissements folatres* of Brandenburg House attracted no little notice in their day. During the latter years of her life, the Margravine resided altogether at Naples. Her well-known villa in the vicinity of Posilipo, on the Strada Nuova, was furnished with taste and elegance; the grounds laid out with great care, under the immediate direction of the Margravine.*

Lord Charles Murray, son of the Dowager Duchess of Athol, was one of my patients in Naples in 1822, where at that time he was recovering from an attack of brain fever, which had been followed by a temporary mental derangement. On one occasion he begged me to accompany him to the residence of his old friend the Margravine of Anspach, who received us in her garden, and attired in a manner not calculated to encourage gravity, or to keep an excited person's mind long in an undisturbed condition. For a few moments our visit went on very agreeably, but soon a cloud began to gather. I endeavoured in vain to hasten our departure: my companion persisting in his reminiscences of a disagreeable nature, on which he enlarged with extraordinary vehemence and volubility, to the great amazement of the Margravine, who accompanied us to the gate of the villa, and there a new scene was in store for her. Lord Charles insisted on showing her a new mode of entering a carriage, which he particularly recommended her to adopt; he then made a rush towards the carriage-door, and, putting his hand on the window frame, made a jump of that kind which harlequins and clowns are wont to make through panels in pantomimes, and fairly launched the upper part of his body through the window, leaving his long

* The Margravine of Anspach died in 1828.

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legs on the outside, kicking furiously in all directions. The consternation and astonishment of the Margravine were beyond description. I succeeded, with a great deal of trouble, by opening the opposite door of the carriage, to get his Lordship's legs dragged in where the rest of his person was hanging, and, not without much violence on his part, ending in the demolition of all the glass in the vehicle, managed to get him back to Naples.

Poor Lord Charles perfectly recovered his reason; and about two years later I met him at Marseilles quite restored. He was then about to embark for Greece, where, having volunteered in the cause of Greek independence, he died at Gastouini on August 11th, 1824, aged twenty-five, having undergone every species of fatigue and privation, all his means being generously devoted to the cause he had espoused.

THE DUKE DE LAVAL MONTMORENCY.

This antique remnant of the ancient aristocracy of France was ambassador at the Court of Rome in 1825, when Lady Blessington had taken up her abode at the Palazzo Negroni. The Duke, whom I had subsequently met at Rome on several occasions, was a remarkable person in society. Occasionally lively and *spirituel*, frequently and suddenly somnolent, and always, when awake, extremely gallant and complimentary to the ladies. But his compliments and eulogies were generally *mal apropos*. All his senses, and a few of his faculties were defective; some impaired by age, one naturally imperfect. In these particulars he resembled an old Chancery barrister, Bell, whom Lord Eldon used to commend, though he could neither talk, walk, think, or write like any other man. The Duke's talent for diplomacy was said to have outlived all his other capabilities. He was respected, however, by all who knew him, for his sterling worth and his generous conduct, especially to Pius VII. when in France, whose wants were liberally supplied by him.

THE ABBE CAMPBELL.

My acquaintance with the celebrated Abbé Campbell, the clergyman by whom the Prince Regent's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert had been solemnized, commenced in Naples in 1821. At that time he must have been upwards of sixty-eight years of age; his features were heavy, coarse and vulgar; his dress was negligent and ill-fitting, and generally bedaubed with snuff. There was nothing in his character, his education, his manners, or his habits, to

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conciliate men's favourable opinions ; and he was yet distinguished for a sort of mysterious prestige—an apprehension of his power over people in high places, in several courts, and in various continental capitals, and so he was courted even in the best society. In Naples, his intimate relations of friendship with the Minister Medici, and the terms of acquaintance on which he was with the old King Ferdinand, gave an importance to his "undefined and undefinable position in society." The Abbé was said to have a pension from the Neapolitan Government, and an annual stipend also from some official source in England, and for some public services of a private nature.

He had been chaplain to the Neapolitan Ambassador in London, about the time of the marriage of the Prince Regent with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and rumour assigned the performance of that marriage ceremony to him. I have heard this rumour mentioned in the presence of the Abbé, and it remained so far acquiesced in, as to leave an impression that he at least knew the priest by whom the marriage was celebrated. Some years later, I was assured by the late Mr. Thomas Savory, of Sussex-place, Regent's Park, the confidential friend of the Duke of Sussex, that he knew for a certainty that the ceremony had been performed by a Roman Catholic priest connected with one of the foreign embassies in London, and who thought it prudent to fly the country after the marriage ceremony had been performed.

The Abbé was on terms of close intimacy with the late King of Hanover, and with the Duke of Cumberland, and seldom visited England that he did not enjoy the Duke's hospitality. It was something more than amusing to hear this old man, of an obscure origin and humble rank, of no very prepossessing appearance or courtly manners, vaunting of his intimacy and terms of familiar intercourse with Kings and Princes and Ministers of State :—"My friend Cumberland," "My old acquaintance the King of Sardinia ;" "Mio caro amico Medici," &c. Few people could tell the place of birth, parentage, or antecedents of the Abbé. He passed for an Englishman with Scotchmen, a Scotchman with Englishmen. To Dr. Reilly, Dr. Quin, myself, and one or two more, he was known, however, to be a native of the north of Ireland.

He was pleased to promise me on divers occasions the inheritance of his papers, and amongst the rest, some fragments of a memoir of his life, which he had written some years previously, and condemned to the flames—no doubt very judiciously—when the Carbonari got the upper hand in Naples. In attempting to destroy the MS., in a place suitable for that purpose, a sudden puff of wind scattered the burning papers about the Abbé, and, according to his humourous account of the *auto-da-fe* of his memoirs, he was in danger of suffering death by his own life. He made yearly journeys to London, where he used to instal himself in the house of my old friend,

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Thomas Field Savory, in Sussex-place, whose nephew, Mr. John Savory, is the head of the firm of Savory and Moore, of Bond-street. A few months before his death in 1830, he called on Mrs. Savory and, with great solemnity of manner, placed a small package in her hand, and spoke of his tender regard for her husband. He went away very much affected, and never was seen more by his kind friends. The precious package was opened with all due care when he was gone, and some twenty yards of old Mechlin lace were found. The next news from Naples brought the intelligence of the Abbé's death. A young gentleman, his nephew, inherited his property—about £16,000—and in a few years managed, I believe, to get through the whole of it.

SIR FREDERICK FAULKNER.

Those who were acquainted with Naples about fifty years ago, might have well remembered an Irish gentleman, tall and portly, of prepossessing appearance and elegant manners—one of the old school of Hibernian gentry—who was exceedingly poor, and might have been extremely rich, and who lived on his friends from day to day, always in expectation of remittances and rents which, alas, never came to hand. Sir Frederick Faulkner was this unhappy gentleman, a person abounding in anecdote, most agreeable in society, and singularly inconsistent in his character. For many years before the Union Faulkner was a member of the Irish Parliament for the county Meath, and, to his honour, was one of the most strenuous opponents of that ill-starred measure, although in very straitened circumstances, and having divers overtures of a tempting nature made to him for his support.

FREDERICK QUIN, ESQ., M.D.

In 1821 my acquaintance with Dr. Quin commenced in Naples. He was then a young medical practitioner, in great vogue with all fashionable English visitors in Naples: full of life and spirits, of excellent address, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and a great zest for merriment. Moreover, Dr. Quin had solid worth and good sound sense to bring to the aid of his professional talents, and by these he afterwards won his way into a foremost position as the leading homœopathic physician in vogue with the highest ranks of London society. Yet I remember when the doctor made a burla of Hahnemann and his infinitesimal dose system. At an early period of his career in Naples, professing to write against homœopathy, he went to Germany to inquire into the system, and he who went to scoff, remained to study, and to become a convert to the new theory of medicine.

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Amongst my many other friends in Naples were:—William Drummond, Sir William Gell, the Hon. Keppel Craven, Count D'Orsay, Sir Richard Acton and his lady; Dr. Watson, the celebrated linguist; Ramsay, the Scotch merchant, with his elegant tastes and classic lore; Cottrell, the wine merchant, of Fallernian celebrity, renowned for his *lachrymachristi*, and his efforts to rival Francis, and to render Horace into better English than all previous translators; young Charles Mathews, Roskelly and Doratt, the rival Doctors; and Milne, the pleasant Scot and accomplished physician of the Chiatamone; old Walker, of the Largo Castello, the expatriated Manchester reformer, who, in the good old times of William Pitt and George III., was tried for sedition, and narrowly escaped the fate of his reforming brethren, Muir and Palmer; and though last, not least deserving of remembrance and of honourable mention in the list of worthies from foreign lands who figured in Neapolitan Society some thirty years ago—the venerable Commandant of the Castello Nuovo—General Wade, the venerable Irish warrior, one of the brave old soldiers of the Brigade, renowned for his hospitality, and beloved by all who knew him, English, Irish, and Italian. Maurice Quill should have lived at Naples in those days, and Lever should have recorded all the extraordinary scenes and ridiculous occurrences, the reminiscences of which are connected with the names of Reilly and the Abbé Campbell, Quin, Mahon, Mathews, Angell, Thornton, the Irish tutor of the Duchess of Eboli; Ridgeway, the Secretary of Lady Drummond; young Edward Molyneux, and his friend, R. R. M., then an incipient surgeon, in those days of nature, not unfit for scenes of gaiety and humour, nor unfamiliar with them. On leaving Italy for the Levant in 1824, from the last named of my Neapolitan friends I received the following valedictory lines:

LINES TO DR. R. R. MADDEN,

(On his departure for the Levant, by E. Molyneux).

Farewell once more, and may a prosperous breeze
In safety bear thee o'er the pathless sea,
Smooth may the billows roll and waft thee soon
To those bright climes, the favoured of the sun.
May He who bless'd the first poor wand'ring ark,
In every danger smile upon thy bark,
And when thy feet shall gladly press that strand
Where once Diana smiled—think on that land,
Dearer to thee than all the shores of earth,
Thy own dear Isle, the Isle that gave thee birth.
Let not thy pen rest idly in her cause,
That cause which e'en from breasts of strangers drew
A sigh of pity, while it dims each eye
With honest tears of heartfelt sympathy.

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CHAPTER X.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES—JOHN KEMBLE, KEAN, TALMA, M. DUCHENOIS, COLEMAN, BANNISTER, HARLEY, MATHEWS.

In earlier life my great partiality for the theatre made me well acquainted with the acting of all our celebrated performers (tragic especially) during the first half of this century. I had frequently seen John Kemble, and more particularly remember his wonderful acting of Hamlet, Coriolanus, and King Lear. I had also seen Kean in his best days, in his chief parts,—especially in his unrivalled Othello, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Richard III. But highly as I thought of the various excellences of both, and especially of the powers of the latter, Talma's genius appeared to me of a higher order than that of either Kean or Kemble. During eight or ten months in 1820, I had many opportunities of witnessing the unrivalled talents of this great actor in the Theatre Français. He died in 1826, and was buried at Père La Chaise, Paris. Talma made his debut in 1787, in the part of Seide in the tragedy of Mahomet, and went triumphantly from role to role till the sceptre of Melpomene remained undisputed in his hands. There was great dignity, power, and deep feeling in his performances. In the part of Sylla these peculiar qualitities of his, combined with his striking resemblance to Napoleon, produced an astonishing effect. Talma was admirably supported at the time referred to by the celebrated Mdlle. Duchenois, the tragic actress, whose like I never saw on any stage, and never expect to look upon again in any country. This admirable actress was remarkably plain, but not repulsively ugly, though her features were pitted with small-pox. But the wonderful sweetness, the flexibility and finely modulated cadence of her voice, were unequalled. Madame de Stäel said of it: "Elle avait des pleurs dans la voix." Mdlle. Rachelle, with all her great powers, and great unquestionably they are, certainly does not approach the excellence of her predecessor, Mdlle. Duchenois.

The death of George Coleman the younger preceded only a few months that of his old friend and fellow-labourer in theatrical affairs, Jack Bannister, the son of Charles Bannister, famous as a singer and a wit. Jack was intended for a painter, but Garrick, observing the young lad's comic talents, diverted his attention from the pencil and directed it to the stage. Master John Bannister appeared at Drury Lane theatre in 1772 in minor tragic characters and walking gentlemen. In 1778, Mr. Bannister, jun., made his debut at the

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Haymarket in "The Apprentice." In 1779, the Bannisters (father and son) played at Covent Garden, and for his own benefit, Jack for the first time gave imitations of the performers, which were greatly admired. Both the Bannisters were excellent mimics. The younger gained great fame not only for himself, but for George Coleman, by playing in several of the comic pieces of the latter. He strangely imagined, however, that the bent of his genius was for tragedy, and frequently *acted* on that delusion. He married Miss Harper, a rich actress and vocalist of some note, in 1783. Jack's great characters were Peeping Tom, Jingo, Sylvester, Daggerwood Dabble in the Humorist, Bobadil, Bob Acres, and Pangloss.

In 1807, a collection of his songs, recitations, and imitations were revised and re-written for him by his friend, George Coleman the younger, under the title of "The Budget." The mono-dramatic entertainment, originally introduced by Foote and Dibdin, was followed in latter times by Charles Mathews the elder in his "At Home," which was equally successful. In 1815, Jack Bannister, who had not only made money by the stage, but who kept what he gained there, took leave of the public and his profession in the character of Echo in Kenny's comedy of "The World," in which he gave, for the last time on the stage, his imitations of popular comedians. But not for the last time were they given in private circles. Many years afterwards I heard the last performance of this kind which he ever gave, only a few months before his death, at the house of his old friend, Thomas Field Savory, of the Regent's Park, where I often met him in company with Liston, Mathews, Pope, Charles Kemble, and Harley. The venerable comedian, Jack Bannister, was greatly loved by all his friends of the Sock and Buskin. At the time I knew him he was a remarkably comely, hale, honest looking and hearty old gentleman. He died at his house in Gower-street, Bedford Square, in November 1836, aged 86.

Frank Cymric Sheridan (my old Jamaica friend) an amateur actor of great repute, was third son of Tom Sheridan (son of Richard Brindsley) by his marriage with a daughter of John Callander, Esq., of Craigsford, Co. Stirling, and Ardkinglass, Co. Argyll (in virtue of which latter property he took the additional name of his third wife, Lady Elizabeth Helen MacDonnell, daughter of the 5th Earl of Antrim. Frank died in the Mauritius, where he held the office of Private Secretary to the Earl of Mulgrave. He was a young man of excellent talents, great comic powers, and some poetical ones of no mean order, devoted to ludicrous subjects. He bore a most striking resemblance to his sister, Mrs. Norton.

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CHARLES MATHEWS.

THIS world renowned actor—long my intimate friend, Charles James Mathews—son of the elder comedian of that name, was born in Liverpool about 1802, and in 1819 was articled to Mr. Pugin with a view of becoming an architect. In this capacity, in 1823, he accompanied Lord Blessington to Ireland, where his Lordship proposed building a mansion on his Tyrone estate of Mountjoy Forest. Shortly previously, however, Mathews had given a forecast of his histrionic powers in private theatricals at the English opera house, on the site of which is the present Lyceum theatre. After his return from Ireland he was invited by Lord and Lady Blessington to visit Naples, where he resided with them for some time in the Palazzo Belvidere. In that hospitable house of one of my earliest patients and friends (Lady Blessington), my acquaintance with Charles Mathews commenced in 1824, and continued down to the period of his death in June 1878. This is not the place to refer to the pre-eminence Mathews subsequently attained and retained as the first comedian of the age. Nor did his career as an actor begin until some years after the period alluded to, viz., in 1837, when it commenced at the Olympic Theatre, where he made his professional debut in his own comedy of "The Hunch-backed Lover." My present reminiscences were connected with an earlier part of Mr. Mathews life and of my own. I may now indeed fitly re-echo Hamlet's words, "Alas poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest."—Full of vivacity and drollery, but always gentlemanlike withal. Notwithstanding his irrepressible buoyancy of spirits, and in the very height of his drollery in the society of Belvidere Palace, where all the élite of foreign society were wont to congregate, he never, by a single one of his innumerable sallies of sportiveness gave offence to any human being. His talents as a draughtsman were far above mediocrity. Of his *Vers de Société*, burlesque poetry and epigrams in 1824-25, many specimens were given to me by Mathews. In the latter year an occurrence of a serious character took place between Mathews and Count D'Orsay, attended with some unpleasant results, and a correspondence that passed through my hands, which by the permission of Mr. Mathews I may here avail myself of. I will only observe that I consented to interfere in this misunderstanding with a determination to bring it, if possible, to a peaceful issue, in which I fortunately succeeded, and that I then contemplated the possibility of an opposite result very differently to the way in which I now regard it; believing, as I do, that in a controversy between persons who differ in opinion and give expression to their feelings angrily or offensively,

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recourse to pistols for the vindication of their sentiments, or on account of what others may think of them, is far from any evidence of the highest wisdom, the truest courage, or the firmest belief in christianity, but that on the contrary, such a course is at signal variance with all these. . . .

[We need not here insert the personal statements of Mr. Mathews, nor the lengthy correspondence which took place between him, Count D'Orsay, Lord Blessington, and Dr. Madden in relation to this affair, as these may be found in the latter's "*Memoirs of Lady Blessington*," (vol. I.) A few extracts from these documents may however be permissible in this connection.]

"I immediately set off to Naples," says Mr. Mathews, "to the house of Mr. Madden, who promised, before I mentioned any names, to act as my second on the occasion. I then stated the circumstances, and he advised me to return to Belvidere whilst he conducted the business!" In his letter to Count D'Orsay, Dr. Madden appealed to the former to practice "the honourable condescension of a brave man by making an atonement for a hasty injury." "It is," he added,—"with a full knowledge of your manly spirit that I demand an acknowledgment, on the part of Mr. Mathews, of having been betrayed by anger into expressions which only those who do not know you, could think of attributing to intentional incivility.

"I have the honour to be, Monsieur le Comte, with the highest respect,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"R. R. MADDEN."

MON CHER MR. MADDEN,

* * * * * *

"Je suis très loin d'être fachê que Mr. Mathews vous ait choisi pour son témoin, ma seule crainte eut été qu'il en choisisse un autre. Je suis aussi très loin d'être offensé d'un de vos avis, lorsque J'estime quelqu'un, son opinion est toujours bien reçue. . . . . "Pour votre observation sur la difference des rangs, elle est inutile, car jamais je n'attache d'importance au rang qui se trouve souvent compromis par tant de bêtes, je juge les personnes pour ce qu'ils sont, sans m'informer ce que c'étoient leurs ancêtres, et si mon supérieur eut employé la même manière de me reprocher qu'a pris Mathews j'aurois sûrement fait, ce que je n'ai fait que dire à Mathews que j'aime beaucoup trop, pour le rabaisser à ses propres yeux, et vous sentez qu'il seroit ridicule à moi de ne pas avouer que j'ai tort de lui avoir dit des paroles trop fortes, mais en même temps je ne veux pas nier mes paroles, c'est à dire mon projet de voiture, &c.

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Si Mathews veut satisfaction je lui donneroi tant qu'il lui plaira, tout en lui sachant bon gré de vous avoir choisi pour son témoin

"Cette affaire est aussi désagréable pour vous, que pour nous tous, mais au moins elle n'altéra pas l'amitié de

"Votre tout dévoué

"CT. D'ORSAY."

"This cleverly worded note Madden handed to me, and I returned it to him without a word. I was determined that I would leave everything to Madden, who, I was convinced, would not compromise me in any way. When he had read it again, he wrote a fitting answer to the Count.* In the evening, Madden advised me to return to Belvidere, and give my hand to Count D'Orsay. After thanking him for his friendship, I went home. The next morning I went as usual to the drawingroom, and in a few minutes the Count came in. I rose and gave him my hand, which he received most cordially, and said, 'J'espère mon cher Mathews, que vous êtes satisfait. Je suis bien fachè pour ce que je vous ai dis, mais j'etais in colere et.' . . . . . 'Mon cher Comte,' said I, 'n'en parlons plus, je vous en prie, je l'ai tout-a-fait oubliè.' Thus ended this unhappy business, for which no one could be more sorry than myself, though I am quite convinced that Count D'Orsay, whenever he reflects upon it, will perfectly exculpate me from the charge of having taken one step beyond what was necessary, or what he would himself have done under similar circumstances.—J. C. M."

CHAPTER XI.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.—MARRIAGE WITH MISS HARRIET ELMSLIE.

SHORTLY after his return to England, Dr. Madden was married in 1828, at Cheltenham, to Miss Harriet T. Elmslie, youngest daughter of the late John Elmslie, Esq., of Berners-street, London, and owner of Serge Island and other estates in Jamaica.* By a singular coincidence, like her husband, Mrs. Madden was the twenty-first and youngest of her father's family. This union was the circumstance of all others on which Dr. Madden had reason to congratulate himself throughout the rest of his life, in thus having chosen for his wife a lady of great natural endowments, highly educated and accomplished. These endowments she employed to the last hour of existence with untiring zeal and devotion in all the subsequent vicissitudes of life in every quarter of the globe,

* Vide Appendix.

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for the benefit of her husband and of her family. From the time of Dr. Madden's marriage, there were few pages of his, more than forty volumes, besides the innumerable ephemeral writings which he published, that were not corrected, revised, or transcribed by this intellectual and good wife, and best of mothers. In his labours at home and abroad, in many distant lands where he was engaged in connexion with the abolition of negro slavery and other philantrophic works, she was always his efficient, prudent, and self-sacrificing helpmate and counsellor; and every trouble, sickness or sorrow, she incessantly strove to solace and comfort others, whilst bearing her own full share of such trials with unmurmuring resignation. To her courage and presence of mind her husband in subesquent years owed his life when threatened with assassination on two occasions hereafter to be referred to. It may be added that some years after her marriage Mrs. Madden, when in Cuba in 1837, from sincere conviction—and from a circumstance of a character too solemn to be here referred to, became a convert to the Catholic Faith, into which she was received in the Havanna by a Spanish Franciscan friar, Padre Moreno, a man remarkable for the singular piety and self-denial of his life. From that time forth Mrs. Madden was ever a most fervent and exemplary member of the Faith which she had embraced. In the daily practice of its teachings, up to her last moment of existence, she found the best solace for the many trials and bereavements of her life. Always charitable to the poor; most generous and tolerant to all but herself, as she had lived, so she died, just two years after her husband, the 7th of February 1888, at Vernon-terrace, Booterstown, in the 87th year of her age, her mind unclouded, her last action an effort to make the sign of redemption, and her last breath a prayer, and was interred in the Madden family grave in the old churchyard of Donnybrook.

After his marriage Dr. Madden, having become a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, of which he was subsequently admitted a Fellow, settled down in England to the exercise of his profession, and with this object commenced practice in Maidstone. After some time he removed to St. Leonard's, where he entered into partnership with another surgeon, from whom, subsequently, finding this arrangement unsatisfactory he separated, and soon secured a large share of practice. During this time he was called over to Ireland by the news of the serious illness of his mother to whom he was devotedly attached. He arrived in Dublin, however, only a few hours after her death, owing to an accident on this then long passage. Some weeks later he returned to St. Leonard's, and shortly afterwards, acting on the advice of his friends, he removed to London and took a house

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in Curzon-street, in the fashionable district of Mayfair. Here, largely by the influence of the Blessingtons and several others of his former English Neapolitan patients, his practice steadily increased, although to some extent interfered with by the literary pursuits to which he was devoted. His first venture in this way was highly successful, being his "Travels in the East," of which Messrs. Colburn published two editions in 1829-30, and for which they paid him three hundred guineas, then considered a large sum for the first work of a new author. This was followed a year later by "The Mussulman," an oriental novel in three volumes, for which he received a similar sum.

The agitation for the abolition of negro slavery was then in full swing; and into this movement Dr. Madden threw himself with all the ardour of his nature, the leading characteristic of which was an intense love of justice and a hatred of oppression in whatever clime or on whatever race it might be exercised. Accordingly he became an active member of the Anti-Slavery Society, and was thus brought into intimate contact with men like Wilberforce, Sturge, Clarkeson, Bright, and the other leaders of that great movement by which the shackles of slavery were ultimately riven from millions of suffering human beings in every part of the world, whose only crime was that of race and colour. On the passing of the law for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, in 1833* Dr. Madden resolved on abandoning his professional prospects with the object of personally assisting in the carrying out of that great work of humanity. Accordingly, through the willing assistance of Sir F. Buxton and his other colleagues in the Anti-Slavery Society, he was appointed by the Government to the office of Special Magistrate in Jamaica, and embarked from Falmouth for that island on the 5th October 1833.

In a letter to his intimate friend, the poet Campbell, Dr. Madden thus describes his departure for the West Indies:—

"Falmouth, October 4th 1833.

"To-morrow I embark for Jamaica on board his Majesty's packet *Eclipse*, commanded by Lieutenant Griffin of the Royal Navy. At the hotel where I have taken up my quarters there are five other gentlemen, holding special commissions like myself, destined for Jamaica—Major McGreggor, Captain Dean, Lieutenants Colebrook and Everard, and Mr. Norcott. If our passage does not prove an agreeable one, the weather and not my companions must surely be to blame, for a more agreeable set of men I have seldom met with. There is

* In that year Lord Stanley's motion was carried, by which, at a cost of twenty millions sterling, and, at the expiration of a further period of seven years of modified oppression, *i.e.* the so-called Apprenticeship System; negro slavery was ultimately abolished in the West Indies.

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something peculiar in the merriment of men who are embarking for far-distant lands—it is too high, too hectic a sprightliness for genuine gaiety, and I never see it that I do not look athwart its glare for the sombre shapes of regretted friends, or flitting ghosts of departed joys: they glide before the scene that's acting, and are not to be jeered from memory. No matter;—feigned or felt, we are all in high spirits. —How will they be I wonder this day twelve-month? how many of the merry party may then be in existence? You are not fond of the lugubrious, neither am I; but you have not forgotten that solitary child of mine,* whom you were wont to call 'the audacious boy:' well, it was necessary to part with him the day before we set out for Falmouth. I had enough on the Jamaica die without staking my little fellow's life. So we packed him off to Cheltenham, where he was to remain with a kind relative; and when the urchin was leaving us, and found himself (for the first time in his life) in a coach drawn by four horses, the uproariousness of his glee, as he waved his cap and bid us good-bye, was in such miserable unison with his poor mother's feelings, that I thought I began to understand the full meaning of the mournful words ascribed to Queen Mary—

'These merry little birds will break my heart.'

"He was soon out of sight, perhaps for ever. Jamaica is a country which some people of a white-brown complexion call their mother, and the majority of European visitors find their grave! We might get planted among the sugar-canes, or deposited in the Atlantic. In the folly of my sadness I fancied my wife, or any other man's wife similarly circumstanced, might have perpetrated a sonnet on the occasion, somewhat to the following effect:—

LINES AT PARTING—TO FORDE.

THE new-fledged bird that leaves the mother's nest
Heeds not the eye which follows its first flight;
And little mindful of the panting breast,
Whose warmth it needs not, soon is out of sight.
The tiny warbler feels the new delight
Of freedom now, and flutters 'mid the throng
Of sprightful songsters, while in mournful plight
The lonely mother chirrups for her young,
And makes that vain recall her melancholy song.

Like that poor bird, when thou art far away,
Thy mother's heart will pant for thee, my boy!
And long for thy return, when thou art gay
And those around thee every thought employ:
But time, nor change, nor distance can destroy
A mother's boundless love, and "none can feel
As she feels for thee:"—all-prospective joy
Plumes but one hope in bidding thee farewell.
In thy young breast she deems the seeds of virtue dwell.

* William Forde Madden, Dr. M's eldest son, born 1829, *obit* March 29th 1848.

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"On the eighth day of our departure from Falmouth we were in sight of Madeira; and there, the morning being fine, and the captain in good-order humour, an unfortunate Jack, who had got drunk at Falmouth and struck the gunner the day of our embarkation, was tied up, man-of-war's fashion, and with all due formalities flogged. To the best of my judgment, the ceremony, with all the awful adjuncts of swords, swabs, and cocked hats, might have been dispensed with, without any disadvantage to his Majesty's sea-service. Had the commander the power, for this or any similar offence, to make the culprit do double duty, to shorten his allowances, and compel him to wear a yellow jacket for a punishment, for any period suitable to the offence, the *cat*, in my opinion, might be left with 'the gunner's daughter' without any ill consequences to the service.

"On the twenty-fourth day of our voyage, we landed at Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes. The hurricane of 1831 has left so many monuments of its violence in every quarter of the town, that if a stranger were landed here at night he might imagine the ruins around him the remains of some deserted city. The few standing trees along the beach point out the place where a beautiful line of cocoa-nut trees, a few years ago, afforded the inhabitants an agreeable promenade. The blackened trunks are now scattered over the walk; and where many a comfortable dwelling was lately standing, roofless buildings and shattered walls are only existing. In some of these houses, now in ruins, Coleridge very probably may have experienced that hospitality which he has so well described in his admirable little work. The town, however, in its best days, could never boast of much regularity or symmetry in its streets or buildings. There is one tolerably open space, which is called a square, and is ornamented with a statue of Nelson. This island has been extolled for its beauty. I protest, without any disrespect to the Barbadians, who think their country the finest in the world, I could see no beauty there. Still, far be it from me to blame the tastes of the Barbadians. Nature has wisely ordained that man should find the best of countries always in his own.

* * * * * *

"At the time of our embarkation here, there were a number of negroes assembled at the wharf, audibly enough expressing their desires for the arrival of the 'fuss of Augus.' The negroes are not slow in discovering who and what all buckra strangers are. One of the poor blackies, in front of his companions, in the enthusiasm of his aspirations after liberty, either unconscious of the presence of the white people about him, or heedless of them, flung up his ragged straw hat and shouted most lustily: 'Gar Amighty speed

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you, my good massas! Gar Amighty send us soon our own King's magistrates!' (Here there was an interruption). Then addressing one of his comrades: 'What for you tell me, you dam black teef, hold your jaw? King call me his own free subject. Buckra forget when fuss of Augus come, no dam black teef never any more.' Poor blackie was premature in his independence and impolitic in his gratitude, for the Ides of August were not yet come, and I saw him reminded of that fact by a slight punch in the ribs and a gentle application of the foot to the gluteal region, which part, I presume, from that intimation, was regarded as the seat of memory.

"I am, my dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"R. R. M."

CHAPTER XII.

RESIDENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.

In a letter to Thomas Moore, dated Jamaica, January 1st 1834, Dr. Madden thus continues the account of his first anti-slavery voyage:—

"The last time I had the pleasure of addressing you," he says, "I was a *hakkim* in the Eastern world: the scene is changed from the Levant to the West Indies, and your correspondent is now a grave Cadi. Before our arrival at Jamaica we visited Barbadoes, St. Vincents, and Granada. St. Vincents has been called by some the Montpellier of the West Indies; by others, the garden of the Antilles. In my opinion, however, beautiful as its views are, both of vale and mountain, Granada is its superior. Twelve hours' sail brought us from Barbadoes to this island. The approach to the bay realized every idea I had formed of West Indian scenery.

From Granada we resumed our voyage to Jamaica, our first impressions of which were more favourable than was justified by subsequent experience. As we approached Kingston, on the one side was the fort and remains of the once proud and opulent city of Port Royal, whence a long strip of land runs in an easterly direction in towards the shore at Rockfort, enclosing one of the finest havens in the world. On the opposite side you have a range of undulating country, with a back-ground of lofty mountains clothed with luxurious verdure, rising gradually from the verge of

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the shore, on which the city of Kingston is situated. But, like Stamboul, when the traveller lands here the glory of the prospect is soon forgotten; the distant beauty of the various buildings vanishes before the sight of streets without a plan, houses without the semblance of architecture, lanes and alleys without cleanliness and convenience; the public buildings at Kingston are commodious, and that is all in the way of commendation I can say for them. The places of worship are numerous and well attended; there being two Catholic and two Protestant churches, and several Baptist and Wesleyan chapels.

Immediately after our arrival, we had abundant experiences of the proverbial hospitality of the Governor and resident gentry of Kingston, as well as that of the English merchants settled here, who, as in every other quarter of the world where I have had the pleasure of meeting them, well sustain the honour and reputation of their country. In short, I would recommend anyone who is not troubled with dyspepsia, and wishes to know what good living is to visit Jamaica. It is not only that the dinners are excellent, but the givers do the honours of their tables with a cordiality of manner, and, in a great many instances, a refinement which make their entertainments exceedingly agreeable.

June 15th 1834.—I set out on an excursion to St. George's a few days ago to visit a beautifully situated property in the neighbourhood of Annato Bay. Our party consisted of the proprietor, his lady, three slaves, and myself, and though the distance was only thirty-eight miles, four saddle horses and three baggage mules were necessary for our cortege. It appeared to me a very formidable array of cavaliers winding along the narrow mountain path which proved to be the description of our route the greater part of the journey. We passed by the barracks of Stoney Hill, which are situated on an eminence about 1360 feet above the level of the sea, by Temple Hall estate, and, leaving a Maroon town to our left, we arrived at Green Castle, where we took up our quarters for that night. The cultivation of the estate has been nearly abandoned, though formerly one of the most prosperous coffee plantations in that neighbourhood. The house is one of those melancholy instances of a modern mansion, fitted up not only with taste and elegance, but even magnificence, tumbling into decay. The parish of St. Mary's abounds with these desolate abodes. The house we were in, and the improvements about it, cost some £30,000; and, like hundreds of others, when built, the proprietor began to consider the means of living in it. We left Green Valley for Claremont at daybreak, where we found a princely mansion commanding a magnificent prospect, and the hospitality of whose proprietor is no disparagement to the character for which Jamaica is renowned. The day after our

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arrival I left my friends in Claremont, and set out on an expedition in quest of a property which formerly belonged to a grand-uncle of mine, and on which I had inherited a claim to a considerable amount. Marley, the property in question, was about seventeen miles distant. After a fatiguing ride on a broiling summer's day I reached a small plantation in the mountains, where I was informed some of the negroes of my uncle were then living, who had been lately purchased by a Mr. Thomson, and, amongst others, an old African negro who, upwards of forty years ago, had been the favourite servant of my uncle, Dr. Lyons. I had prepared myself for a very sentimental scene with the old negro. I had pictured to myself the joy of the aged domestic at seeing a descendant of his revered master. I had anticipated many affecting inquiries after my cousin, his young master, out of whose hands the property had been sold in Chancery some ten years ago; but never was there a gentleman of an ardent turn of mind more cruelly disappointed.

The negro was brought before me: he was a hale, honest-looking, gray-headed old man, about eighty.

"Did he remember the old doctor?"

"He remembered him well."

"Where did he come from?"

"Massa brought him out of a Guinea ship when a piccanini boy, him wait on massa—serve massa very well; him serve massa when young and 'trong; but what use talk of such things now?"

"Did he see no resemblance between me and the old doctor?"

"No! him want to see nutten at all of nobody."

The old doctor was a brother of that Robert Lyons, celebrated in the annals of Irish litigation, as the lawyer who gave the first brief to Curran, when that great barrister was in want and obscurity. The doctor having accumulated considerable property in Jamaica, returned to his native country, but only in time to die there. The property in the meantime was managed by my mother's brother; but at the old gentleman's death it came into the hands of his brother, Mr. Theodosius Lyons. This gentleman died in the course of a few years, at Spanish Town. A cousin of mine, then a minor, came into the property. A long career of litigation commenced; one uncle, a Catholic, the guardian appointed by the minor's father, claiming that office; the other uncle, a Protestant, also asserting his right to the guardianship on the ground to the legal preference a Protestant was entitled to. The decision of the Chancellor in this case is related at large in Scully's Penal Laws; but it will hardly be believed that such a decision was made within the last five and thirty years! The Irish Chancellor not only decided the question of the guardianship of the Catholic minor, but he also decided on the religion of the latter. A few flippant

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words from an Irish lawyer settled the matter that had been at issue between man and man from the earliest ages of the world. With the seals and mace before him, the emblems of legal and theological inspiration, he decided that the minor's true creed should be that connected with the State. A few years later, in 1824, the estate again came into Chancery with the inevitable result, namely, the ruin of the contending litigants, and the destruction of this property, on which my family had expended an outlay of close on £25,000: all that remains for which is a desolate house—a heap of ruins—and a wide tract of waste land about them.

I had two motives for visiting this property: the ostensible one was to ascertain if the possession was worth the risk of an appeal to the Chancellor for the claim I had on it—a claim similar to that of the legatee I have spoken of; but a stronger inducement was a feeling of personal interest in the condition of a place which had belonged for nearly half a century to members of my family. I arrived at the ruined works of Marley after a fatiguing ride of five hours in the wildest district of the St. Mary's Mountains. I was pretty well accustomed to the desolate aspect of ancient ruins in eastern countries; but I had little idea, until I visited Jamaica, of that utter dreariness of scenery that has recently passed from cultivation into the solitude of nature; and of modern structures, which have but lately been the busy haunts of life and activity, and have become as silent as the grave. The dwelling-house was situated on an eminence above the works, and faced by the remains of an extensive garden, now overgrown with wild verdure. The negro huts at some little distance from the house were uninhabited and ruinous, and there was no sign of human life about the place. My negro guide was now very anxious to get away, and said: "It was no good to walk about such a place, buckras all dead, niggers all dead too; no one lives there but duppies and obeah men" (*i.e.*, ghosts and necromancers). I proceeded, however, to the house, and went through the ceremony of knocking, but I received no answer, and as the door was ajar, I took the liberty of walking into the house of my old uncle. The room I entered was in keeping with the exterior—unfurnished and crumbling into decay. I opened one of the side doors, and to my surprise I perceived two white women, tolerably well clad, and evidently much alarmed at my intrusion. I soon reassured them by explaining the object of my visit, and whilst so doing, two other females and a very old mulatto woman made their appearance; and what was my astonishment at learning that the two youngest were the natural daughters of Mr. Gordon, the person who purchased the property out of Chancery; the two others the daughters of my uncle, Mr. Theodosius Lyons, and the old woman their mother! The eldest of her daughters was about forty years of age, the other probably a year or two younger; and the

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resemblance of one of them to some members of my family was striking. The poor women, though delighted to see a person who called himself a relation of their father, evidently apprehended that I had come there for the purpose of taking possession of the property. I do not wonder at it, for they had received nothing but bad treatment from those who ought to have been kind to them, as well as from strangers, for many years since the death of their natural protector, who, dying suddenly, left them utterly unprovided for. They were left free, but that was all. One son, however, was not left free; and was sold with the rest of the property. The aged and infirm negroes were then left on the estate; but a few years ago these poor creatures, who had grown old on the property, and had expended the strength of their young days on its cultivation, and who should have been allowed to have laid their bones where their relatives were buried, were carried away by the creditors of Mr. Lynch, and actually sold for a few dollars a head.

Who, in the face of such circumstances as these, will tell me that slavery in these colonies was productive of no oppression in recent times, or was the occasion of no injustice? Where is the apologist of that wretched system who will maintain that the property is sacred which man holds in his fellow-men—ay, in his own flesh and blood? What bland expressions, what gentle language, what inoffensive terms must be employed when the possibility is to be admitted of men thus leaving their children in actual destitution, and their remotest kindred perhaps in affluence?

A small present in memory of my relative to his forlorn daughters was gratefully accepted; and having had pointed out to me the plantation where a favourite brother of my mother's was interred, I took my leave of Marley and its inhabitants, and proceeded to Derry plantation, about three miles distant. This property had also belonged to old Dr. Lyons. He had sold it to a Mr. Bower, whose daughter I found living there; I had some difficulty in making out the grave I was in quest of—forty years is an antiquity in Jamaica. At last we discovered an old negro who conducted us to the place, where, putting his stick on a little mound on the side of the mountain, he said—"There where him lay—poor Massa Garrett lay there! See buckras plenty ever since, but no buckra like poor Massa Garrett; him hab good word for eberybody; black man lub Massa very much; plenty people sorry when him die." "Poor Massa Garrett" was literally planted among sugar-canes. Shakespeare's poetical idea of having "violets spring from the sweet body of Ophelia" seemed to me less appropriate imagery than that of the sugar-canes growing out of the soil that covered the remains of the planter.

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The climate of Jamaica is an insurmountable obstacle to the project for replacing negro labour by European immigration. Thus, of my five colleagues in the special magistracy, within nine months four had died of inflammatory attacks or yellow fever. I believe that in none of these instances did the disease run a longer course than four or five days. These gentlemen—Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Everard, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Jerdan—were all in the prime of life, and in the fullest vigour of health. Poor Mr. Everard spent some days with me only a week before his death, and often boasted to me of the excellence of his constitution. Musgrave's health and strength were too vigorous for the climate; and perhaps the high and buoyant spirits of his poor friend, Jerdan, caused him to make too light of the dangers that arise in Jamaica from fatigue and exposure to the sun. Mr. Pearson I was little acquainted with; but the others, whom I knew well, one of whom had been the companion of my voyage from England, and was esteemed by all who knew him, and the last and youngest of the number who had lived with me for some months, and been my agreeable companion in many an excursion in the mountains of Liguanea, I most deeply lament, and sympathize with those connected with them.

If this climate be thus deadly to European constitutions, and even to those whose circumstances and position protected them from that exposure to hardship and temptation to intemperance that are so inimical to the poorer classes of the white population, it needs no further argument to prove that the suggested importation of labourers from our country will have no other result than a useless waste of life and money. The importation of white labourers has been frequently tried, and never with success.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTEST WITH JAMAICAN SLAVE OWNERS.

THE anti-slavery opinions which Dr. Madden maintained, and his constant vindication on the magisterial bench of the rights and liberties of the oppressed negroes, necessarily rendered him unpopular with the slave-owners, who could not conceive the possibility of any magistrate administering impartial justice to black and white alike, "without fear, favour, or affection." After a short experience

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of the obstacles thus thrown in the way of those who, like himself, were then engaged in the abolition of slavery, Dr. Madden writes :—

"This noble island of Jamaica is truly a goodly country, and God made it so: but who made the system which mars its beauty, and suffers neither peace nor prosperity to flourish beneath its shade? I need not say. The settling down of angry passions, and the dissipation of ancient prejudices, will be a slow operation. Complexional distinctions, probably for years to come, will continue to distract society; but now that political privileges and civil advantages have ceased to belong to a particular complexion, the colour of a man's skin can no longer be the criterion of his capacity, though the difference of a shade may fit him for society or exclude him from it; but now it cannot put him beyond the pale of the British Constitution. Sanguine as I am about the success of the measure for the abolition of slavery, I cannot but fear that some years must elapse before the various classes of this community regard one another as fellow-citizens and fellow-men. In the meantime, the exertions of those by whom the change in a mischievous system is to be effected, will meet with difficulties at the hands of all:—the ignorance of the negro, the arrogance of the brown man, and the pride and prejudice of the white, will continue for some time to baffle the endeavour to amalgamate their interests, and to remedy the evils of a system which had nothing but its age to plead for its iniquity."

The duties of Dr. Madden's official position as a Special Magistrate, appointed to carry out the liberation of the Jamaica slaves from their bondage, were beset with great difficulties. On the one hand, the planters were irritated beyond endurance by their class prejudices, and by interference with what they regarded as the sacred rights of property, which, as well as the deprivation of accustomed power, and the controvention by the Imperial Parliament of the Acts of the Colonial Legislature, they seemed determined to resist, and even to avenge.

Such was the general tone of the infuriated planters of whom the House of Assembly and the Corporation of Kingston was composed. These men had the entire control of the local militia and of the police force, who were prevented from executing the decrees of the Special Magistrates. Nor were such incentives to resistance as were freely expressed in the Jamaica journals and in the House of Assembly without effect in instigating the slave-owners to avenge themselves by violence on those by whom their slaves were being freed. On two occasions, whilst in the actual discharge of his magisterial duties, Dr. Madden was thus assailed. "The circumstances," he says, "which led to my resignation of the office of Special Magistrate in Jamaica were of a nature that I considered surrounded with too many difficulties to enable me to

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discharge my duties with honesty to the intentions of the measure under which I was appointed. These circumstances I have unwillingly referred to; and in my anxiety to avoid all personal allusions, it is possible that I may have done injustice to the cause I have at heart by underrating the difficulties that I have met with, and indeed those of every gentleman who has been similarly placed with regard to his duties and the opposition given to an honest and impartial discharge of them. I found the protection of the negro incompatible with my own; the power of the Local Assembly, and even that of the Corporation, were superior in Kingston to that of the Executive, as, in the imbecility of their arrogance, they dreamt that their privileges were paramount to those of the Imperial Parliament. I had the satisfaction of receiving a few testimonials on my departure—the last from the Earl of Mulgrave, since my arrival in England; and as the statements I have made are of a nature that render every corroboration of them desirable, I have reluctantly given publicity to documents that otherwise I might have considered only personal to myself.

"From His Excellency the Marquis of Sligo.

"The King's House, November 11th, 1834.

"My dear Sir—It is with much regret that I have learned from you your unalterable determination to leave Jamaica, and give up your office of Special Justice. I can assure you that I shall deeply feel the loss of your services in this island, and shall be ready on all occasions to bear testimony to the able and honest manner in which you have, to your own detriment, conducted yourself since the administration of the affairs of this island has devolved on me. I feel fully your services, and grieve that they have been attended with so much inconvenience to yourself personally.

"My dear Sir, very truly yours,

"SLIGO."

"To Dr. Madden, &c., &c."

"From the Hon. Sir Joshua Rowe, Chief Justice.

"Kingston, November 14th, 1834.

"My dear Sir—I am very sorry to find you are determined to leave Jamaica, as I am sure the island will experience a great loss by being deprived of your zeal and assiduity. Of your anxiety to discharge honestly and justly the difficult and responsible duties of a Special Magistrate, I can speak with confidence. . . . . .

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"J. ROWE, C.J."

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From Lord Mulgrave.

" Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, June 6th, 1835.

" My dear Sir— . . . . With regard to your conduct in Jamaica, while I administered the government of that island, I have great pleasure in stating that although, as the Act for the Abolition of Slavery had not come into operation before my departure for England, you had not up to that time had an opportunity of entering upon your duties as a Special Magistrate, yet I felt so satisfied of your qualifications for that office, and of your anxious desire to discharge its important functions with strict impartiality, that, in fixing upon the different stations for the several Special Magistrates, I took care to appoint you to a district which I considered to be a very important one, and likely to afford an extensive field for the exercise of magisterial duties; and I am happy to learn that the opinion I had formed of you was not disappointed.

" Believe me to be, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

" MULGRAVE."

Dr. Madden took his departure from Jamaica on the 15th of November 1834, on board the *Orbit* sailing vessel, and arrived in New York after a passage of twenty-two days, on the 17th of December. Having remained there for a few weeks he proceeded to Canada. In another chapter an account will be found of that journey, together with his subsequent experience of three visits to the United States in 1835-36 and 1839.

On the 2nd of March 1835, Dr. and Mrs. Madden left New York, in the American sailing packet *Constitution*, a vessel whose tonnage (550 tons), and rate of speed contrasts strikingly with the leviathan transatlantic liners of the present time, their voyage to Liverpool, which was a very stormy one, occupying no less than twenty-two days. He arrived in Liverpool on the 25th of March 1835, and proceeded up to London, where he took up his abode in the chambers he had occupied in his student days, in the house of Miss Cape, 7 Panton-square. Here he occupied himself with the completion of his *Travels in the West Indies*, in two volumes, which, thanks to his energy and the indefatigable zeal of his devoted wife, by whom every page was prepared for the press, was published within two months after his return to England. This work attained a considerable circulation, being republished in America; nevertheless, it resulted in a heavy loss to its author as, owing to the failure of his publisher, he was not only deprived of the sum agreed on for the copyright, but was also called upon to discharge the latter's liabilities to printers, &c. This incident in his literary career elicited the following lines, written whilst the author was still smarting under the wrong he had thus sustained;—

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LINES

On being called on to pay the accounts of a publisher who had failed in the author's debt.

SHOULD your publisher happen to fail,
I would have you to mind number one;
For your printer is sure to prevail,
And your author is sure to be done.

Now, to share in your publisher's gains
Doth legally mean, 'tis believed,
To share in the loss he sustains
By the profits you might have received.

You will hear from the printer unpaid,
With astonishment grave in your looks,
You 're the publisher's partner in trade,
And a dealer and chapman in books.

It is a hard case, I confess,
To be robbed of your toil in this way;
And then, to console your distress,
Have the debts of that robber to pay.

Tho' the scripture "a blood-shedder" calls
Who the labourer robs of his hire,
The brain-stealer fearlessly falls
On men's wits with rapacity dire.

Your publisher surely must needs
Be a monster to prey on men's brains,
While your publisher is the vulture that feeds
On what's left of the author's remains.

R. R. M.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANTI-SLAVERY WORK IN CUBA, 1836-1839.

EARLY in the following year, Dr. Madden was again afforded an opportunity of assisting in the anti-slavery movement, being offered and accepting an important appointment, namely, that of Superintendent of Liberated Africans in Cuba, to which was shortly afterwards conjoined the appointment of Judge Arbitrator in the International Court for the suppression of the slave-trade at the

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Havana. The offer of this position was conveyed in the following complimentary letter from Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary of that day :—

"Colonial Office, 3rd March 1836.

"Lord Glenelg desires me to inquire whether it will be suitable to you to accept the situation of Superintendent of Liberated Africans in the Island of Cuba, the residence to be at the Havana, and the salary £800 a year ; as it would give him pleasure to recommend you to his Majesty for the appointment, from a sense both of the public advantage and of your merit and character."

On the 15th March 1836, Dr. Madden, accompanied by his wife and their eldest son, then a boy nine years of age, embarked in the *Emerald* sailing vessel at Liverpool for New York on his way to Cuba, the scene of his future official duties in connection with the suppression of the slave-trade. During this voyage Dr. Madden had abundant opportunity of reverting to that profession, the lucrative exercise of which in London he had abandoned in devoting himself to the anti-slavery cause. Sickness was rife amongst the overcrowded Irish passengers by whom the steerage cabin of the emigrant ship was thronged. One of them died, and his burial at sea called forth the following lines :—

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Lines written on witnessing the remains of an Irish emigrant consigned to the deep.

The foaming wave's the exile's grave,
No burial rites beseeming ;
Nor book, nor bell, nor shroud, nor shell,
Nor eyes of sorrow streaming.

As o'er the side the plank doth slide,
The corpse is seen descending,
The hammock round the body bound,
His comrades o'er it bending.

And one short prayer is uttered there,
One splash and all is o'er,—
The ripple's gone, the burial's done,
The sea its dead doth cover.

He'll sleep below as well I trow
As if the turf was o'er him ;
Till sea and land, at God's command
Give up their dead before Him.

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And tho' no friend hath seen his end,
Nor wife hath smoothed his pillow,
In death's serene repose, I ween,
He'll sleep beneath the billow.

Yet far away, perhaps are they,
Who think he's now returning,
And yet, alas! long days shall pass,
And nights for him in mourning.

R. R. M.

After a stormy voyage of thirty days' duration, the *Emerald* reached New York on the 3rd of June 1836. A month later Dr. Madden re-embarked on board the *Norma*, an American ship for Cuba, and twenty-five days subsequently landed in the Havana. At that time, this magnificently situated city was not only the flourishing capital of the finest of all the Spanish colonies, but was also the chief commercial centre of the West Indian slave-trade, the extinction of which was the object of Dr. Madden's mission. Here, for upwards of three years, he continued to devote all the energies of his character to the battle of right against might, in the vindication of the cause of humanity and liberty which it was his privilege to maintain almost single-handed with the Cuban slave-traders, then supported by the Spanish authorities. At the time of Dr. Madden's arrival in the Havana, the predominant evil influence of the slave-trade was painfully evinced not only in the miserable condition of the oppressed negro race, but also in the demoralization of their masters and the irreparable evils thereby effected in the social life as well as in the political affairs of that fair, but ill-governed island. The long-continued mismanagement of the greatest of her dependencies by Spain had gradually produced a widespread discontent on the part of the great bulk of the Cuban population, which is thus referred to in Dr. Madden's work on *The Island of Cuba, its Resources and Prospects*, published in 1849:—

"It is needless for recent political writers of Cuba to deny the existence of a strong feeling of animosity to the mother country, and a longing desire for separation. From my own intimate knowledge of these facts I speak of their existence. If England could have been induced in 1837 to guarantee the island of Cuba free from the intervention of any foreign Power, the white inhabitants were prepared to throw off the Spanish yoke, to undertake the *bona fide* abolition of the slave-trade, and to have passed some measures for the amelioration of slavery. It is no longer to England, however, that the white natives of Cuba look for aid or countenance in any future effort for independence: it is to America that they now turn their eyes."

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SLAVE SYSTEM IN CUBA.

TOLERABLY well acquainted with some of the British West Indian Islands—with one of them, both previously and subsequently to the act of emancipation—and having seen something of slavery in many eastern countries, I brought perhaps some little knowledge of the condition of men held in bondage to the subject which has been the object of anxious inquiry with me during a residence of upwards of three years in a Spanish colony where slavery flourishes, and where upwards of 400,000 human beings exist in that condition.

It has been asserted in official Reports that slavery has always had with the Spaniards a peculiar character of mildness, and that it was tempered by legislative safeguards which in Cuba were wisely and humanely administered by the legal tribunals. I freely grant that the spirit of these laws and ordinances is humane, but the great question is, are such laws compatible with the interests of the slave owners? Are they executed? Unfortunately they are not. Justice is bought and sold in Cuba with as much scandalous publicity as the Bozal slaves are bought and sold in the barricones. Is it then to parchment justice or to statute-book benevolence we are to look for that peculiar character of mildness which this Report assures us is the characteristic of slavery in Spanish colonies? But, in Cuba, it is not that I have heard or read of the atrocities of Spanish slavery, but I saw them with my own eyes. I lived for a whole year at the Havana before I could so far disembarrass myself of that deadening influence of slavery which steals so imperceptibly over the feelings of strangers in the West Indies, as to form an opinion for myself, and trust to my own senses alone for a knowledge of the condition of the prædial slaves. It was only when I visited estates not as a guest of the proprietors, seeking through the eyes of my hospitable hosts, thinking as they thought, and believing as they saw fit to administer to my credulity the customary after dinner dose of the felicity of slaves—it was only when I went alone, unknown, and unexpected on their estates, that the terrible atrocities of Spanish slavery astounded my senses. I have already said, and I repeat the words, so terrible were these atrocities, so murderous the system of slavery, so transcendent the evils I witnessed, over all I had ever heard or seen of the rigour of slavery elsewhere, that at first I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses.

Instances have come to my own knowledge of men literally scourged to death, of women torn from their children, and separated from them—of estates where an aged negro is not to be seen—where the females do not form a third part of the population; nay, of estates where there is not a single female;—of labour in the time of crop on

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the sugar properties being frequently twenty continued hours, for upwards of six months in the year, seldom or never under five, and of the general impression prevailing on this subject, and generally acted on by the proprietors, that four hours' sleep is sufficient for a slave. Were I to bring these cases before the public, without a shadow of colouring to heighten the effect of the naked outline, so frightful a detail, I am persuaded, would cause people to marvel that such things could be in a Christian land—could occur in the present age—could be done by men who moved in society, who are tolerated in it, and bear the name and wear the garb of gentlemen; by persons, in short, professing the religion of Christ, and daring to couple the sanctity of that name with rapine, murder, and the living death of slavery.

[We need not here quote further the account of Dr. Madden's prolonged inquiry into the working of the slave system throughout Cuba, the general result of which may be gathered from the following short extracts from two poems of his written in Cuba.]

THE CUBAN SLAVE-MERCHANT.

* * * * * *

These naked wretches, wasted as they are,
And mark'd with many a recent wound and scar,
Are landed boldly on the coast, and soon
Are penn'd, like cattle, in the barricone;*
Or ranged in line, are sold by parcel there,
Spectres of men! the picture of despair.
Their owner comes, "the royal merchant" deigns
To view his chattles, and to count his gains.
To him what boots it how these slaves were made,
What wrongs the poor have suffered by his trade!
To him what boots it, if the sale is good,
How many perish'd in the fray of blood!
How many wretched beings in each town
Maim'd at the onslaught, or in flight cut down;
How many infants from the breast were torn,
And frenzied mothers dragged away forlorn!
To him what boots it how the ship is cramm'd;
How many hundreds in the hold are jamm'd;
How small the space; what piteous cries below;
What frightful tumults in that den of woe;
What struggling hands in vain are lifted there;
Or how the lips are parch'd that move in prayer,
Or utter imprecations wild and dread,
On all around, the dying and the dead.
Yet to look down, my God, one instant there,
The shrieks and groans of that live mass to hear!
To breathe that horrid atmosphere, and dwell
But for one moment in that human hell!

* A kind of barracks in which the newly-imported slaves are placed until they are sold.

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* * * * * *

It matters little, if he sell the sound,
How many sick, that might not sell, were drown'd;
How many wretched creature pined away,
Or wasted bodies made their "plash" per day!
They're only negroes!—True, they count not here;
Perhaps their cries and groans may count elsewhere;
And One on High may say for these and all,
A price was paid, and it redeem'd from thrall.
God of all light and truth, in mercy cause
The men who rule these lands to fear Thy laws,
O'erthrow oppression, stalled in guilty state;
Raise the poor stranger, despoiled and desolate;
Reprove the despot and redeem the slave;
For help there's none, but Thine that here can save.
Thou who canst "loose the fettered in due time,"
Break down this bondage, yet forgive its crime;
Let truth and justice, fraught with mercy still,
Prevail at last o'er every tyrant's will.

THE CUBAN SUGAR ESTATE.

Here, with two hundred working men, last year,
They boast they made two thousand boxes clear
Of first class sugar—and the boast in one
That tells a tale of murder largely done.
What does it matter here how many lives
Are lost in labour, while the planter thrives,
The Bozal market happily is nigh
And there the planter finds a fresh supply!

* * *

We are not always scourging—by the way,
Tuesday in common is our flogging day;
At other times we only use the whip
To stir the drones and make the young ones skip.
Then as to food, you may be sure we give
Enough to let the wretched creatures live
The diet's somewhat slender, there's no doubt,
It would not do to let them grow too stout.

* * *

Nay, said the speaker in a graver tone,
You seem to hear of things but little known;
You think, no doubt, the Mayoral's to blame.
He works the negroes thus, and his the shame,
How little know you of the men who fill
This wretched office, and who loathe it still—
Men who have felt oppression's iron hand,
Or want has driven from their native land,
And forced to take this execrable place
To get their bread—in spite of its disgrace.
Think you for us there's profit
Wrung from the mortal agony and pain
Of sinking strength, of sickness, and despair
We daily witness, and we must not spare?

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Think you for us there's pleasure in the groans
Of mothers listening to the piteous moans
Of wailing infants stretched before their eyes ;
They dare not leave the hoe to hush those cries,
Nor ask the driver for a moment's rest
To soothe the child that's screaming for the breast ?
—Ah, Senor Mio ! briefly I replied,
The words you speak are not to be denied ;
Too well you've done the biddings of your lord
To fail to be detested and abhorred ;
Too much have harassed and opprest the poor
For me to think your system can endure.
Your fields are fair and fertile, I allow,
But no good man can say—" God speed the plough."
There's wealth unfailing in your people's toil ;
'Twould wrong the poor to cry—" God bless the soil : "
'Twere asking blood to beg that God would deign
" To give the early and the latter rain."
One prayer indeed can hardly be suppress'd,—
God help the slave ! and pity the oppress'd !

CHAPTER XV.

CUBAN LIFE AND ANTI-SLAVERY LABOURS.—(CONTINUED).

Dr. Madden's unsparing exposure of the atrocities which were daily brought officially under his notice in connexion with slavery in Cuba—necessarily brought him into conflict with the Spanish authorities, by whom that infamous system was connived at and fostered. By them, therefore, and by the great slave trading interest of the island, he was assailed with an intensity of hatred which had no effect whatever in altering the line of conduct which he deemed it his duty to pursue, and in which he was sustained by the righteousness of his cause, as well as by the approval of the Government by whom he had been sent out to Cuba. Thus, in reply to one of the attacks of the Spanish authorities, by whom his removal was demanded, we find the following letter from Viscount Palmerston to M. Aguilar, Spanish Minister at London :—

" Foreign Office, 15th May 1837.

" The undersigned must express his regret that the zeal and perseverance in the performance of a public duty, which have obtained for Dr. Madden the approbation of his own Government, should not have equally secured him that of the Government of Cuba. . . .

" Dr. Madden has given indisputable proof of that anxiety and assiduity in the discharge of difficult duties, without which he would not be fit for the appointment he holds.

" (Signed) PALMERSTON."

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At the conclusion of his mission three years later, Lord John Russell, then Colonial Secretary, signified his approval of his conduct:—

"Colonial Office, 31st March 1840.

"His Lordship desires me to inform you that the opportunity of which you have availed yourself proves how zealous and consistent your efforts have been for promoting, under all circumstances, the great object of your mission in the Havana.

"(Signed) R. VERNON SMITH."

"Colonial Office, 2nd January 1840.

"His Lordship desires me to express to you his sense of the zeal and ability with which you have advocated the cause of the negroes who were brought in the *Amistad* to the shores of the United States.

"(Signed) R. VERNON SMITH."

The circumstances referred to in the letter last cited, at the time of their occurrence, gave rise to some international complications, and long diplomatic correspondence between the British American and Spanish governments. Moreover, the incidents alluded to are in themselves of sufficient interest to deserve record in this memoir.

THE CAPTIVES OF THE AMISTAD.

EARLY in the month of August 1839, there appeared in the American newspapers a variety of accounts of a schooner, bound from Havana to Principe, in the island of Cuba, early in July, with about twenty white passengers and a large number of slaves, having been seized by the slaves in the night time, and the passengers and crew all murdered, except two who had made their escape in an open boat. About the 20th of the same month, a strange craft was seen repeatedly on the American coast, which was believed to be the captured Spanish coaster, in the possession of the negroes. The U. S. steamer, *Fulton*, and several revenue cutters were despatched to seize the so-called pirate craft. In the latter part of August the "mysterious schooner" was seen near the east end of Long Island, where a part of the crew came on shore for water and fresh provisions, for which they paid with extraordinary profuseness. Shortly after, the vessel was seen by Captain Gedney, U. S. navy, in command of the brig *Washington*, employed on the coast survey,

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who despatched an officer to board and carry her into the port of New London. The schooner proved to be the *Amistad*, Captain Ramon Ferrer, from Havana, with fifty-four negroes who had been held as slaves, and two passengers on board. The Spaniards said that after being out four days, the negroes rose in the night and killed the captain and a mulatto cook; that the helmsman and another sailor took to the boat and escaped on shore; that the only two Whites remaining were the said passengers, Montes and Ruiz, who were confined below until morning; that Montes, who had been a sea-captain, was required to steer the ship for Africa; that he steered eastwardly in the day time, because the negroes could tell his course by the sun, but put the vessel about in the night. They boxed about some days in the Bahama Channel, and were several times near the islands, but the negroes would not allow her to enter any port. No person appeared on behalf of the Africans, but after this examination they were committed for trial, and meanwhile confined in the jail at Newhaven. According to their own account they belonged to the tribe of Mendi, near Sierra-Leone, whence they were kidnapped by slave-hunters, and after undergoing all the horrors of the middle passage, were brought to the Havana in a Portuguese trader. Here they were transferred, still in irons chained to the lower deck, to the Spanish schooner, *Amistad*, bound for Principe, a Cuban port some three hundred miles distant. On this voyage they managed to free themselves from their shackles, and making one desperate effort to regain their liberty, overmastered the officers and crew, and forcing one of the former to take the helm, put the vessel about, hoping to reach the African coast.

At the period this intelligence reached the Havana I was about to proceed to England on leave of absence. But when I ascertained that the trial was about to take place of upwards of forty individuals charged with murder and piracy, as Cuban slaves, whom I knew to be Bozal Africans recently introduced into Cuba, and therefore illegally held in slavery there—I determined to proceed to America at once, and give on their trial the only evidence which I supposed could be procured for them, with respect to that important fact. In taking this step I encountered some opposition, and assurance of disapproval of it, on the part of my superiors. I felt, however, that I had a duty to perform, and a right to expect it would be approved by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. In that expectation I was not disappointed. Neither had I miscalculated the importance to the defence of the evidence I had to offer on that particular point to which I have referred. On my arrival in New York I was called on by the lawyers for the prisoners, Messrs. Sedgwick, to make a deposition on the 7th November 1839, whereupon some proceedings respecting the forthcoming trial were to be founded. The trial at Hartford was postponed. Another

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trial took place. The prisoners were acquitted, and eight months after were sent back to their own country by the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in America.

LIFE AND LITERARY WORK IN CUBA.—POEMS PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED.

DESPITE the incessant labours of his Anti-Slavery occupations in Cuba, Dr. Madden found time for exploring the natural wonders of that great island, a large part of the interior of which to the present time still remains a veritable *terra incognita* to European travellers.* These journeys through the remote, sparsely populated, and semi-civilized mountain districts of Cuba, were by no means facile of performance, nor in some instances by any means void of personal danger. On one of these tours of inspection through the slave estates, accompanied by his wife, he arrived at nightfall at a lonely mountain "posada," many miles distant from any other habitation. Here they were about to alight when Mrs. Madden, instinctively warned by something in the aspect of the master of the hostelry who invited them in, turned to her husband, and, although naturally the most docile of women, suddenly declined to descend from the volante, and insisted, despite his entreaties, in continuing their wearisome journey through the dark forest road. At last they reached a farm-house several miles distant, just as the gates were about being closed for the night, after which, in these regions, there is no possibility of gaining admission until morning. Here they remained for the night, and before leaving learned that the place they had fortunately passed by had earned a pre-eminently evil repute, even in these wild parts, and that many a traveller who had entered its portals had thence never emerged alive. Some months afterwards, the accuracy of the character they thus received of the den of murder from which they had been rescued providentially, was too well confirmed by the arrest and condemnation of the owner of this "posada," for the murder of a traveller who there met the fate from which they escaped.

During his three years residence in the Havana, Dr. Madden found in literary pursuits his chief solace from the arduous struggle on behalf of the interests of humanity in which his official position involved him with the infamous speculators in stolen men, and the Spanish Government, by whom they were aided and abetted. In addition to his *Report on the Island of Cuba*, amongst the works thus written in his scanty leisure hours were *The Slave Merchant* and *The Sugar Estate*, two poems of which a few specimens have been given in a previous chapter; a volume of *Poems by a*

* Vide Appendix.

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Cuban Slave, translated from the Spanish, and published in 1840; and a smaller volume of original poetry of a religious character, entitled *Breathings of Prayer in Many Lands*, of which a small edition of only twenty copies was printed in the Havana in 1838, for private circulation. Of his father's poetical abilities it would not become the editor of this biography to speak. A sufficient number of his posthumous poems have however been now published to allow of some judgment on their merits; and the present writer has in his possession three large manuscript volumes containing many of Dr. Madden's still unprinted poems, which, he ventures to think, should they ever see the light, as he trusts some of them may yet possibly do, will be found not unworthy of publicity. From that hitherto unknown Cuban volume of *Breathings of Prayer*, may be here cited three short pieces as specimens of the poetic fervour of their author.

A MAY HYMN.

Ave Maria! blessed be thy name!
Ave Maria! Holy Mary hail!
Ave Maria! every voice proclaim
That glorious greeting—"Full of Grace;" the same
Angelic strain in ev'ry clime prevail,
Ave Maria! Holy Mary hail!

Ave Maria! "Mother of my Lord,"
The chosen temple of incarnate love!
Pure as the Angel who announced the Word;
Bright as the star, beheld it first adored:
Fair as the moon's own mildest beams above
Ave Maria! "full of grace" and love!

Ave Maria! in this vale of tears,
In time of trouble, in temptations sore,
Thou art the Advocate the Saviour hears!
Oh! in the hour of death dispel our fears:
Ave Maria! in that trying hour
Pray for us sinners humbly we implore.

Ave Maria! blessed Queen of Heaven!
Spouse of the Holy Spirit! hear our prayer,
Thy Son is God, to whom all power is giv'n,
Star of the Sea! bright Angel lead us ev'n
Before His throne, and plead for mercy there,
Ave Maria! Holy Mary hear!

MORNING.

Another day! and yet the last
To thousands of my race—
To thousands who enjoy'd the past,
And now in Death's embrace,

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Who little thought but yesterday
To meet their God! and dream'd not they
Of judgment's doom anon,
And when they rose, who had, like me,
Their plans laid out of things to be,
And now are dead and gone.

Another day! a blessed day
To souls aroused from sin,
Who will not throw its hours away,
But this new day begin,
As if the Lord had lent the time
In mercy to repent of crime,
The last of proffered grace:
And if rejected, never more
To hope for such another hour
Of goodness in its place.

Another day! a new-born theme
For every creature's praise
To Him, whose mercy seems to beam
In morning's brightest rays.
Oh! never Lord, that morning dawn,
My waking thoughts shall not be drawn
To Thy all bounteous care:
My first remembrance shall not be,
My God! My Father! still of Thee!
And my first duty—prayer!

NIGHT.

The God who is my guide by day,
My guard by night will be,
In danger and in darkness He
Will be my shield and my defence!
I'll lay me down, and all my care
I'll cast on Him who heareth prayer;
The place of rest no matter where,
Is not beyond His providence.

It matters not how lone the spot—
How long the night—how men may plot,
Or foes combine, where friends are not,
My God is my security!
The night as dark as death may seem,
And not one shrouded star may gleam,
And evil things on earth may teem
In night's profound obscurity.

The fallen one may choose the time,
In gloom congenial, to beguile
The soul of man, by ev'ry wile
Of hell's malignant agency.
I'll fear no evil! for my trust
Is in my God, though seem I must
But ashes, in His sight, and dust,
I will not doubt His clemency.

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CHAPTER XVI.

ACCOUNT OF THREE VISITS TO AMERICA, FROM 1833 TO 1840.

HAVING successfully accomplished his mission in America in 1839, on behalf of the captives of the *Amistad*, Dr. Madden obtained leave of absence from the duties of his office in the Havana. Before noticing his return home to England we must, however, interrupt the regular course of this biography to interpolate from manuscript notes an account of his three visits to the United States (of which this was the last), and believe that these observations will, even at this distance of time, be found of interest to those familiar with the present condition of that great and marvellously progressive country. In the first few paragraphs of this narrative of his visits to America, some of the incidents alluded to in an earlier chapter will be found briefly recapitulated.—

Appointed by Lord Stanley to be Special Magistrate of the Island of Jamaica preparatory to the Emancipation Act coming into operation on the 1st of August 1834, I sailed from Falmouth on board the government packet *Eclipse* (Captain Griffin), on the 8th day of October 1833. My fellow passengers were Major and Mrs. McGregor, Captain Everard, R.M ; Mr. Norcott, and Mr. Coleridge, also newly-appointed Stipendiary Magistrates for the Island of Jamaica. We arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 8th of November 1833, after a voyage of thirty-three days. Subsequently I was sworn in before the Mayor of Kingston, and appointed by Lord Mulgrave, the Governor of the Island, to St. Andrew's, but was afterwards removed to Kingston, the most important district in the Island. Was present at Spanish Town the 1st of August, having accompanied Lady Mulgrave to the House of Assembly when Lord Mulgrave pronounced the celebrated declaration of the emancipation of the slaves of that island, as well as of all the British islands in the West Indies. To have witnessed the memorable event of negro emancipation in the West Indies; to have taken a part in the preparatory and the succeeding proceedings for successfully carrying into effect that great measure, can never fail to be a source of pride and satisfaction to me. After that remarkable event in our Colonial history, I remained in Jamaica until the month of November 1834, when I resigned my office there. On the 15th of that month I embarked at Kingston for New York, on board the American packet *Orbit*, Captain Mead. The best view of Jamaica, and by far the most exhilarating, is decidedly the last. On the 18th of November we were abreast of Cuba. On the 19th we proceeded

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through the windward passage, hauled close along the western extremity of St. Domingo; passed Cape Nicholas on the 21st, Heneaga on the 22nd, Cayco on the 23rd, and Turks Island, Cape Mayaguago on the 25th, off Attwood's Island, about forty miles to eastward of the Bahama's, where Columbus first landed.

On December the 6th, the highlands close to New York were seen, and the light off Sandy Hook the same night. We were only fifteen miles off the coast when the south-west wind all at once began to blow a hard gale, which increased in violence towards nightfall, and drove us to sea upwards of a hundred miles off the coast. During the voyage I took from the ship's log books an account of all the passages *The Orbit* had made to and from America and the West Indies. The average duration was twenty days from the latter, and from the United States twenty-four days. The passage, however, has been accomplished in twelve days: the distance being 1,500 miles, and the passage money a hundred dollars. On the 8th of December 1834, we arrived in New York, and received a pressing invitation to take up our abode in the house of our fellow passenger, Mr. Seymour, a gentleman of comic powers of no ordinary merit, which had gained for him the designation of the American Mathews. My wife and myself accepted his hospitable invitation and passed some agreeable days with him. We then became inmates of a well-known boarding-house kept by Mrs. Green, at the rate of six dollars each day, thirty shillings each for board and lodging. I remained in the United States upwards of two months. After spending a week in New York, I left my wife there and made a tour to the southward, visiting Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, Virginia, the district of Columbia, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

On Sunday afternoon, the 22nd December 1834, I attended service at the church of the negroes in Anthony-street. All the persons present, with the exception of myself and the minister, a Mr. Bentley, were negroes or mulattos. The people of colour are excluded from all places of worship in New York, except, as I am proud to say, the Roman Catholic churches. I had experience myself on the occasion now referred to that it is by no means safe for a white man to be seen in one of the places of worship set apart for negroes. I happened to be accompanied from my boarding-house by a very respectable man of colour, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Jamaica. As I walked along I observed people turning back, staring, and murmuring, but I took no notice of them, and entered the church of the banned race. When service was over, and the congregation, consisting of about two hundred well-dressed people of colour of both sexes, came out, I no sooner made my appearance than I was assailed by a mob of fifty or sixty persons, with cries of "No amalgamation;" "No Aboli-

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tionists; "Down with all incendiary friends of niggers, &c., &c." I treated this brutal conduct with laughter, which certainly was not expressive of my feelings, for these were indeed of such profound contempt as banished all sense of fear; but I did not feel by any means at my ease for the safety of the poor man who was with me, and I made him remain with me till the mob dispersed.

I am sorry to have to say that the sermon that was preached in this "Nigger Church," as it was contemptuously called, was sadly mixed up with as virulent abuse of the doctrines and Church of Rome as was ever delivered even in an Irish Protestant church, and that is saying a great deal. Nemesis must take a special delight in watching over the destiny of the Institution of Slavery. The slaves are not more degraded and debased by it than their masters, and, strange to say, the inhabitants of the free States of the North in which slavery has been abolished, detest the people of colour and their descendents, who now are free, with a degree of rancorous animosity that is almost incredible. Though slavery has been done away with in the State of New York, still negroes are not suffered to associate with white people, to eat or drink or travel with them, or even to sit side by side in the same church or theatre: and, in short, are treated in the public streets and in all places of resort with insolent contumely and frequently with brutal violence.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN NEW YORK.

The New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in Barclay-street, which I visited, accompanied by President Duer of the University, was founded in 1807. The number of students in the year preceding my visit in 1834 was one hundred and sixty. The expense of attendance on the necessary medical courses for three winter courses is three hundred and fifteen dollars, and fee on graduation twenty-five dollars. The prineipal surgeon in New York is Dr. Valentine Motte; another eminent surgeon is Mr. Bushe, an Irishman of great skill and large practice, who has been eight years in New York. I heard Dr. Motte lecture on surgery. There was a good class of about one hundred students, attentive young men, far more orderly than medical students usually are in England or Ireland. The most enlightened men in New York, or indeed in any part of America I visited, were members of the medical profession. Those I met with would certainly well bear comparison with the medical men of any European country. I met nearly all the eminent men of the profession at a party given by Dr. Delafield on the occasion of the marriage of Dr. Wilkes. This gentleman was the grand-nephew of the famous John Wilkes of notoriety in

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London last century, and his father was a highly respected medical practitioner in New York.

At a conversazione given in New York in January 1835, by the President of the College of Physicians, I met Dr. Watson, of Spa Fields celebrity in 1817, connected with the Cato-street conspiracy, who contrived to escape the fate of Thistlewood and his other associates by flight to America. The President pointed out to me a good-looking, middle aged gentleman of a thoughtful aspect: "Observe," he said, "that gentleman. He is a physician from the old country practising here, not very extensively, but sufficiently to enable him to live respectably. He was engaged in politics in his own country, but he has the good sense to abstain from all political agitations here. He is a well-ordered man of good conduct, unobtrusive and retiring in his habits. Now let me ask you," continued the President, "do you think the imperial interests of the old country, or those of society there, have suffered any injury by Dr. Watson not having been hanged, as he assuredly would have been if he had fallen into the hands of Lord Castlereagh and his colleagues?" "I have always," I replied, "agreed in the opinion which an English writer has well expressed, viz.: 'that the worst account you can turn a man to is putting him to death.' It neither serves the man, the State, nor the society he belongs to, to strangle him like a dog or to butcher him by chopping off his head for committing high treason. Some day, and the sooner the better, the world will, I trust, discover that hanging criminals has no effect in deterring others from crime, and that society is not really served by visiting offences, however atrocious, by capital punishment, which seems to me to be inflicted more for the gratification of our own feelings of resentment or of fear than for its protection."

In reference to the peculiar influence of the climate of North America on the growth and development of the human body, Dr. Smith said:—"The tendency of human growth in America, amongst the white races at least, is to shoot upwards. Tall men are much more common in America than in England. Fat men, and those of much muscular and glandular development, are much less frequent here than on the other side of the Atlantic. The glandular system of females especially is unfavourably influenced by our climate. Beautiful faces in the very young, and up to the age of twenty-five, are common enough, but fine busts, large hips, and round limbs, are very rarely met with. The pallor of the complexion of women in this country is another striking peculiarity, and in every respect they appear to be influenced more by the climate of this country than men. Moreover, they fade sooner, and more suddenly than the women of any European country. The flower of their beauty has great loveliness and fragrance while it lasts, but it lives and flourishes for too short a time."

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I visited the Historical Society Library in New York, in the same house as the Lyceum, accompanied by Mr. Duer and Dr. Francis, and saw there some very valuable historical documents—the manuscript journals of the English House of Commons from 1650 to 1658, comprising Parliamentary records of the most eventful period of Cromwell's career. No copy of these, it is stated, exists in England. In the library of the Historical Society there is a cast from a masque, taken after death, of the too well-known Thomas Paine. The forehead is that of a badly constituted intellect—the physiognomy is brutal and sneering, with strong traits of sensuality. The eyes must have been small; the nose is hooked, large and fleshy, a sort of condor's beak overhanging a villainously animal mouth.

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, AND SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

New York theatricals are not in a very flourishing condition. There is little taste for what is called in England the legitimate drama. Extravaganza, melodramatic pieces, and ludicrous burlesque comedies take the public taste. I have on several occasions observed in New York theatres that comic acting, which is considered of first rate excellence in England, and which never fails to amuse English audiences, is not much appreciated in America. I saw Sheridan Knowles play in the "Hunchback" to a good house and he was simply endured; but had reason to be content that he was not yawned down, as I have seen far better English actors in American theatres. There was nothing, however, in the dress or dances on the stage or in the demeanour of the audience for the delicate susceptibilities and refinement of a Mrs. Trollope to feel hurt at. In the Bowery Theatre, where no ladies of any respectable pretensions are to be seen, the rage at the time of my visit was the celebrated Mr. Rice, the original "Jim Crow." I had to endure seven encores of the eternal "Jim Crow" song and dance in one evening. The plays I saw performed at this theatre were vulgar and stupid. Nevertheless they pleased the audience.

Whilst in New York I made the acquaintance of several of the leading journalists of the city, gentlemen whose high literary culture and ability would have reflected honour on the press of any country. Others of a different grade and calibre were however to be also met with, and unfortunately it would be difficult to exaggerate the influence of even these misrepresentatives of the fourth estate in the American Republic, who think, talk, write and act like men of a privileged order. The most insuperably pen-proud, thin-skinned,

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and swaggering of all this class is the redoubtable Colonel Webb, the editor of the New York *Courier*. This gentleman devotes his talents to artistic and theatrical criticism. He does the drama —and the players as well as the plays—and takes them under the sole and exclusive tyranny of his protection. A few weeks ago Mrs. Wood having unhappily offended this great Jupiter Tonans of the Press, the Colonel put forth his thunder in the shape of a fulminatory leader denouncing the Woods, and calling on the mob to repair that night to the Park Theatre and drive the vagabond strangers from the boards. The gallant Colonel attended the theatre, was cheered by his rabble, saw a defenceless actress hooted from the stage; but he had not the gratification of seeing the house torn down, because the manager, terrified into submission to the *vox populi*, announced that the Woods had been dismissed, and never should appear again before them.

The ill-influence of newspaper literature of the class just referred to on the expression of public opinion in America is occasionally very remarkable. Thus in two of the daily papers of that time, the following choice compliments were exchanged. The editor of the *Hartford Review* called one of the fraternity in that city "a scoundrel, a liar, and a vagabond!" and he of the *North River Times* thus apologized for not noticing the attacks of the Jeffersonian upon his paper:—"The very character of the miserable poltroon who conducts this sheet is sufficient cause for our silence. To say the least, he is but one shade removed from a bull-frog, either in intellect or appearance. A lazy, lounging, lousy, lying loafer, who has neither brains to conceive, nor heart to feel—a mere lump of shapeless and almost lifeless flesh, which, like a go-cart, will move just where some propelling power directs."

In June 1836, I met in New York Colonel M'Carthy, who fought his cousin with muskets, muzzle to muzzle, after proposing to be placed on a barrel of gunpowder and his antagonist on another and then to blow each other up. The former killed his antagonist on the spot. How he escaped is wonderful. I saw him parading Broadway, attracting the public attention by the singularity of his appearance, his hair hanging down in long flowing curls over his neck. This detestable fashion of courting notoriety on the part of men who have signalized themselves by some desperate action or atrocious savagery was at that time commonly tolerated in America. Within a week I noticed two of these honourable murderers starring it in Broadway, evidently much to their own satisfaction and the admiration of the public. A few nights afterwards I was pointed out a young man carousing in Windhert's tavern, who had shot a gentleman dead in the room where he was then drinking.

Among persons remarkable, either on account of their own position, talents, and acquirements, or their celebrity in other

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countries, whom I have met in New York, I may mention a daughter of Lady Edward Fitzgerald by her second marriage in Holland with Mr. Pilcain, an American Consul in that country; Sheridan Knowles, who was then playing at the Bowery; Clara Fisher, Miss Jarman, Mr. Booth, and Charles Mathews. Among American literary and scientific men I may mention Mr. Bryant, Dr. Channing, Judge Emmett, of the Supreme Court, and his brother, Thomas Emmett, the distinguished sons of Thomas Addis Emmett; William Lloyd Garrison, Arthur Tappan, Hallett, Willis, Mr. President Duer, Dr. Motte, Dr. Bushe. In various other categories, were Mrs. Betterton, widow of an English actor of that name, the father of Mrs. Glover, the celebrated actress. (Mrs. Betterton I found in the poor house of New York, her husband had died in London in the house of Mrs. Glover in his 83rd year). Jack Downing, Colonel Webb, and Captain Riley, the African traveller. The latter was an American mariner, who had been shipwrecked on the West Coast of Africa in 1815, had been made captive, carried into the interior to Timbuctoo and dealt with as a slave, and, finally, after incredible sufferings, had succeeded in effecting his liberation, a mere skeleton weighing less than ninety-eight pounds, as he asserts in a narrative of his sufferings, published in London some years ago.

VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

I SET out from New York to Washington on the 22nd January 1835, and proceeded by steamboat to Albany, where I went by railway to Philadelphia, a journey of sixty miles. Philadelphia is a fine old-fashioned, somewhat sombre-looking town, with several public buildings of a striking kind. There are many old families of the best class of society long established here, and the social atmosphere is more like that of Cheltenham or St. Leonard's than that of any American town I visited. Joseph Bonaparte was then residing in the vicinity of this place, and Fanny Kemble, married to Pierce Butler, an American gentleman of Irish extraction, was also living six miles from the city. From Philadelphia I proceeded to Baltimore, a journey of one hundred and six miles over execrable roads, in fifteen hours, for ten dollars. From Baltimore to Washington, a distance of thirty-six miles, I paid three dollars. At Washington I stopped at Gadsey's celebrated monster Hotel, the charge for board and lodging being two dollars and a half a day. I sat down to dinner with about one hundred and fifty persons, including several members of Congress, all dispatching with marvellous quickness an extraordinary conglomeration of viands of various kinds on the same plate. The silence was awful in the way of talking, but the clatter of plates, knives and forks was stunning. I do not think that any European

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people give their stomachs so much undue work as the Americans. The effects of this bolting custom are to a medical man exceedingly obvious in the suffused sallow complexion of too many of the men, though in these cases the tobacco chewing custom no doubt has also much to say to their cachectic appearance.

The capitol of Washington, is a noble building of white marble, admirably situated in the centre of converging avenues, and in internal decoration as well as in external aspect, is in every respect worthy of the country of whose sovereign legislature it is the seat. No less imposing are the splendid buildings of the War and Treasury Offices and of other State Departments. The beau-ideal of American architecture is—vastness. And it must be admitted that there are many structures in Washington and New York more striking for their spaciousness than for architectural beauty of effect. Washington is the most remarkable city I have ever seen for the enormous intervals between blocks of buildings; this is very conspicuous in the principal street in the city, which is more than one half as wide again as Sackville-street, Dublin. The Americans pride themselves greatly on the unparalleled breadth of this avenue. Their architects and surveyors seem, however, to have no adequate idea of the limited nature of the locomotive organs of human beings, building public edifices and laying out streets that might be intended for Patagonian giant races.

At the table d'hôte at Gadsey's I made the acquaintance of several well-informed and very agreeable people, as well as of some disagreeable, disputatious folks—men to whom it is a pleasure to wrangle and jangle. One of these gladiatorial recreations at the table d'hôte a day or two ago before my arrival had led to a duel. There was a little conversation about it, but very little, notwithstanding that one of the combatants on this occasion was shot through the body. I had a dispute myself, although fortunately of a less tragic character, at dinner with one young man who certainly manifested his dislike to the old country and everyone connected with it in unmistakable terms. On Sunday morning I found a good many gentlemen congregated in the bar of the hotel, with their backs to the stove. A member of Congress pulled a letter out of his pocket and said: "This damned letter will be the death of me. I've been sent all wrong from post to pillar, back'ard and forreds, all the morning, going from Pontius to Pilate, and from Pilate to Pontius, and never found the right man after all. This gait of going wont do for me, I guess." Another gentleman asked a tall, gaunt component part of the collective wisdom of the Senate, "had he been to Church?" "No sir," he replied, "when I am at home I go to Church at the head of my family, but when I am away I make a scruple of imposing on strangers, so I don't go."

While I was in Washington in January and February 1835, I

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frequently visited the House of Representatives, the proceedings of which, as far as decorum, order, and gravity of deportment were concerned, appeared to me to have the advantage of those of the English House of Commons. There was a question of importance under discussion during several days of my sojourn there—that of the Post Office Administration. In this debate I had the pleasure of hearing some of the most eminent American orators of the day — Clay, Webster, Calhoun, King, Clayton, Benton, Preston, and Van Buren.

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

ONE of my principal reasons for going to Washington was to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of the founder of the great Republic of America. Of all modern heroes, George Washington was ever regarded by me with the most sincere admiration of his noble qualities, considered in the aggregate. But great as my admiration for him was, still, as an Abolitionist, I am very sensible of one misdeed of his against humanity and justice, viz. :—his making no effort from the beginning to the end of his career for the abolition of slavery in the United States. I was led to the tomb of Washington by a quondam slave of his widow, who survived her husband only ten months, leaving no children. (Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson were all childless Presidents). The old man who conducted me to the grave of his former master (for he was brought up in the house of George Washington, and to use his own words, was 'Mr. George's waiting boy'), had been bequeathed to a nephew of Mrs. Washington's; he next became the property of the representative of that nephew—a Judge Washington—his present owner. I expressed my astonishment at this statement, as I had heard that Mrs. Washington had followed the example of her husband, who on his deathbed performed an act of justice, and by his will declared that all his slaves should be set at liberty. The poor negro stood staring me in the face for some seconds with a strange expression of wonder at the ignorance of such a supposition. The General had left sixty slaves, but he freed them all by his will. His wife when she died also left nearly as many, and those that survived continued slaves. When I questioned the old negro about his recollections of Washington's appearance and habits, he said he was only a boy when he was brought into the house to wait on "Mr. George," who was always very kind to him and the other servants. My informant never saw but one good likeness of the General, and that was painted on a French pitcher of common ware. He used to keep over the chimney-piece in the

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library, the key of the Bastille of Paris, which had been given to him by General Lafayette.

The distance from Washington to Mount Vernon (in the vicinity of the first President's place of abode and now his last rest) is sixteen miles. Never was a great man honoured in his grave with a meaner monument than the illustrious Washington. The bricks of which it is constructed were made for a tomb which he had intended for his own remains near his house, and where he was first buried. He did not live, however, to complete this, and it was only in 1830 that his ashes were removed and placed beneath the present unsightly monument, in front of which we read the following inscription in large letters—

"The tomb of the Washington family."

This inscription certainly is not calculated to harmonise with the feelings of those who come hither from distant lands to visit the tomb of George Washington. Not one word in relation to the man—the foremost man of his day in the world—is to be found on that monument.

PRESIDENT JACKSON.

On my arrival in Washington in January 1835, I called at the White House, on General Jackson, to whom I had brought letters of introduction. I visited the palace of the chief magistrate of the great Republic at noon, and was surprised to find no appearance of Court life about the place—no sentinels at the entrance, no state servants in grand liveries in porch or hall. The President's residence is a fine mansion, handsomely furnished, yet in fit keeping with the form of government and the genius of the nation. There was free ingress for every one decently attired who chose to see the President. The only person visible when I approached was a gentleman in plain attire, thin, and somewhat stooped with age, smoking leisurely a short meerchaum, on the verandah in front of the house. I went up to this person, who appeared to me to be one of the officials of the palace, and said I was a native of Ireland recently arrived in America, who had letters to present to his Excellency from some friends of his in the West Indies, and inquired if he was then visible. Whereupon the gentleman raised his hat, and addressing me in the tone, and with the deportment of a French courtier of the olden time, said—"I am General Jackson. At all times I am glad to receive visitors from the old country, and most happy to see gentlemen from Ireland,—the land which gave birth to my fathers." I soon found few themes could have had greater interest for General Jackson than that of the present condition of Ireland, and the result of the experiment in the British West Indies of the abolition of slavery. These topics the President was pleased to discuss with me whilst walking up and down the ter-

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race for nearly an hour, and notwithstanding the divergence of our opinions on the subject of slavery, nothing could be more gracious than the reception I met with from the brave old soldier of New Orleans celebrity in the war of 1814. On the following day I dined with him at the early hour of four o'clock, though it was a dinner of State, at which there were twenty-two persons. Ten of the guests were ladies. General Jackson did the honours of his table with all the ease and polished courtesy of a man whose life had been spent in the highest circles of old-world society. His appearance was intellectual, prepossessing, and dignified. The dinner was in the best French style, and the attendance excellent, but no servants in livery. He did me the honour of talking a good deal to me throughout the evening, and spoke with no slight degree of vivacity of the affairs of France, and of the controversy then going on concerning certain pecuniary claims put forward by the French government, and urged with an amount of importunate energy that irritated the United States government, and which was apparently on the eve of terminating in war. When the President warmed on this subject he said:—

"I thought myself done with the sword, and never likely to unsheath it more. But if things come to the worst, and we are forced into war, I am quite ready to take the field again as I was when younger, to walk over—the invaders of our soil—at New Orleans." The veteran lost his stoop for a few seconds, his eyes brightened, and his grey hairs, it seemed to me, bristled up momentarily, as he strutted forward a few paces from the fireplace repeating the words—"Just as ready as ever to 'walk over' any enemy of my country." This explosion of the expiring energies of an old soldier was perfectly natural in its enthusiasm, there was no affectation in it.

After we had discussed the subject of the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies, I said, *en resume* of my views:—"The sooner, General, you adopt a similar measure in the United States the better. It would be a fitting finale of a great career like yours to connect it with such an act of emancipation." The President was standing with his back to the fire when I said this. He burst out laughing, and addressing his guest on either side, said—"This gentleman has just come from the West Indies, where the British have been emancipating their slaves. He recommends me to make myself famous by following their example. Come here, Donaldson (turning round to his private secretary), put the poker in the fire, bring in a barrel of gunpowder, and when I am placed on it give the red poker to the Doctor, and he will make me famous in the twinkling of an eye." A lady proposed that Mr. Donaldson should be blown up first, as the sacrifice of his fame

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would be so much the greater—he had been lately adding to his stock of slaves. The Secretary however excused himself on the ground of his inferior position, and the fact that he unfortunately at that moment held only forty slaves.

I subsequently had several other interviews with the President, and was never in the company of any man who left a more pleasing impression on my mind. I had heard him spoken of as a rough soldier, a strong partisan politician, overbearing and unjust towards his opponents, but I found him a courteous gentleman, full of quaint humour, and of a kindly and tolerant nature. His patriotism was earnest and unselfish, and seemed to rest on a conviction of the advantages of American institutions and the benefits which their influence was destined to extend to other nations. To his mind the accomplishment of Bishop Berkley's prophecy (published in 1772), seemed not so remote as some people imagined—

> "Westward the tide of empire wends its way;
> The four first acts already past,
> The fifth shall close the drama and the day—
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

He justly prided himself on "the obstinacy of his resistance" to the proposed incorporation of a Bank of the United States. This measure Jackson saw, if carried into effect, would give such a preponderance to 'the moneyed interest' in the States, that the Government ultimately would come under the corrupting influence and control of the stock jobbers and financiers of Wall-street and its purlieus. Jackson terminated his career, useful to his country and honourable to himself, in 1846, twelve years after my acquaintance with him, and died on his estate in Tennessee, where he had resided in the retirement of a private citizen.

VISIT TO CANADA.

On December the 29th, 1834, I started from New York on a tour in Upper Canada, which, though extending over a period of six weeks, was made at an expense not exceeding sixty pounds sterling. The journey from Jersey to Geneva, on the frontier of Canada, a distance of 250 miles, was accomplished by sleigh travelling in 73 hours, *via* Milford, Montrose, and Ithaca. On this last day's journey I had the misfortune to have "a saint" of Ithaca forced on me. A more uncomfortable travelling companion than this zealous minister cannot be conceived. He hardly gave us an hour's respite, bawling psalms at the top of his voice as if he

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was possessed by a legion of shouting devils. I remonstrated with him in my medical capacity on the imminent peril his health was incurring from his incessant vocal labours. But it had no effect. He only made some absurd remark concerning the necessity of solemnizing the new year with songs of spiritual joy. Anything sadder than these dolefully monotonous tunes I never heard before.

On my route to Toronto from Jersey I passed through Pennsylvania and New York States. In Pennsylvania I crossed through several cultivated districts which a dozen years previously had been portions of the forest, and where log houses as yet were the only habitations of the white population, before whom the red man, little by little, had fallen back into the wilderness. Log houses were shown to me on newly-cleared grounds, probably the destined sites of future cities, which had been erected in four days, at an expense of about thirty dollars. The land along the line of route from Geneva to Canada, when cleared and provided with a rude house of this kind and farm offices, sells on an average for forty dollars an acre. An intelligent Pennsylvanian told me that, throughout Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the State of New York, the labourers, the majority of whom are either Irish or Scotch, earn about six shillings a day. In the towns, wages were a dollar per day.

In January 1834, when I visited Upper Canada, the Governor of the province was Sir John Colborne (subsequently Lord Seaton). During my sojourn at Toronto I was indebted to some letters of introduction for more than the ordinary civility and hospitality that nearly all visitors to Toronto received at the hands of this estimable, able, and excellent man. At dinner at Government House I met several British officers on half-pay, settlers in that province, who had either purchased or had land assigned to them on terms that made such assignments all but free grants. Nevertheless, these military settlers seemed generally far from successful. The prevailing complaint of those who had families was of the hardships that ladies had to put up with from the want of servants, society, and amusements, as well as the disadvantages from want of schools for their children. Next to the lack of servants, that of doctors appeared to be the want most felt by these colonists. The number of accidents met with by them in clearing the forest land was a frequent theme of conversation, and though jocularly carried on, and with a spice of American humourous exaggeration, there were facts enough narrated to show that these accidents were no jokes in a community so largely dependant on every individual's manual labour. One quandom military man—gave an account of his nearly severing his hand with a hatchet while felling trees. Another ex-militaire spoke of his next neighbour having cut his foot off instead of a stump of a tree he was striking at, and this story

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was improved on by a gallant captain with an Irish name, by an assurance that the wounded man was a particular friend of his, "a very jolly, plucky fellow, and after the accident he actually walked home with his foot—in his pocket!" On a subsequent occasion, in speaking with Sir John Colborne on the subject of emigration to Canada, he said that generally speaking, gentlemen farmers made bad colonists, but military men the worst of all; whilst old sailors made far better settlers and accommodated themselves more readily to the many difficulties of their new position. Canadian scenery is exceedingly monotonous. The one eternal forest meets the eye in all directions—all pine; nothing but pine! Every one and every thing in nature pines in the remote backwood settlements of Canada. British energy pines there; youth and beauty pine there in solitude and seclusion. The old repine, the middle-aged are supine, and I opine so would I become, were I long to remain there.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Those who desire to visit the grandest sight in the world at the best time for seeing it, should set out for Niagara, as I did, from New York about the commencement of January. There had been severe frost for some weeks previously, and I found the steep banks of the river below the Falls covered with transparent icicles and patches of sleet studded with "icy brilliants." The trees on these banks in close proximity with the Falls, wherever the spray of the tumbling waters had frozen on them looked like tall arborescent pillars, whilst each branch and twig, studded with pendant icelets, streamed with iridiscent light as they trembled in the breeze over the edge of the torrent. The river at the Falls and above them, is about three quarters of a mile; its depth there is 250 feet. Lake Erie is 290 miles in length. It terminates in Niagara river, which is thirty-five miles long, forming the wonderful cascade, and falling perpendicularly down at Niagara 164 feet on the American side; and then from the Falls to Lewiston, 104 feet, and gradually flows from Lewiston to Lake Ontario, thence finally discharges itself through the St. Laurence into the Atlantic, 710 miles distant. These inland seas, with their tributary streams, cover a surface of 150,000 square miles, and contain nearly half the fresh water on the surface of the globe.

In October 1829, Sam Patch, of adventurous notoriety, jumped twice, in the presence of thousands of spectators, from the top of a ladder, into the eddy below the falls. On this occasion he survived his mad enterprise. He perished afterwards, however, in making a similar attempt at the Falls of Rochester. A Member of the

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Society of Friends, Mr. Francis Abbott, who had travelled on foot over various eastern countries, and whom I had known in Egypt in 1827 or '28, terminated his singular career in "the hell of waters" at Niagara, on the 1st June 1831, having resided in complete seclusion on Goat Island for two years previously. When some years before I made his acquaintance in the East, he appeared a cultured and amiable person, but yet even then I thought him partially insane. My friend, Dr. Hodgskins of Finsbury-square was of the same opinion, and he had an intimate knowledge of his family in Bristol. One of his sisters was as accomplished and eccentric as her unfortunate brother.

The descent down the bank on the Canadian side being exceedingly steep, narrow, and unprovided with any side rail, and bordering on an awful precipice, is extremely difficult in frosty weather. One false step, and a short shift and Sam Patch's fate at Rochester Falls must be the inevitable result. From what I saw of the way people were aided to descend, I thought it safer to go alone. I was kindly informed that in all probability I never would come up again, and was recommended to leave directions as to what I wished to have done with my luggage. I told them they might send it down the river after me if I happened, contrary to my wishes, to take that course. I managed however to get down the steep glassy surface of the bank. When I was safely planted on a ledge of rock on a level with the river, the first view of the face of the falling torrent—that greatest of nature's marvels—was glorious beyond conception. For some time I remained enjoying this grand spectacle, and felt a gratification in having no one to speak to or to be spoken to by; and, indeed, when I ascended it was some time before I could find words to give even the most faint idea of the impressions made on me by these mighty cataracts. All that remained for me was "to imprint them where alone they can be represented—on my mind." Nevertheless, the night did not pass over before I added my small contribution of very indifferent verse to the large stock of that commodity that owes its origin to feelings of admiration of too deep a nature for sober prose.

LINES WRITTEN AT NIAGARA.

Rome, "the Eternal City," have I seen;
Have stood where Ilium was, and is no more;
Where Egypt's grandeur moulders too have been,
Where her "time-honoured" pyramids still soar:
The sacred ruins Zion yet weeps o'er,
Tentyra's glory and Saccara's gloom,
The gorgeous piles on Philœ's dreary shore—
These I have seen, and wonder still had room
For vaster thoughts; but here at last is overcome.

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The wand'ring star that rules the traveller's fate,
  And lures the weary pilgrim on his way,
(My fitful guide in many a clime of late)
  Left expectation still full scope to stray;
  But if that changeful star might fix its ray,
Earth's wonder here has surely reached the goal:
  Can art with all its miracles display,
Or scene or sounds like these?—be still my soul!
'Tis thus that works like this should nature's God extol.

VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL IN FEBRUARY 1835.

On the 3rd February 1835, I embarked with my wife at New York, on board the *Constitution*, a cotton-laden vessel of 600 tons, bound for Liverpool. On the eighth day after our departure a melancholy catastrophe occurred. One of the crew, who during the voyage had been frequently harshly treated, and beaten by the first mate, one morning, attempting to escape from the violence of this man, ran up the rigging, pursued by his assailant, and when he got up to the cross-trees, exclaiming "now catch me if you can," jumped overboard and perished, not one effort being made to save him, and not one word of rebuke spoken by the captain to the ruffian who had caused his death. I observed this unfortunate young sailor particularly when he came on board at New York, and although his looks were somewhat wild and excited like those of a man recovering from delirium tremens, nevertheless he seemed to go through his duties properly. A few days afterwards however, on going on deck, I found him gagged, his hands and knees tied up in a most painful position, and blood coming from his mouth, caused by the tightness of the cords by which the gag was fixed. I then went down to the captain and endeavoured to show that this atrocious proceeding might be attended in England with unpleasant consequences to him if reported to the authorities. The result was he went on deck and had the man released. After this things went on quietly for a little time until at length the catastrophe occurred which I have described. This and other somewhat similar occurrences that I have witnessed may probably be primarily attributed to the mode of shipping sailors in vogue in the seaports of the United States, and elsewhere When a vessel comes into port, after the crew are paid off, generally the men go into boarding-houses kept by a low class of publicans, where they remain till all their wages are gone. These landlords, with whom contracts are usually made for supplying masters of vessels outward bound, with sufficient hands for the voyage, having too frequently in the first instance well fleeced their unfortunate customers, then ply them freely with liquor until they are intoxicated, and in this state poor Jack, often without any outfit, even for a mid-winter passage across the wild Atlantic, is conveyed

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on board a vessel about to depart. At starting, nearly our whole crew thus came on board drunk, some almost senseless, others fighting, and the mates tumbling them down the forecastle steps. An institution for the proper accommodation of discharged seamen in New York and Liverpool, not eleemosynary but self-supporting, would be productive of obvious advantages not only to sailors, but also to masters and owners of merchant vessels and the safety of their passengers.

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND AND THIRD VISITS TO AMERICA.

On the 15th May 1836, I sailed from Liverpool for New York on board the *Emerald*, 540 tons burden (Capt. Prindle), with the intention of proceeding from New York to Cuba, where I had been recently appointed to the office of Superintendent of Liberated Africans, and also Judge Arbitrator in the Mixed Court of Commission.* On board the *Emerald* there were 208 steerage passengers, chiefly Irish, and most of the latter evicted peasants from the Co. Cavan. The cabin passengers were Major Masson (a brother officer and friend of the husband of Sarah Curran, whose mournful story is the subject of Washington Irving's beautiful sketch of *The Broken Heart*), Messrs. Moir, Inchbourg, Reid, and self, wife and child.

The distance from Liverpool to New York is reckoned at 3,600 miles, and the average passage out is 28 days. The shortest voyage hitherto made across the Atlantic was that by Captain Maxwell in the sailing ship the *England*—namely, from New York to Cape Clear, in 12 days. The next in point of speed was from New York to Liverpool in 14 days and 15 hours, in the *Independence*. As in most other voyages of mine, on this occasion I was fortunate in my companions. The steerage passengers, however, began to quarrel towards the end of the voyage; but then the weather had become very bad, and in bad weather the natural tendency of all seafarers is to be choleric and dissatisfied. Indeed the unfortunate emigrants on board the *Emerald* had ample reason to be discontented—208 human beings being crowded together in the steerage, where the smell was intolerable, and the heat most oppressive. These poor people, amongst whom there was an abundant proportion of women and children, soon found out there was a doctor aboard (the *Emerald* not being obliged by law to carry a surgeon), and seemed to think

* In virtue of my temporary office of Judge Arbitrator, I had an allowance from the Spanish Government for house rent of six doubloons a month (in English money £20 a month, say £240 a year), which, so long as I held that office in the Mixed Commission, with the salary of the latter £400, and that of Superintendent of Liberated Africans, made my official emoluments altogether £1,440 a year.

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they were privileged at all times, night or day, to send for me to attend them, and I thought so too.

Physic, say what you will, is a glorious profession to practice—for your pleasure, not your profit; for I think it is often preferable to earn a poor man's thanks than a rich man's money for any assistance to humanity. If I had twenty sons I would give them all the education of medical men; but I should be very sorry they were obliged to earn their bread by the practice of the profession, for it is a poor calling for a talented and high-minded man to live by. Dr. Paris told me lately at a dinner at Savory's that he never could discover how the majority of the medical men in large practice in London got on, as few of them were men of genius, and still fewer men of liberal education. I said I thought the great quality essential for success in London practice was impudence. Dr. Paris replied that I was mistaken in his opinion, a still more essential qualification for such success there was a pachydermatous insensibility to the innumerable slights, impertinences, rebuffs, and failures which most men have to encounter, and by which anyone of fine feelings or sensitive nature might well be discomfited. True as this may be, nevertheless, for my own part, I yet retain all my admiration for the profession which of all others exercises, as a general rule, the most humanizing influence on the minds and hearts of its followers. And, having myself long since retired from that calling, I may in reviewing these reminiscences of a lengthened and varied experience venture to say, that what I have thus seen of the practice of physic by others in many lands has convinced me that the greater part of physicians services to humanity are freely rendered without any immediate recompense, or any future expectation of either fee or gratitude. These services thus unrecognized however, bring with them ample reward in the sense of duty fulfilled to one's suffering fellow-creatures, and should be an unfailing source of support in the approaching inevitable hour through the dark shadows of which we may humbly hope the parting spirit of every physician thus true to his noble calling is illumined and winged on its passage hence by Him who said: "I was sick and you visited Me," to that life beyond the grave where the merciful may trust for mercy.—

To return from this digression.—I took my son on board, labouring under severe illness.* Two medical men think his lungs affected, and there is but one chance for him, viz:—a long sea-voyage and change to a warmer climate. Hitherto his mother and myself have reason to be very thankful to God for having taken him with us. We are now nine days at sea and the child is certainly better.

I landed at New York on the 3rd of June, after a quick

* Dr. Madden's eldest son, William Forde Madden, then about seven years old, who recovered from this illness, and survived to reach his 19th year.

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passage. I find a great change in prices since my last visit, eighteen months ago; in all respects living in New York for a family is more expensive than London. Dr. Bushe tells me his expenses last year were 8,000 dols., about £1,000 sterling. For board and lodging in Clinton Hotel I paid for self, wife, and child, 30 dollars a week. During my stay I visited many of the public Institutions of this great city, and amongst others Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum. This asylum is one of the best managed asylums for the insane I have ever visited. It is perhaps surpassed by the institution for the insane at Aversa, in Naples, but not by any similar institution in England, France, or Germany. The resident physician, Dr. McDonald, is a man in the prime of life, perfectly conversant with the treatment of the insane in all the countries of Europe. Nature and professional education seem alike to concur to render this gentleman the beau ideal of a medical director of an institution of the kind. The majority of the 250 patients of this asylum are patients whose insanity has been caused by failure in business, speculation fever, and intemperance. On each of my three visits I saw many here whose ruling passion, strong in madness, seemed to be infidelity, and I find that this cause in America drives more people to madness than fanaticism does with us. The day following my last visit to Bloomingdale, Dr. McDonald took me to the Alms-house of New York, and to Blackwell Island prison. Colonel Peters, one of the inmates of Bloomingdale Asylum, also accompanied the doctor. Having to go to Blackwell by water, Peters was allowed to steer the boat. Seeing that he steered very well I said to him, "Colonel, you are an old hand at the helm." He answered quietly—"You probably are not aware that I am the pilot of the Salvation Fleet. This river is the road of the Pilgrims' Progress—to that place so much talked of." I asked him what was the name of that place? He replied very coolly, but with emphasis—"Hell." He then began to steer wildly, and the doctor had to call his attention to the helm.

In Blackwell Island prison I was painfully impressed by the rigour of the solitary confinement which far exceeded anything of the kind I had ever seen elsewhere. In one of the cells I saw through the small grated aperture in the door—a young Englishman who had been sentenced to five years' solitary confinement for forging American bank notes. This prisoner had already been in his dismal cell—7½ feet by 5—three years, and had two years more to remain there. I asked the chief warder if this unfortunate man was allowed to have any book, such as a prayerbook or a bible in his cell. "Nothing of the kind; no sort of amusement is allowed," was the answer. "Do you mean to say the bible or a prayerbook would be considered an amusement?" I asked. "The reading of it would serve to distract the mind," said he; "and therefore all

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books are forbidden." The same official told me he had been five years in that prison and had not known a single case of madness occurring there, which I confess, much surprised me; nor, according to him, had any prisoner died whilst under solitary confinement during that time.

After visiting Blackwell Prison we crossed over the river to the Asylum for Destitute Children, of whom 520 are there provided for and educated on the Lancaster system. Drs. McDonald and Cornell, Colonel Peters, and myself were invited to witness an examination of the children. These were of both sexes, remarkably healthy and good looking, arranged in classes, from the age of five to that of twelve years. Their progress in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history was truly astonishing. In the exercise room there were some hundreds of children singing, dancing, and marching in time to the clapping of hands of monitors. The favourite dance was the eternal American one of Jim Crow, and the majority of these little dancers I found were Irish, or of Irish parentage.

Amongst the philanthropist celebrities of New York whose acquaintance I made in 1834 was Jacob Harvey, a Quaker merchant, a native of Cork, who told me that 30,000 dollars were annually remitted by the Irish settlers in the State of New York to their friends in Ireland. What a noble trait in the character of the poor Irish is this generous conduct of theirs towards their still poorer relatives in their native land, whom they can aid thus only by a self-denial of which some notable instances came within my own knowledge.

In St. Paul's churchyard, fronting Broadway, I found the following inscription (here abbreviated) on a monument to a distinguished Irishman—

In Memory of

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

Exiled from his native land,
He found a second country,
Which paid his love by reverencing his genius.
Learned in our laws,
An orator of the first order:
His private life was beautiful,
As his public course was brilliant.
Anxious to perpetuate
The Example and Name of a man
Thus distinguished by his genius and his sacrifices,
As well as by the deeper calamities of his kindred in a just cause,
His sympathising countrymen erected this Monument.
Born at Cork 24th April, 1764,
He died in this City, 14th November, 1827.

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Knowing as I do the character of the man in whose honour this inscription was written, I feel justified in declaring that an epitaph was never more just than that which Professor Duer composed for the monument of Thomas Addis Emmet. There is another remarkable inscription here—

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. CHARLOTTE FOX.

In dawn of life she wisely sought her God,
And the straight path of virtue firmly trod,
Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
Beloved by all, to all the good a friend.
The bad she censured by her life alone;
Blind to their faults, severe upon her own.
In others' griefs a tender part she bore,
And with the needy shared her little store.
In distance viewed the world with pious dread,
And to God's Temple for protection fled;
There sought that peace Heaven alone can give,
And learned to die ere others learned to live.

In the same churchyard, on the monument of an ancient mariner of the great Republic who died in 1796, is the following curious epitaph, which I found elsewhere in the old country, and have made the subject of some observations on the common practice on both sides of the Atlantic of tombstone robbery, without scruple or apparent apprehension of discovery, of the eulogies of dead men's virtues :—

IN MEMORY OF JAMES LACEY,

AGED 41 YEARS.

Tho' Boreas' blasts and boisterous waves
Have tossed me to and fro,
In spite of both you plainly see
I harbour here below,
Where, safe at anchor tho' I ride,
With many of our fleet,
Yet once again I must make sail
My Admiral Christ to meet.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE usual answer given in the United States to all inquiries concerning any attempt to preserve and civilize the remnant of the aboriginal Indian tribes is to the effect that all efforts of this kind have failed utterly, and are opposed to the designs of Providence,

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as the Red Man must necessarily die out and be effaced by advancing civilization. It would be needless to offer any comment on doctrines such as these. Mr. Crooke, President of the American Fur Company, told me that he knew of only one instance of a successful mission for the civilization of the native Indians. This was established by Roman Catholic clergymen who lived among the natives for some time, teaching them improved methods of living, tillage, &c., before they succeeded in inculcating any of the truths of Christianity. When the missionaries had thus gained the confidence and good-will of the natives, the latter cleared ground for their benefactors, and built their church at Arbre Cresh, in the Michigan country. The belief in one great spirit prevails among the Indians throughout all parts of America, north and south. The number of dialects is very great. It is generally admitted there are three distinct or original languages.

In January 1835 I visited "the Reserved Lands" of the semi-civilized Tuscarora tribe, whose members, now reduced to 300 souls, are located in the upper part of the State of New York. The "location" is about 5000 acres. These Tuscarora Indians came originally from North Carolina about the year 1712, and joined the confederacy of the five nations. The young men shewed some progress in elementary branches of education, and one of them made me a present of a very creditable sketch of his drawing. I was struck in this tribe with the expression of mournfulness that seemed to be the prevailing characteristic of the North American Indian race, and which I never observed in any other aboriginal tribes, either in Africa or in Australia.

DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA.—WRECK OF THE SCOTIA.

On the 25th of November 1839 we sailed from New York on board the American sailing packet *Roscius*, one of the finest of the vessels of the Collins Line. The passage for myself, wife, and child was 300 dollars. There were sixteen cabin passengers, and seventy in the steerage. Amongst our fellow-voyagers were Mr. Catlin, the celebrated traveller in the Rocky Mountains, and historian of the Indian races; Mr. Sharman, a grandson of one of the signators to the "Declaration of Independence"; Mr. Henry Shaw, etc. On the 5th of December, in a heavy gale, we fell in with the wreck of the *Scotia*, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, burden 600 tons, laden with timber, water-logged, in latitude 46, longitude 32·30. Seeing signals of distress flying, we altered our course. On hailing her, the answer was—"We are water-logged—seventeen feet of water in the hold." The prompt reply of Captain Collins was: "We will

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stand by you; if you want to come on board put out your boats." A cheer from the people of the sinking vessel followed—such a thrilling cry as men in the extremest peril suddenly restored to hope alone could utter. An effort was made to near us, but the water-logged vessel was utterly unmanageable; she pitched heavily, as if she would have gone down headlong; the sea swept over her, and as she rose, poured through her broken ports. Her mizen mast and main-top-gallant masts had been cut away to ease her, and the poop deck, where the crew were congregated, seemed the only place of safety left them. In attempting to approach, she came staggering down on us, and we were compelled to make sail to escape out of her way. The sea was very heavy. We again lay to about a mile from the *Scotia*. Night came on, and the disabled vessel was lost sight of. It would be impossible to avoid commendation of our captain's conduct. His anxiety to reach Liverpool made every moment of importance. We had, moreover, seventy steerage passengers and twenty-one in the cabin; and to lay to all night, and in a heavy gale, alongside an utterly unmanageable vessel, was a determination many a ship master might, I fear, have found some difficulty in coming to or promptly acting on. At 7 a.m. cheering was heard in the direction of the *Scotia*, and after some time her long boat, filled with people, was on our lee quarter. The captain and several of the crew and officers still remained on the sinking vessel. A considerable interval elapsed during which nothing was seen or heard of them. At length faint shouts were heard, and a mere skiff of a boat with the captain of the *Scotia* and five men came alongside, though how she could have lived through that tempestuous sea was a marvel. The exhausted crew were now taken on board, at the end of a spare topmast thrust through a porthole, and thus lifted up by men stretched out along the yard. It is much to the credit of Captain James of the *Scotia*, that he was the last person to leave the sinking vessel, and on reaching the *Roscius* his first question was—"Are all my men safe." I was struck with an appearance of bewilderment observable in several of the rescued sailors. The effects of long continued suffering and terror being shown in half-drunken looks (real intoxication there was none), difficulty in comprehending questions asked, and finding words to answer them when understood. The crew as well as the captain were all Scotch, and their conduct did honour to their country. Hardly were the boats cast off than a still more violent gale set in, so that very shortly there was ample occasion on board the *Roscius* for all the additional hands she then had, and there could be no doubt that the *Scotia* must have gone down in the course of that night when the storm was at its height.

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THE RESCUE.

I.

Heroes can boast their thousands, and their tens
Of thousands, slaughtered on the field of strife.
And this is glory! Oh! what countless pens
And tongues extoll the waste of human life.
This mighty carnage is a theme that's rife
With praise and plaudits, and the chief whose sword
Hath caused more bloodshed than th' assassin's knife,
And dealt out wholesale mischief, is adored,
Whilst he who murders singly only, is abhorred.

II.

Is there for bloodless exploits no renown?—
Exploits that speak of promptings from above?
No pen for themes of mercy ever shown
By man to man? no power in them to move
The heart by deeds which angels might approve?
Is there no fame for the humane and good
On high achievements bent? for acts of love,
With traits of grandeur suitably endowed,
But with no trace of blood, sin-tainted and imbued?

III.

Fame! let thy trumpet sound the warrior's praise!
Glory be his who courts the world's applause!
Honour for him by whom the public gaze
Is sought and shared, till some new object draws
Away its glance! Thou, in a nobler cause,
For greater recompense than fleeting fame,
Hast done a glorious deed—snatched from the jaws
Of death a host—what more can tongue proclaim,
Or better meed on earth can mortal make his aim?

IV.

Oh! when thou hast to meet thy God on high,
On record be that thrilling cry of their's
Which rent the air, on hearing thy reply,
And made the wreck resound with thankful prayers
Then may they prove the death of all thy fears—
The life of all thy hopes beyond the grave—
And plead in thy behalf with One who hears
Prayers such as those for blessings on the brave
And good, whose glorious mission is to serve and save.*

R. R. M.

* Written on the occasion of Captain Collins, of the American packet *Roscius*, taking twenty-four men off the wreck of the *Scotia*, on the night of the 5th December 1839, in the Atlantic, lat. 46, long. 32.30, during a violent gale of wind. Published in the Liverpool *Albion* of the —th December 1839.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

SECOND VISIT TO EGYPT WITH SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

SHORTLY after returning to Europe from the West Indies on leave of absence, the sphere of my duties was transferred to Africa by my appointment as her H. M. Special Commissioner of Inquiry into the Administration of the British Settlements on the West Coast of Africa, and the period of departure for that country was fixed for the latter part of October. Before entering on those duties (early in the year 1840) I accompanied Sir Moses Montefiore in his benevolent mission to the East, the object of which was to inquire into various charges brought against the Jews of Damascus, and to endeavour to prevent the recurrence of the oppression consequent on these charges. It was also sought, if possible, to obtain from the ruler of Egypt the total abolition of judicial torture throughout the provinces subject to his power. This seemed to me to be a good work, and I willingly engaged in it. The other gentlemen who accompanied Sir Moses Montefiore and his lady were Mr. David Weir, the late under-sheriff of the City of London, the professional adviser of Sir Moses, and charged with the legal management of the proceedings, and Dr. Loewe, in the capacity of secretary and interpreter. The strong interest taken in the mission by the British Government, and the influence of the leading person in that inquiry, gave a character to its proceedings which largely contributed to its success. The English mission was joined at Marseilles by Monsieur Cremieux, a distinguished Jewish advocate at the French Bar, and his lady, and Mr. Munk, an Oriental linguist, in the service of the Bibliotheque Royal of Paris.

Immediately after our arrival in Cairo, on our first interview with the Pasha, an address was presented setting forth the wrongs recently inflicted on the Jews, and praying to be permitted to proceed immediately to Damascus to investigate the matter, and to lay before his Highness any evidence obtained on the subject. The Pasha replied he would take a week to consider this application; and at the expiration of that period we were told that the pressure of political matters did not allow him to give a definite answer to our application. After some days we had another unsuccessful interview with his Highness, whose refusal was ascribable to the influence of the French Consul, Monsieur Cochelet. Subsequently we again waited on the Viceroy, and at this period, his political difficulties increasing daily, it was easy to perceive that French influence was diminishing. In short, the appearance of the British squadron off these shores, had operated very beneficially on the

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views of his Highness. Ultimately, after prolonged negotiations, our demands were fully acceeded to, and were embodied in a firman despatched by the Pasha to the Governor of Damascus. The object of our mission having been gained, by the liberation of the men held in confinement, and by the entire cessation of the persecution, in compliance with my instructions to be in readiness to proceed with the African expedition on the 16th October, I returned to England.

During my stay with Sir Moses Montefiore in Cairo in the summer of 1840, I revisited the Pyramids. The fourteen years that had elapsed since my former visit had made no alteration in their exterior, which in fourteen centuries to come will in all probability be found as now. But within, what time had spared, the vandalism of antiquarian curiosity has devastated. Col. Vyse has done more injury to the internal structure of one of them than "the genius of forty centuries" that watches over them had witnessed, from the days of Cambyses to those of Napoleon. I found my name in the principal chamber of the great pyramid, written on the wall opposite Belzoni's, with a piece of charcoal, as fresh as if it had been pencilled the day before. I had the satisfaction, also, of finding my initials sculptured on the top where I had cut them with a penknife in 1826. On my second visit I was accompanied by Andrew Doyle, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, as "merry a man within the limits of becoming mirth I did ever meet withall," and David Weir, late under-sheriff of the city of London. We slept at the entrance of the pyramid from about midnight till dawn, and Doyle and myself had the honour in the morning of stretching our bones at full length in Cheop's stone coffin. The principal chamber is now encumbered with the rubbish and fragments of stone excavated by Colonel Vyse, and huddled together there, to the great detriment of that part of the structure. On my return from Alexandria I embarked on board the French steamer, *Tancrede*, for Malta. The packets of this service from Marseilles to Alexandria are well found, well manned, and kept up for political objects at a great expense by the French Government. . . . . .

After his return from Egypt, Dr. Madden received the following letter from the Anti-Slavery Society :—

26, New Broad-st., Nov. 11th, 1840.

My Dear Sir,

I am directed by the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to convey to you an expression of their sincere and cordial thanks for the excellent and manly letter addressed by

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you to the Pasha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, on the subject of slavery in his dominions. The Committee also desire to thank you for the other valuable services you have elsewhere rendered them, and for the readiness you have on all occasions evinced to afford your influential assistance in promoting the great object they have in view.

J. H. TREDGOLD, *Sec.*

7, PANTON SQUARE, Nov. 18th, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg to return my best thanks to the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society for the manner in which they have been pleased to notice my poor efforts in their cause in Egypt and elsewhere. If these efforts have ever cost me any trifling sacrifice I feel amply repaid by the approbation of men whose approval it is an honourable distinction to obtain; and with the blessing of God, for His honour, and for the good of His creatures, I will continue, to the utmost of my power, to promote the interests of this good cause.

Very truly yours, R. R. MADDEN.

To J. H. TREDGOLD, ESQ.

On the 7th of January, 1841, Dr. Madden embarked for the Gambia—to enter on his duties as her Majesty's Commissioner of Inquiry into the affairs of the British settlements on the West Coast of Africa. On his arrival on the Gold Coast he threw himself with his accustomed energy into the work he was selected to accomplish, and (despite the efforts of the local authorities to impede his inquiry) soon unearthed and exposed the fact that, under the name of the "Pawn System," slavery existed even in the very forts and posts established by the English Government for the protection of the negroes. During this appointment Dr. Madden's surveillance extended to the Gold Coast, Gambia, and Cape Coast, and his services there were thus acknowledged by the Government of that day:

DOWNING STREET, 17th SEPT. 1841.

SIR,

I have to acquaint you that I have now under my consideration the several reports which you have addressed to her Majesty's Government relating to the affairs of her Majesty's settlements on the Western Coast of Africa, and that I am desirous of expressing to you the high sense which I entertain of the ability and zeal with which you have discharged the duties and executed the inquiries which have been entrusted to you.

"I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"STANLEY."

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The result of Dr. Madden's investigations may be found in the two folio volumes of his official Report, which, with the evidence he collected on the condition of the West African Settlements, were presented to Parliament in 1842. So astounding were his revelations of the continuance of the Slave-Trade in our possessions on the West Coast of Africa, that a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to investigate the matter. On this committee a seat was given, however, to an affluent West African merchant largely implicated in the slave-trade, and by him and his friends no stone was left unturned and no abuse spared in the futile attempt to controvert that Report. Some extracts from a pamphlet published by Dr. Madden at this time, entitled "The Slave-Trade aided and abetted under the name of 'Pawning' on the Gold Coast," will best show the importance of his West African mission:—

"Persons possessed of wealth and power, whose interests have been hurt by the discharge of my duties in the office of Commissioner of Inquiry into the state of our settlements on the Western Coast of Africa, have recently found means to advocate their views in the columns of the *Morning Herald*. These gentlemen are the suppliers of the slave-dealers of Africa with the goods essential to the trade in stolen men. By them I am described as a 'hungry Whig Radical,' for whose advantage the mission to the coast of Africa was planned and carried into effect.

"Whatever my political sentiments were, they have undergone no change before or since my first employment in the public service in 1833. Since that period I have filled different offices connected with our Anti-Slavery efforts in various countries, and from every successive Colonial Secretary of State up to the present time, and including the present Secretary, I have had the good fortune to receive documentary evidence of the approval of my services, and in no one instance to have received an intimation of their displeasure.

"At the period this Commission was determined on, I filled the office of Superintendent of liberated Africans at Havana, a permanent appointment held by Royal Commission. In the spring of 1840 I was in England on leave of absence, and was about to return to the sphere of my duties, when the determination of the Government was communicated to me, with respect to the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry into West African affairs, and an opinion was expressed that my services could be more advantageously employed there than elsewhere. To accept of this temporary appointment I relinquished a permanent one. So much for the truth of the assertion that this mission was a job to promote my interests.

"The necessity was then most urgent for the institution of an inquiry into the connection of British commerce with the Slave-

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Trade. The rigorous surveillance of our cruising squadrons on the western coast of Africa had effected the prevention of foreign vessels from supplying the various slave factories on the coast with stores and goods necessary to the felonious trade in men. The plan then became adopted by certain merchants in London, connected with our settlements on the Gambia and at the Gold Coast, of supplying the slave factories directly with such goods. The Slave-Trade ships likewise obtained similar supplies at our settlements, and were suffered to anchor under the guns of our forts, and to be registered there as vessels employed in legal trade. Thus the efforts of our cruising squadron were completely frustrated. In the settlements along this coast a system of actual slavery under another name existed at the time of my visit as Her Majesty's Commissioner there.

"I stated in my report that I had found ninety-one of the native people confined in the dungeons of Cape Coast Castle; that I called on Captain Maclean, Governor of the Settlement, for the official record of the sentences pronounced in these cases, and that no such record could be produced; that a vast number of these persons had been imprisoned for long periods, some even for four years, and the great majority for no determined period. That there were no judicial establishments on the Gold Coast, and that the power of inflicting capital punishment was claimed, and had been exercised, by Mr. Maclean; and that Captain Tucker, of her Majesty's ship *Wolverine*, had been cognizant of such executions having taken place. I likewise asserted that I found slavery existing at all our settlements on the Gold Coast; that the practice of buying, holding, and selling men under the name of 'Pawns' existed at Cape Coast Castle; that I had received memorials from eleven of the 'Pawns' of Mr. Maclean himself, complaining of their treatment and of their being thus held in bondage by him. Whilst employed on this mission I visited every British settlement on the Western Coast of Africa, with one exception, and touched at most of the Portuguese slave haunts along the coast, from the Gambia to the Line, and thus had ampler opportunities than Mr. Forster deemed essential to his peculiar views for the civilization of Africa of making myself acquainted with the nature of his commercial operations. During this time I was attacked with fever at Cape Coast Castle, and suffered severely from it. Of the five weeks which I passed at that place, I was confined to my bed and unable to attend to my duties for about ten or twelve days. If I had been incapable of attending to them during the seven weeks Mr. Forster speaks of, I must have been conveyed by some miraculous means along a line of coast of about three thousand miles. . . . I am charged by Mr. Forster with making a trade of the Slave question. It is something, after all, to be obnoxious to the charge of trafficing in the question only. Against him I have brought a graver charge. I freely acknowledge that for many years

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my efforts have been calculated to be injurious to his interests. I have wilfully and wittingly aided and abetted the abolition of slavery, and the trade in slaves, by all the means in my power. In conclusion, I would beg leave to observe that I am fully sensible of the advantages which Mr. Forster has over me, in some particulars, in regard to a discussion of this kind. He has wealth at his disposal, and his use of it will not be restrained by any trifling consideration in the defence of his interests. He has the columns of a morning paper at his command, and he has a seat in the House of Commons, and consequently he has the opportunity of devoting his eloquence to the advocacy of his views. I have none of these privileges. There is, however, one advantage which I am very conscious of possessing over Mr. Forster, viz., the advantage which the calumniated has over the calumniator—the friend, in practice, of Negro Emancipation and Slave-Trade Abolition over the sly, covert pretender, who maintains by his acts what he assumes to reprobate by word, and who promotes his private interests by means which he publicly condemns.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"R. R. MADDEN."

PUBLIC VINDICATION OF DR. MADDEN'S WEST AFRICAN REPORT.

THE best vindication of Dr. Madden's West African Report, as well as the fullest exposure of the manner in which it was attacked by the slave-traders, may be found in the volume of evidence published by the Parliamentary Committee appointed to investigate this subject, and in the comments on this question in the newspapers of that day. Amongst the latter may be named *The United Service Gazette, The Morning Chronicle, The Freeman's Journal, The Planet, The Leeds Mercury*, etc. One extract will suffice to prove this.

(*Leeds Mercury* of February 13th, 1843).

"The publication of Dr. Madden's Report on the state of the British Settlements in West Africa has given rise to a controversy which is raging at present in the daily papers with uncommon virulence. The estimable and benevolent Doctor is attacked in some dozens of columns of abuse by the parties whose works of darkness he has dragged into open day. Although we are glad to embrace the opportunity of expressing our high admiration of Dr. Madden's zealous and self-sacrificing labours on behalf of the oppressed, first in the British West Indies, then in Cuba, and lastly in Africa, yet

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our present object is less to do justice to his claims on public gratitude than to draw attention to the facts that are now brought to light by this controversy.

"Dr. Madden was sent out about two years ago to West Africa on a tour of inspection. On his return it was rumoured that his Report contained very startling revelations respecting the connexion of British merchants with the African Slave-Trade. We believe it is no secret that the late Government had resolved to institute a criminal prosecution against the house of Forster and Co., of London, which was most largely implicated in the practices brought to light by Dr. Madden. Meantime, however, the present Ministry took office, and in this particular instance they totally changed the measures of their predecessors. Instead of sending the affair to the Queen's Bench, they sent it to a Committee of the House of Commons, and placed Mr. Forster, M.P. for Berwick, and the head of the firm in question, upon this Committee, to sit in judgment and report on his own conduct! Of course he became one of the most zealous and prominent members of the Committee. *The United Service Gazette*, (representing the views of the high-minded officers of the British navy employed to suppress the slave trade) complains indignantly of the indecency of allowing this man to marshal the evidence on one side, producing a long string of his own clerks and dependents, and on the other hand to browbeat and insult such witnesses as Dr. Madden and the Hon. Captain Denman. Truth however thrives by discussion, and derives new vigour from the crooked practices of its opponent. Dr. Madden's Report is before the world, and the leading facts are undisputed and indisputable. We wish, for the sake of the honour and consistency of Great Britain, it were otherwise."

At a meeting of the British Anti-Slavery Society, held at 27, New Broad Street, London, on the 31st March 1843, it was unanimously resolved—

"That this Committee tender to R. R. Madden, Esq. M.D., Her Majesty's late Commissioner on the Western Coast of Africa, their cordial thanks for the zeal and ability with which he discharged the duties confided to him, and for the fearless and impartial manner in which he has exposed the evils connected with British participation in the Slave-Trade and the 'Pawn' system. They would further express their deep regret that any portions of his valuable Report should have been withheld by the Government from the British public, and their warm sympathy with him under the unjust attacks to which he has been subjected by parties implicated in the transactions exposed, and which he has so successfully refuted."—JOHN SCOBLE, Secretary.

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(From Thomas Clarkson).

Playford Park, 16th April 1843.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry that we are likely to lose your services by your residence in another country. I believe that a more ardent, zealous, laborious, and efficient friend of the cause is not to be found in all our members. I remember well what you attempted to do for us in Egypt, and the hard and difficult, and I may add dangerous task you had to perform for the Cape Coast, among a set of unprincipled men who looked upon you while there with a hostile eye, and endeavoured to thwart you in all your proceedings; and the happy exposure of their atrocious system as connected with the Slave-Trade. Nor can I forget the cruel warfare you had to sustain (cruel indeed, inasmuch as your character was concerned) against the vile and servile agents of that trade in London, and your victory over them, which victory was of service to our cause. . . . I must now bid you farewell in the most extensive meaning of that beautiful word. I am sure that wherever you go my spirit will accompany you with my best wishes, and it is my earnest desire that you should be blessed in all your good undertakings. . . . . As for myself, I am now in the 84th year of my age, much worn out and shattered, and, alas! have little prospect of being further useful to our common cause.

I am, my dear Sir, with regard and esteem, yours truly,

THOMAS CLARKSON.

CHAPTER XIX.

NOTICE OF L. E. L.—HER DEATH IN CAPE COAST CASTLE.—DR. MADDEN'S MISSION TO PARIS IN 1843.—SKETCH OF BERANGER.

IN the preceding chapter mention has been made of Mr. Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, with whom Dr. Madden was brought into collision in the discharge of his duties as Commissioner in the West African British Settlements. In connexion with that person some circumstances occurred at this time in reference to the history of the once popular poetess (Miss Landon), better known by her *nom de plume* "L. E. L.," and which subsequently gave rise to some published correspondence that may be briefly referred to. In so doing it is needless to allude *in extenso* to the sad story of "L. E. L.," which has been detailed in Dr. Madden's Memoirs of Lady Blessington, vol. II. It is enough here to say that, from the period when the first poem to which the initials of "L. E. L.," then only

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in her fifteenth year, were affixed, appeared in the *Literary Gazette.* Probably no author ever rose more rapidly into fame. Before she was out of her teens the world had crowned her as "The English Sappho;" society adored her; flatteries sunned her path; she walked in the dreamland of literary glory, and she writes of herself then— "—I felt immortal, for my brain was drunk and mad with its first draught of fame." After some years of literary toil, however, unfortunately for herself, she accepted an offer of marriage from Mr. Maclean, then Governor of Cape Coast Castle. It was in June 1838 they were married, and shortly after sailed away for their African home. On the 15th of August she first entered her new abode, and on the 15th of October she died there. A grave was dug for her in the courtyard of the castle, and there she was buried by torchlight on the evening of her death.

"Years afterwards," says Mrs. Hall, "a distinguished Irishman, Dr. Madden, happening to visit Cape Coast Castle, found the desolate grave of the poetess unmarked by stone or name, and, at his own expense, he had a white marble slab placed over her remains—a tribute of respect to the memory of her sweetest lyrist which England had neglected, but which, we are proud to say, an Irish heart, with the true sympathy for genius which all the gifted feel, did not fail to render." Mr. and Mrs. Hall's article on "L. E. L." just cited was copied into a now extinct journal, the *Saunders Newsletter*, and on the 4th of May 1865, the following letter of Dr. Madden's was published in the same newspaper:—

Sir,—In your journal of the 28th ult. there is an admirable article on "L. E. L." from the March number of the *Art Journal.* As there is an error in it, which attributes to me merit I cannot claim, I would feel much obliged to your kindly giving insertion to this communication. The notice of that ill-fated lady written by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall is such as might be expected of intimate and faithful friends, and appears very opportunely at this time, when the memory of that poor lady has been so recently assailed and wronged. In that article reference is made to me in terms which I cannot feel otherwise than grateful for. There is one slight error, however, which it is incumbent on me to notice. It is stated therein that in 1840 I found the desolate grave of the poetess unmarked by any monumental stone. This is quite true, and probably if I had not happened to have visited that place no memorial of "L. E. L." would then have been set up in the courtyard of Cape Coast Castle. It is not the fact, however, that at my own expense I had a monumental slab placed over the remains of Mrs. Maclean. It is to the kindness of heart and generosity of disposition of a gifted lady, now no more, viz., the late Countess of Blessington, to whom the merit is due of commissioning me, when I was about to proceed to the West Coast of Africa on a Govern-

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ment Inquiry in connexion with the Slave-Trade, to obtain from Captain Maclean permission for the erection of a monument, at her (Lady Blessington's) expense, over the remains of her much-loved friend, "L. E. L." All the particulars of this commission, which resulted in Captain Maclean placing a slab over his wife's grave, will be found detailed in the 2nd volume of my work, *The Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington* (second edition, 1855, p. 297).

In March 1842, Dr. Madden was deputed to attend the French Anti-Slavery Convention at Paris, where, at the first session, which was held on the 17th March, under the presidency of the Duke de Broglie, he was invited to deliver an address, translated by the president, on the abolition of slavery in the French colonies. Subsequently he had interviews with several of the French Ministers, by whom he was well received, as well as by Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, M. Lamartine, Odillon Barrot, Isambert, De Tonqueville, the Abbé Desgennets, Lafayette, the Marquis de Harcourt, De la Rochefoucauld, Dufau, Comte de la Borde, and other leading French statesmen and literary men of that day. The history of Dr. Madden's active official labours in the Anti-Slavery cause may be here closed. But only with the last moment of existence did his earnest sympathy and co-operation by pen and voice in battle against that infamous traffic in stolen men, which unfortunately still survives in "the Dark Continent," ever cease.

Amongst the literary men of whose acquaintance he had thus an opportunity of renewing in Paris, the most distinguished were the poet Beranger, and the gifted but unfortunate Abbé De Lamenais, with both of whom he remained intimate throughout life. In this connexion may therefore be appended the following hitherto unpublished account of his acquaintance with the great French song-writer. "—In the year 1841 I was introduced to Beranger by the Abbé de Lamenais. Since that period to the present I have been on terms of friendship with him. During the last five years of my son's education at the Royal College of Versailles and the Ecole Central des Arts et Manufactures in Paris, my visits to the latter city have been frequent, and occasionally my sojourns there were of some months' duration. I know not how it was that Beranger's confidence was given to me very soon after our acquaintance, unless, indeed, that I had the good fortune to have enjoyed that of his dearest living friend, Lamenais. Beranger's abode at Passy, about a league from Paris, when I first knew him, was in the Rue Vineuse, No. 21. The "habitat" of the first living lyrical poet of France was the "skymost" apartment of this modest house, and all the accommodation consisted of a saloon with an alcove at one end, where the lowly bed stood of the mighty song-maker who stirred up an entire nation, and struck down the throne of Charles X. and the old dynasty of the Bourbons by his lyrics. The

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small saloon, with its plain furniture, was in keeping with the simple, unostentatious character and tastes of the good old man who was seated there in a meditative mood in his well-known antiquated elbow chair. His income was barely sufficient to enable him to exist without getting into debt. To his friend Lafeyette alone he consented to be indebted for the small provision which prevented him from being a pauper in his old age. The personal appearance of Beranger was that of a hale, kind-hearted, cheerful old man: there was depth of feeling, of honest sincerity, of natural good common sense; a comprehensiveness of knowledge such as I never observed in any of his countrymen, and in only one of my own. The first tones of Beranger's voice set me perfectly at ease in his presence. I know not whether others have remarked how far powerful is the impression made on the mind by the tones of a voice heard for the first time. The eyes are called the windows of the soul. It does not always happen that the glass is uniformly faultless and transparent. But the tones of the voice are always indicative of the prevailing turn of thought of the individual.

In the summer of 1846 I had the honour of introducing two American gentlemen of literary standing to Beranger. One of these was Mr. Walsh, formerly editor of the *North American Quarterly Review*—an enlightened man, honourably known among the learned in Europe. The other gentleman was a member of Congress for one of the slave-holding States. The venerable poet rose from his chair when we were ushered into his room, and I not having seen him for a long time, he welcomed me in the most hearty manner, and received my two American friends with more than usual suavity. The fortunes of America were touched upon by Beranger with a knowledge of the question that was surprising for a foreigner to possess, and with an evident interest in the prosperity of the country he spoke about. But in the midst of the eulogies he was pronouncing on its institutions, a cloud came over the features of the old Republican, and in accents "more of sorrow than of anger" he asked—"But why do you make a sophism of Republican institutions by suffering slavery to exist in a country where every man is proclaimed free and equal? Why do you hurt the character of Republicanism by making a mockery of its theory, and practically showing you have no faith in the tenets you profess?"

Evidently pleased as he was with his guests, delighted with the conversation pregnant with knowledge and experience of one of them (Mr. Walsh), and desirous of shewing all the courtesy possible to two persons from a country that he sincerely loved, he still yielded nothing to their prejudices. Nothing, in short, could be more effectually condemnatory of American slavery than Beranger's words throughout this discussion, or less offensive than his manner, even when his language was most energetic.

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CHAPTER XX.

ACCOUNT OF MADDEN'S LITERARY LABOURS AND PUBLISHED WORKS.—HIS UNPUBLISHED AND POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS.

FROM the period of his return from the French Anti-Slavery Convention the energies of Dr. Madden's character became chiefly directed into literary channels, and their force and vitality are attested by the long list of works that emanated from his prolific brain and untiring pen. In a fragment headed "My Authorship," the following reference occurs to his early literary labours:—

"The occupation of transferring one's thoughts to paper, and then printing and publishing them—or, in other words, with the quill pen of a feather from a bird's wing, steeped in a black liquid, figuring on white paper shadows of things thought or spoken, and then multiplying copies of the scrawl by the intervention of machinery—I commenced in my twenty-second year. My first publication was a series of letters, written in Italy, in the *Morning Herald*. These appeared as they were written, and some likewise from the Levant, and were liberally paid for by the editor, "Little Henry Thwaites."* I received £50 for them. My next publication was in the newly-started literary journal, *The Athenæum*, established by Mr. J. S. Buckingham—some letters on Egypt and Mahomed Ali in 1829. These were gratuitous contributions. My next appearance in print was an article in the *Metropolitan Magazine* on the last illness and death of Mr. Salt, the Abyssinian traveller, in 1830."

The Abbé de Marolles, in the epistle dedicatory to his "Memoirs," gives some excellent advice to authors and persons intending to pursue literature as a profession, and concludes thus:—"I do not advise any one of my relatives or friends to apply himself, as I have done, to study, and particularly to the composition of books, if he thinks thereby to add to his fame or fortune."†

The uncertainty of literary labour as a source of pecuniary

* Thwaites was a good man, but a very singular one. I was first introduced to him in 1821, by my friend Mr. P. Murphy (afterwards a County Court Judge). I was then attending George's Hospital, and had no idea of obtaining any connexion with the Press. Thwaites, when I first saw him in the editor's room in the office of his paper, was seated on a high stool—an exceeding small statue of a man mounted on a lofty pedestal, and very much diminished by elevation. The little man talked with considerable animation, moved about on his tripod and quoted Shakespeare *apropos* to everything. He loved the immortal deer-stealer, and so did I, and that was sympathy. Every Sunday I used to dine with him at his house in Pimlico, and years afterwards his kindness was the same to me, and every Sunday as of old myself and my wife were his guests.

† The poor Abbé, by his own account, had published 133,124 verses, and this was only one portion of his literary work.

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advantage was exemplified by Dr. Madden's experience. For whilst his earlier and lighter works on travel and general literature were most successful and remunerative to their author, those later and more serious volumes, which are devoted to an important portion of his country's history, and the value of which has been recognized at home and abroad, were, as will be seen in a subsequent chapter, accomplished at no small sacrifice of the author's interests and prospects. Thus, as already mentioned, his two first works were his *Travels in the East*, in two volumes, and *The Mussulman*, a Novel, in three volumes, published by Colburn in 1829-30. These went through repeated editions, and for each he received £300. Whereas, on the other hand, the publication in after years of his most important and most commended work, viz., *The History of the United Irishmen*, the successive series of which were more than once republished in America as well as in this country, directly as well as indirectly, entailed very heavy losses on the author. The magnitude of his literary labours, and their merit, have been referred to in a biographical notice in the *University Magazine*:—"Notwithstanding the absorbing nature of his public duties, Dr. Madden found time to cultivate his literary tastes, and acquire distinction as an author. In looking over his writings, besides admiring their quality and texture, one is amazed at the quantity, the more so considering his other avocations. He has written largely and excellently in the departments of politics, sociology, history, travels, and *belles lettres*. *His works are so varied and numerous, amounting to no less than forty-seven published volumes, besides a vast number of contributions in prose and verse to magazines, reviews, and the newspaper press*, with which he was connected during a considerable portion of his early years—that we cannot refer to them in detail, but must content ourselves with briefly indicating some of the most important. No one who peruses Madden's books can fail to appreciate their research, eloquence, and love of Fatherland, however much the reader may dissent from some of his opinions and conclusions. He traces the account of his country's vicissitudes with power and beauty, and leaves on record a great amount of valuable historic lore."

This vast quantity of literary work was accomplished amidst the continual interruptions of busy official or professional occupations, and would have been impossible save to a man of exceptional energy and untiring industry. Nor even then could he have left behind the evidences of erudition contained in these many volumes* had it not been for the intelligent and self-sacrificing co-operation of his no less gifted and devoted wife, by whom all his writings were copied and revised for the press. In this way were produced the

* Vide Appendix.

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long series of works just referred to, in the writing of which, for a great portion of their lives, Dr. and Mrs. Madden burned the midnight lamp, being often found still plying their busy pens in the early morning by the re-wakening household when about to resume the duties of another day.

CHAPTER XXI.

POETICAL WRITINGS, SOME SPECIMENS OF THESE.

In the foregoing pages some references have been made to Dr. Madden's poetical writings. Amongst these are included, firstly, a volume of religious poetry entitled *Breathings of Prayer*, of which only twenty copies were printed for private circulation in Havana in 1838; secondly, a volume of *Poems by a Cuban Slave*, translated from the Spanish, and published in 1840; thirdly, *A Hudibrastic Epic Poem*, which remains unpublished; and fourthly, *The Easter Offering*, published in 1850. Besides these, from time to time he contributed a great amount of poetry to the various annuals, magazines, and other periodicals of his day, and, moreover, has left two large quarto volumes of unpublished lines, entitled *Rhymes of a Rambler in Many Lands*. Of these, since their author's death, several have been accorded a place in the columns of various journals and periodicals at home and abroad. A small collection of his poems, under the *nom de plume* of "Ierne," has also been published by Messrs. Duffy in a posthumous volume, edited by the late Rev. C. P. Meehan, entitled *Literary Remains of the United Irishmen*.

That Dr. Madden's abilities as a poet are not better known is perhaps sufficiently explained by the circumstance that to few of his lines was his name ever appended, the vast majority of them being either signed by the *nom de plume* above referred to, or merely by the letter "X." This probably was owing to his high ideal of what he considered true poetry as distinguished from rhyme, and to his own undue depreciation of any personal claim to a share in the former. Of his verses, therefore, we may here insert a few specimens, selecting at random the shortest of these written at different epochs of life, as we venture to think that some of these, as well as many of the numerous still unpublished poems which at his death were left ready for the printer, might probably be found to justify the criticism of the editor of a recent journal, who, in referring to this collection, says—

"Some of these poems are really exquisite compositions. Many

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of them, if set to music, would make very popular pieces; others, although written many years ago, are especially appropriate at the present day. All of them, whatever their particular merit may be, are of a high order. It is needless for us to remark that the name of this famous Irish author is honoured by Irishmen all the world over, and we are sure the work of his pen will be read eagerly."—*The Dublin Journal*, June 1889.

LES EAUX DE VICHY.

Have you been to charming Vichy,
Famed for spas, whose taste is fishy;
Throng'd by gouty, joint-racked sinners,
Fond of too luxurious dinners?

Have you drank *les Eaux de Vichy*,
At each source described by Ricci,
Gulp'd enough "Chomel," "Grandgrille," or
"Celestins" to drown a miller?

Tumblers, six a day of Vichy
Waters, turbulent and pitchy,
Alkaline, or cold and nauseous,
Have you found extremely mawkish?

English tourists rush to Vichy,
Hear of cures of gout so twitchy,
Lured from Harrogate or Buxton
By their wives and daughters coax'd on.

Irish folks, too, rave of Vichy,
Rail at Irish spas, beseech ye
Talk no more of Lisdoonvarna,
Mallow, Lucan, Toomavara!

From the land of saints to Vichy,
Must he come for water, which he
Has at home, more praised than merits,
Duly mixed, of course, with spirits?

Nothing will go down but Vichy
Waters; hence the looks so wishy-
Washy, that were once so ruddy,
Redolent of health and toddy.

I am sick of charming Vichy,
Wish myself at Rue de Clichy;
Sick of spas and baths, park strollings,
Breakfast bells and dinner tollings.

Vichy, August, 1868.

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SPAIN.

Hurrah for the mountains of Spain,
Its sierras of grandeur sublime!
For the glories again and again
Of its beautiful shores and its clime!

Hurrah for the "Land of the Sun,"
Of the olive, the orange, and vine!
No sunbeams on earth ever shone
With such life breathing joyance as thine.

Without measure or stint, at each pore,
Drink them in; quaff the nectar likewise
Of the soft balmy air from the shore,
That is racy of southern skies.

Oh! bask in these sunbeams, my boy!
Let the breeze from the shore, with the freight
Of its perfume, and healing, bring joy
To thy spirit, that droop'd so of late.

Hurrah for the fields of renown
Of the brave cavaliers of Castile!
For those triumphs of ages bygone,
Which Granada's grey ruins reveal!

Hurrah for the Cid Campeador,
And the sweep of his chivalrous sword!
For the scenes of his wars with "the Moor,"
Where he scatter'd the infidel horde!

Hurrah for the land that of yore
Was of faith without stigma or stain!
For the saints, and the shrines, and the lore,
And the legends of Catholic Spain!

Hurrah for the pilgrims of old,
For the paths which Loyola once trod;
On this mountain his name was enroll'd
In the lists of the servants of God.

Here his vigils were kept by yon porch,
And his sword on the altar was laid;
And the young cavalier in this church,
A true soldier of Christ was then made.

Away with the insolent toss
Of the sceptical Pharisee's head,
At the shrine of the Virgin, the Cross,
And the altars, where Faith is not dead!

* Lines written on the shores of Catalonia and Andalusia, in Feb., 1858.

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THE DOCTOR'S APOLOGY FOR NOT CONTRIBUTING TO MISS A. G'S SCRAP-BOOK.

The god of poetry of yore
Was god of physic too;
But Phœbus has two strings no more
To his celestial bow.

In golden car, that pays no tax,
He spreads from sphere to sphere;
But jobs no coach, and kills no hacks,
To cure diseases—here.

Then how can one who bows before
An Æsculapian shrine
Presume to bend in raptures o'er
Apollo's lute divine?

A doctor, ma'am, would burn his wig
Before he'd write a sonnet,
And deem it truly *infra dig*
To waste a moment on it.

By scanning feet a surgeon's skill
Gains little approbation;
Parnassus high is not the hill
Whence comes his inspiration.

His Helicon is Lincoln's Inn,
The "College" his Arcadia;
His classic lore,—its origin
In Cooper's Cyclopædia.

Did Hunter ever stoop to rhyme,
Or scribble couplets, prithee?
Or who could ever lay the crime
Of verse to Abernethy?

What grave physician ever penned
A scrap-book panegyric?
Would Jenner, think you, condescend
To perpetrate a lyric?

'Tis not for him, much less for me,
A poor unlettered Gælen,
To play the bard—a part which he
And I would surely fail in.

For who of thee could make his theme,
And think of his vocation,—
Of beauty sing, and fondly dream
To fly its fascination?

Cheltenham, 1828.

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THE DYING TRAVELLER

It is not the sickness that prays on my frame,
  It is not the torturing pain,
It is not the terror of death, nor the shame
  Of the struggle, which makes me complain ;
Oh, no ! I could yield me this night to the grave,
  And encounter its gloom undismayed,
If one friendly regard its encouragement gave,
  And my spirit's disorder allayed.

Ev'ry object around awakens a thought
  Of the home I may never behold ;
Every sound of the voice of the stranger is fraught
  With remembrance of accents of old ;
But the sands of the desert, the waves of the deep,
  Are between me and all I hold dear,
And the wild Arab dwells where I'm destined to sleep,
  Where the grave has no hallowing tear.

The close of existence away from our friends
  Is a dreary and desolate doom :
How cold is the look of the stranger who tends
  On the sufferings which lead to the tomb !
His apathy yields but to bigotry's zeal,
  Which, on faculties drooping, would fain
Its dogmas enforce, and the dying appeal
  Of the sinner would dare to arraign.

Officious fanatic ! is colour or creed
  Of man's choice ?—or his power to change ?
From the faith of our fathers what effort indeed
  May the heart's early homage estrange.
In moments like these, when the spirit has need
  Of communing with Mercy above,
Are themes controversial the topics to lead
  Our last thoughts to the Father of Love ?

But brief is the pang ! I shall soon be at rest ;
  Ere the sun of the morrow appear,
The illusions of life and its follies shall cease
  To awaken a hope or a fear.
While I breathe shall the name of my country be blest,
  One loved image recalled to the close ;
Still homeward each thought wing its way to the West,
  Till the weary heart sink in repose.

* Lines written on a sick bed at the Gambia, West Coast of Africa 1840

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THE SWEET VALE OF OVOCA.*

When you're sick of Dublin city,
Tired of Kingstown pier and jetty,
Ogling promenaders pretty,
Off at once to sweet Ovoca!

If you feel by no means jolly—
Cranky, moody, melancholy—
Weary quite of human folly,
Take the train and try Ovoca!

When you're gouty and rheumatic,
Bilious, nervous, or hepatic,
Rack'd with aches and pains erratic,
Seek for health at sweet Ovoca!

If you're plunged in joint-stock troubles,
Market-rigging schemes and bubbles,
Railway "floating" *specs*, from hobbles,
Fly forthwith to sweet Ovoca.

When you're mind's o'erworked and jaded,
Its strength impaired and freshness faded,
By studious toil, oh! be persuaded,
Fag no more, but face Ovoca.

If no theme your mind engrosses
But one thought of gains and losses,
And contingent cares and crosses,
Change the scene for sweet Ovoca.

When you're bored with parsons grumbling,
Factions vile all interests jumbling,
Dizzy's ground and lofty tumbling,
Leave all humbugs for Ovoca.

If you love the face of Nature
Eden-like in every feature,
And the comforts men call creature,
Start for Hunter's and Ovoca.

There are cures for spirits sinking,
Too much toiling, too much thinking,
Thrashing books and paper inking,
In the vale of sweet Ovoca.

A Paradise without temptation,
There's nothing like it in creation,
For peace, repose, and recreation,
All are found in sweet Ovoca.

Woodenbridge Hotel, 11th August.

* Described by Moore—prescribed by Madden.

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LINES TO ACCOMPANY A PORTRAIT OF R. R. M.

This here is a portrait of one Mister Madden,
Who saw many lands, but not one that he had in
A rood of the soil he could call his own *foddeen*,
For *pratees* to grow in, or cabin to lodge in;
Not one dirty acre in tillage or grass
To bequeath or to sell or to mortgage, alas!

Who spoke divers tongues, many books read and wrote,
And therefore with those who did not his repute
Was not very good, for such, one who dares
To think for himself is set down, it appears,
Of a dangerous class and a free-thinking school,
That should be tabooed as a general rule.

The likeness above is of one who a smile
At athletic games never won from Carlisle;
Of field sports, moreover, was not much a lover,
And never shot pheasant, or partridge, or plover;
Nor took much delight in the cattle-show twaddle,
Of bullocks and pigs hardly able to waddle.

Who knew very little of stock, but wrote much
Of rebels and wrongs, and endeavoured to touch
Men's hearts with their sufferings; but none except fools
Would feel any pity for Irish or Poles,
As Albert to Humboldt observed very cutely,
And argued indeed for a Prince most astutely.

Who fought many battles for slaves he could boast,
In Cuba, Jamaica, on Africa's coast;
Might vaunt, too, elsewhere of the saving of life,
Which perhaps for a trav'ller's career which was rife
With many a failing, a fault, and defect,
Some little amends might be hoped to effect.

So much for the portrait of one who absurdly
Made, too, small account of the int'rests called worldly,
Who lived in the past a deal more than the present,
A course in this country that's prudent and pleasant
For men who are ardent, and honest, and true
To the land of their birth in its weal or its woe.

The portrait in fine of a man who thinks Whigs
And Tories are like one another as figs;
And never could well understand why 'twas thought
The brain of a Briton was furnished and fraught
With intellect brighter and better withal
Than that of the Celt of this land, or of Gaul.

"A mere Irishman," in this picture you've got,
Who was up in the year "'98"—a red hot
Young rebel of course, and "in arms" of his mother
Mistook not the year of his birth for some other;
No wonder the "boy" of that time seems to be
Reproduced in the man now of three score and three.

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TO HARRIET.*

When I am weary and deprest,
And anxious cares invade my breast,
Or sorrow has become my guest,
I think of thee!

And when my bosom lord once more
"Sits lightly on his throne," I soar
In spirit as I used of yore,
And dream of thee!

When worldly ills do weigh me down,
And friends fall off, and some do frown
Who smiled before in times bye gone,
I think of thee!

When some success has crowned my toil,
And hopes revive that drooped meanwhile,
I feel no joy in fortunes smile,
Apart from thee!

Nay, when I tread the distant shores
Of sun-bright lands, where nature grows
Most gorgeous gifts, those precious stores
I'd share with thee.

When stars above and scenes beneath
That teem with poetry, no breath
Of praise call forth—as still as death,
I think of thee.

When treason makes ones shaken trust
Swing from its moorings, tempest tost,
And faith in man is almost lost,
I think of thee.

When the fierce war with life doth rage
For gold, that man with man doth wage,
Thou art the treasure doth engage
All thoughts of mine!

When scenes are mine, like those famed isles
That ever bask in summer smiles,
Tricked out in beautie's ocean spoils,
I think of thee!

When stars that rule the traitor's fate,
To regions south where, throned in state,
Death holds high court, early and late,
I think of thee!

* Mrs. Harriet T. Madden, born in London, 1802, died at Booterstown, Dublin, Feb. 7th, 1888.

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Or when life's ruling passion looks
For dead men's thoughts embalmed in books;
Or Nature's lines in living brooks,
I think of thee!

When youthful visions happily rise
In fairy form and brightest guise,
And flit—too fast—before my eyes,
I think of thee!

And when they're gone, and all is drear
And dark again, my heart flies where
Thou art, and thus its hopes I cheer,
With thoughts of thee!

Havana, 1839.

TO THE AUTHOR'S WIFE.*

Oh, woman! in our days of pride,
In manhood's prime, when we confide
In strength of will and power of frame
To conquer fortune, fate, or fame!
How ill do we appreciate
Those tender cares we shared of late;
Thy gentle councils—all, in fine,
Of such unselfishness as thine!

Oh, woman! in the time of need,
When friends fall off, false lights mislead
And projects fail, and health and strength
And pride of life break down at length—
Experience sad, enlightened thus,
Brings all its truth to bear on us,
And all thy love and faith, so fast
And strong, is duly prized at last.

* Written in Algiers, 1841.

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ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

The sea was smooth and bright the shore,
A cloudless sky above,
But frail the little bark that bore
A mother's freight of love.

It danced upon the morning tide,
And mocked a mother's fears,
An object of a moment's pride,
A subject soon of tears.

The sun is gone, the night is dark,
The sea is ruffled o'er;
Ah, me! where is that little bark
So lately left the shore?

It meets no more the longing eye,
It may no more return,
The night is past, no bark is nigh,
The mourner's left forlorn.

Yet weep not, though it meet no more
Thy gaze on yonder sea,
Another and a brighter shore
So smiling on its lee.

Another and a better port
Is now its peaceful home,
Where wail or woe have no resort,
And care may never come.

St. Leonard's, 1831.

THE LADY PERPLEXED.

As pure a breast as ever teemed
With hallowed love's devotion,
Thus vented, or at least thus seemed
To vent, its soft emotion.

A soldier here,—a parson there!
Oh, which way shall I turn;
How hard to chose 'twixt such a pair,
Or either have to spurn.

The parson is indeed—*divine*,
The soldier, too, is *killing;*
One preys upon this heart of mine,
The other sets it thrilling.

The feelings doth the flesh impart,
The spirit must control;
I love the soldier in my heart,
The parson in my soul.

Cheltenham, 1830.

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EXTEMPORE LINES (A L'ARABE) ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

If e'er the price of tinder rises,
To smoking as I'm given,
I light my pipe at your bright eyes
And steal my fire from heaven.

In Paymin climes, when forced to sip
Cold water thro' devotion,
I'll deem the goblet touched your lips,
And nectarize my potion.

And when the sun's eclipse I'd view
Without a thought of terror,
I'll only have to fancy you
Had breathed upon your mirror.

If Nature's beauty I would trace
In all its brightness clearly,
Its outline pencilled on your face
I'll have to copy merely.

But that sweet portraiture of love,
If made to meet my notions,
The limner of the heart should prove
A Claude of soft emotions.

Rome, 1828.

FATHER MATTHEW.*

He lives in our hearts and his image is there,
And each line of that face breathes a spirit of pray'r;
It beams with the light which the primitive fold
Beheld in the looks of Apostle of old.
A message of peace and of tidings most blest
Seems to dwell on those lips and to stir in that breast,
And the language of love, in regards so benign,
Has the force and the truth of a mission divine.
Oh! it is not the prudence or wisdom of man,
Or philosophy's lore, in those features we scan;
But, the servant of God, whom we love and revere
He has come on a mission of peace to our land,
And his voice has gone forth, and his counsel shall stand.
His accents shall drown the reviler's complaints.
And the land that of old was the Island of Saints,
Again shall rejoice, and the ancient renown,
Of her Priests and her People again be her crown.

* Written under a portrait of the Apostle of Temperance.

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TO CUBA.

Cuba! of what avail that thou art fair!
Pearl of the seas, the pride of the Antilles!
If thy poor sons have still to see thee share
The pangs of bondage, and its thousand ills?
Of what avail the verdure of thy hills?
The purple bloom the coffee plain displays;
Thy cane's luxuriant growth, whose culture fills
More graves than famine, or the sword finds ways
To glut with victims calmly as it slays?

Of what avail that thy sweet streams abound
With precious ore, if wealth there's none to buy
Thy children's rights, and not one grain is found
For learning's shrine, or for the altar nigh,
Of poor, forsaken, downcast liberty?
Of what avail the riches of thy port,
Forests of masts, and ships from every sea,
If trade alone is free, and man the sport,
The spoil of trade, bears wrongs of ev'ry sort?

Cuba, oh Cuba, when they call thee fair,
And rich and beautiful, the Queen of isles!
Star of the West, and ocean's gem most rare!
Oh, say to them who mock thee with such wiles:
Take off these flowers, and view these lifeless spoils
That wait the worm; behold the hues beneath
The pale cold cheek, and seek for living smiles
Where beauty lies not in the arms of death,
And bondage taints not with its poisoned breath.

Havana, 1839.

LINES WRITTEN AT ST. HELENA (1849).

Rival of Cæsar! Victor of thy day!
What is the sum of all thy vast renown?
Jena, Marengo, Austerlitz, Le Haye,
And Waterloo, are wanting to its crown.

What has thy mission been? To pull down thrones,
Trample on Kings, their serfs again to bind;
To lavish gore, unmoved by tears or groans,
And deem it glory to afflict mankind!

What hast thou left thy country in bequest
For all the ills incurred or caused by war?
Or good conferred on Europe, wrong redressed,
Or right maintained at home, or yet afar?

Kings in their strength, like you, oppress again;
People are slaves as they have been before:
What was the end of all thy glory then?
How small and vain this mission of an hour!

A hero, doomed to perish on a rock
In the wide ocean, far from ev'ry scene
Of former triumph, spared for ev'ry shock
Of adverse fortune,—this thy doom has been,

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WOMAN'S WORK AND MISSION.*

To woman's mission might supreme assigned
Life's noblest aims in mercy to mankind;
To teach, to soothe, to succour, humanize,
To elevate, retrieve, and civilize;
Aims far beyond all those of wealth and pow'r,
Of science, physics, philosophic lore,
Or ends of vain pursuits, with tumult, strife,
In senates, schools, in sects and factions rife,
Or triumphs gained at far too great a cost
For influence that's feminine to boast.

For it unsuited are all scenes where small
Ambitions reign, and selfish schemes enthrall;
Ill with the worldling's views of life accords
The temper'd ardour of the ways and words
And spell of woman's gently-won dominion
O'er heart and mind, affection and opinion;
Seek not that power in fashion's flaunting train,
Apparel—prattle frivolous and vain,
In modish cliques you will not find it there,
Its force and virtue must be sought elsewhere.

That potent influence for good is found
Wherever human miseries abound;
In scenes and on occasions it is shown
With strength of mind and purpose all its own;
With grace and goodness suitably allied,
In God's own cause of mercy well employed,
In woman's work, and never done with more
Success than when the suffering and the poor
Thus served or saved are women, be it known,
To woman's praise and honour, her's alone.

God speed the work of woman's mission blest,
Wherever done, in our own land—still best;
Give it success, not for the sake alone
Of those it serves, but of those whose crown
Of glory here is won by that success
In soothing pain, misfortune, and distress.
Plead for that cause, its objects, and its aims,
All ye who love the memories and names
Most dear to Christians! Sanctify the fact
Of woman's mission, thus in thought and act!

* Inscribed to the late Mrs. Harriet Madden, 1870.

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ON BEGINNING TO GROW OLD.*

In Nature's volume,—verse and page
  Known once as well almost as prayers,—
'Tis writ that "All the world's a stage,
  And all the men and women players."

This stage, however, stands in need
  Of worthy men like Job for actors;
But bookish, bardish folks, indeed,
  Make very poor dramatic factors.

They could perhaps play Jacques, and once
  Might "gentle lovers" parts have taken;
But Romeo's past, and years announce
  That Hamlet soon must be forsaken.

For these too old, too young for Lear:
  Alas! what intermediate station
Remains to choose? The Drama here
  Begins to fail in recreation.

For one at least who's dreamt his dreams
  Of early love and joys romantic,
And deemed not always, as he deems,
  Of life and all its pleasures frantic.

For one at twenty-eight who feels
  His early notions daily alter;
And even then whose look reveals
  What it might baffle tongue to falter.

OLD BOOKS ABANDONED.

"Farewell at once, for once, for now and ever."—*Richard II.*

I loved old books, I must confess,
  "Not wisely, but too well"—unduly;
Perhaps I love them even yet,
  As much as ever, and as truly.

I lived in them: they were to me
  A world of wealth and priceless treasure
They served me for society,
  Secured me peace, content, and pleasure.

They're gone, and to the past no more may roam
  From ponderous folios, well collated,
To pigmy Elzevir's, from tome
  To tome of learning concentrated.

They're gone, my auction rounds are done,
  And my last sale has been attended;
"Othello's occupation's gone,"
  And my "big wars" for books are ended.

* Written in Egypt in 1826.

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Perhaps 'tis better to forget
All vain pursuits, each fleeting pleasure;
To feel this house of mine to set
In order needs a little leisure.

The well-known voice of one long dead,
Whose tones can be forgotten never,
I think I hear, and words are said,
With wisdom fraught, as his were ever.

The future, not the past, the mind
Of age shall fill; few books are needed
For it, save those in which men find
Eternal truths and interests pleaded.

3, *Vernon Terrace, Booterstown*, 1865.

SCIATICA.*

What shames the doctor's art and skill,
Defies the power of draught and pill,
And racks the wretch it will not kill?
Sciatica.

What wicked sprite draws nigh
With mace and mallet raised on high,
And smites him on the hip and thigh?
Sciatica.

What name is to the torture given,
By wedge, by mace, and mallet driven,
Right down through nerve and fascia riven?
Sciatica.

What call you the sensation dread
Of rats that gnaw your limbs, with red-
Hot iron teeth, when you're in bed?
Sciatica.

What brings the tortured wight to feel
His sinews crushed from head to heel,
As in a vice with screw of steel?
Sciatica.

What makes the stout man writhe and groan,
The sweat of agony flow down
His forehead, cold as death or stone?
Sciatica.

What's worse to bear than bores and fools
The cant of factions, sects and schools,
And all the shams self-interest rules?
Sciatica.

What is it patience must endure,
Would fain control, but cannot cure,
Yet may survive, as friends assure?
Sciatica.

* Lines written by a victim in a fit of pain and paroxysm of fury.

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LINES ON EXERCISE.

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where ev'ry man must play a part."—*Merchant of Venice.*

Some exercise their tongues, and they are talkers,
Others their legs, and these, of course, are walkers;
Many, alas! their gullets, these are drinkers;
A few their brains, and these poor folks are thinkers.

Shrews exercise their lungs in screams and screeches
Soldiers their guns in batteries and breaches;
Big wigs their wits in cavils, quirks, and quibbles,
Doctors their skill in oracles like sybils.

Landlords their rights in seizures and evictions,
Tyrants their might in terrors and restrictions;
Ladies their eyes, in glances brighter even
Than stars that shoot across the face of heaven.

Statesmen their wisdom, framing statutes daily
For lawyers' four-in-hand to drive thro' gaily;
Lovers their breasts, in deep drawn sighs—poor fellows!
That wheeze like puffs of broken-winded bellows.

Some exercise their reason with their fist,
And argue stoutly outwards from the wrist;
Some exercise their judgment, though not many—
These are the most unpopular of any.

Some exercise their folly, these are "Legion,"
The duped, cajoled, the fleeced of ev'ry region;
Bards exercise a taste for odes and sonnets,
And belles for myths, which milliners call bonnets.

Some exercise their locomotive organs,
And live by tours less lively than our Morgans;
Some exercise the faculties called mental,
Write many books, but never read a rental.

Some exercise their doubt when there is question
Of worth or merit, clad in frieze or fustian;
Some exercise their fancy spirit-knocking,
Dreaming of angels when the fiends are mocking.

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Some exercise their minds in jumping ditches,
Shine most in scarlet coats and buckskin breeches,
Think most of covers, kennels, runs and courses,
Talk best of fences, huntsmen, hounds, and horses.

Some exercise their energies in punning,
And labour hard for their impromptu funning;
Read up old jests and grind them young—those Millers
Grind well of course the grist for story tellers.

Some exercise their cleverness in jobbing—
Another name with gentlemen for robbing;
Some do a stroke of business on grand juries,
In joint stock banks, Whigs, Rapparees, and Tories.

Some exercise their craft in artful dodges
On great divisions, and in Orange lodges;
Men of two souls, two sides to suit—a White one?
The other black; but God knows which the right on .

Some exercise their zeal as bible readers,
Converting souls with soup, and tracts for feeders;
Some exercise their charity accusing
Their fellow Christians, and their faith abusing

Some exercise their horses running races,
And some their *members* running after places;
Some exercise the franchise, showing clearly
They prize it highly, for they price it dearly.

Some exercise their valour when they're drinking,
And some their bounty when their pulse is sinking;
Some exercise their prudence when folks press them,
To feel their pockets and prepare to bless them.

Thus ev'ry one takes exercise that suits him,
Or thinks it serves his purpose, or recruits him.
Each has his taste, his humour, whim, and fashion,
His clique, his club, his hobby, and his passion.

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SWEETS TO THE SWEET.*

'Tis sweet the evening bells to hear
Of village church—when not too near;
'Tis sweet to see, without a frown,
A kind old couple toddling down
The hill of life in peace together,
Regardless of the shortening tether;
'Tis sweet to sip a cup of Congo
When wine has made the head all wrong go;
'Tis sweet, in deserts parched, to drink
Cold water—when it does not stink;
'Tis sweet to hear one's first work praised,
To see a list'ning friend amazed,
To smell the dinner on the stairs
At half-past six, when one despairs;
'Tis sweet an ancient pile to view
With ivy wreathed; 'tis pleasant, too,
To see a round of beef well boiled,
Or sirloin roast, or steak well broiled;
'Tis sweet to dream of uncles old,
And dying aunts with lots of gold;
'Tis sweet to think we grow more wise
When Ratcliffe's page we cease to prize,
And turn to Malthus or to Hervey
For tombs and cradles topsy-turvey;
'Tis sweet to flatter one's dear self
With sentimental stuff—when pelf
Is passion, poetry romance,
And all our faith's in three per cents;
'Tis sweet to see an infant smile,
A maiden blush devoid of guile,
A youthful mother watch her child,
And view its little features mild;
'Tis sweet, says Tully, to relieve
The poor, to comfort those who grieve,
To heal the sick, to shield the stranger,
And snatch unwary youth from danger;
But sweeter far than this or aught
In life, with pleasing feelings fraught,
Is that unutterable joy
The man approves without alloy,
Who breaks the bond of slavery
And sets his fellow-mortal free.

* Specimen from an Unpublished Epic Poem.

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EXPOSTULATION AND AGITATION.

(Written during the Tithe Agitation).*

Are you wise or are you mad?
Will you never be content?
Have you ears for tidings glad?
"Tithes are nothing more than rent."
Swinish rabble, ever brawling,
Will you never be at rest?
"Rebels masked," for justice calling,
"All your wrongs have been redressed."

Have you not a poor-law, pray?
Thirty thousand troops at hand,
And the warlike Lord De Grey
Winning fame by sea and land?
Have you not a bill for branding
Weapons which your fathers bore
When the Volunteers were banding?
What the devil would you more?

Equal laws and no mistake,
Equal rights and nothing less;
Liberty for conscience' sake,
And for all wrongs redress.
Ample justice—howsoever
Whigs or Tories please to name it—
Up, Repealers! now or never
Is the time, like men, to claim it.

Men of England, tell us straight—
Men of Scotland, speak the truth—
Are we members of one State,
Subjects of one Queen forsooth?
Would you bear the ills which gall us
With unruffled breast or brow?
If we're brothers, as you call us,
Act by us like brothers now.

Mongrels of the Cromwell brood,
Swift of foot and keen of scent,
When the trail is one of blood,
How the chase affords content.
Civil war and all its woe,
Ever welcome, ever grateful,
Like the Franks of old, to you
Peace, of all things, is most hateful.

Fathers of the Irish Church,
Shun such friends, and strive in prayer;
Faction only seeks your porch
When its strength is spent elsewhere.
Landlords of the crimson'd soil,
Cries from earth are reaching heaven,
Uttered by the poor you spoil,
Or from house and home have driven.

* The Tithe Agitation culminated in 1831, during the Marquis of Anglesea's administration in Ireland, in open resistance to the hated impost, attendant with a lamentable loss of life both to the peasantry, by whom it was resisted, and to the police, by whom its enforcement was attempted, and led to the Tithe Composition Act. A full account of this epoch may be found in the two volumes of Mr. Wm. Fitzpatrick's valuable *Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle*.—Dublin, 1880.

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THE MEN OF "NINETY-EIGHT."

I.

'Tis the sunshine of Erin that glimmered of old
On the banners of green we have loved to behold,
On the Shamrock of Erin and the Emerald Isle.
Oh! sweet is the smile on the face of the land,
Where its beauty has struggled for ages with tears,
Where the dark gloom of bondage recedes from the strand,
And the Shamrock of Erin and the Emerald Isle.

II.

Her children are freemen, who slumbered in chains
When our fathers were up and defended our plains
From the tyrants who trampled the Emerald Isle;
But where are the men of the year Ninety-Eight?
The brave and the true men, and echo says where?
They speak not, they smile not, their sons are elate,
And they have not a word for the famous, nor a tear
For the men who defended the Emerald Isle.

III.

The cause it was treason of yore to maintain
Has triumphed at last over tyranny's reign,
And the badge of the brave is the shamrock so green;
But where are the brothers united the while?
I hear not their strains in our peals of applause;
Ah! call back the exile who loves the green Isle;
Oh! think on his comrades who died for the cause
Of the Emerald Isle and the Shamrock so green.

IV.

Oh! call back the exile, bid wisdom and worth
With McNevin revisit their place of their birth—
The land of dear Erin, the Emerald Isle.
Restore to us genius and virtue combined,
The Cato of Erin—her Emmet—recall:
Ah! warm is the wish, but their memories shrined,
In our hearts let them live, and be green there withal,
Like the Shamrock beloved of the Emerald Isle.

V.

Oh! think on the dead, and forget not the brave;
Remember the chivalry that sleeps in the grave—
Of Edward, the pride of the Emerald Isle.
We seek no revenge, and we need none 'tis true,
For none did avenge us as did Castlereagh;
We ask for the dead, but the tribute that's due
To our countrymen's worth, and we claim it this day,
For the memories dear to the Emerald Isle.

New York, 1840.

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AN EVICTION LAY.*

I.

Down with the cabins! Away with the poor!
Now on with the war of the clearance crusade;
Shatter each window and batter each door;
Hurrah for the work of the "Crowbar Brigade!"

II.

Up with the sledges, the structure is frail;
That crash tells how bravely the walls are assailed.
In at the beach! show the wretches who quail
The landlord has triumphed, his law has prevailed!

III.

Scatter the embers! the rafters must blaze,
The wreck of the roof must illumine the scene;
Drive out the wretches, in terror who gaze
On ruins that lately their homesteads have been.

IV.

Out with the squalor!—the brats at the breast,
The crones in the corner away must be borne;
Heed not the cry of the heart that's opprest,
The curse of the poor you can smile at in scorn!

V.

Wailings of women, the pitiful look
Of children appealing for mercy despise!
Ravings of frenzy must serve for a joke,
And anguish uncouth seem absurd in your eyes.

VI.

Break up the grounds that were heretofore tilled,
Pasture the beast where the peasant might live!
Poorhouses surely were made to be filled,
And the land is alone for the cattle to thrive.

VII.

Nothing is left of the homes of the poor
But desolate gables that point to the skies,
Destined like obelisks long to endure
Memorials of exploits to challenge surprise.

VIII.

Thus goes on the war of the clearance crusade,
The *rights* of the landlords must carry the day;
Their *duties* are done by the crowbar brigade,
Their deeds are recorded—and God will repay.

* Written in the Famine Year, 1849.

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THE EMIGRANTS.*

AIR—"By that Lake whose gloomy shore."

God be with you mother dear,
Wiristhroo! oh wiristhroo!
Must I go and leave you here,
Old and poor, and friendless too.

Kathleen, in the name of God,
Fly the famine land; this day
Thousands lie beneath the sod,
In their youth, love!—swept away.

'Tis a wretched land indeed,
But it is our country sure;
And 'tis sad to seek one's bread
Far from kith and kin, asthore.

Oh, my child, a land, I fear,
Where the wrath of God and man
Falls, as it hath fallen here,
Ev'ry one must flee who can.

Well I know its fated doom;
But my father's grave is here,
And my mother's hearth and home,
Tho' now desolate and drear.

Age and sorrow home have none,
But the young with hearts that glow,
Thro' the Blessed Mary's Son,
One will find where'er they go.

To your loving breast once more,
Where in infancy I lay,
Mother dear, to thy heart's core
Press me closer still I pray.

Kathleen, with this last embrace,
Take my blessing darling now,
God of glory give you grace!
All good angels go with you!

Written on return from Australia, 1850.

* An almost literal version of one of these affecting parting scenes of our peasantry—the separation of young and old, parents and children, the loving and the loved, the hopeful and the hopeless, the hale and the decrepit; scenes now of such frequent occurrence at many of the stations of our principal railway lines, and which I have observed with pain, on more than one occasion, productive of amusement for our tourists.

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THE CELTIC RACE.

The Celtic race must yield its place;
Exile or death must end it here;
By flight or famine every trace
Of the old stock must disappear.

II.

"The Irish foe"—the Celt must go,
He shall not live in his own land;
The *Times* has said "it must be so,"
Man's rights and Nature's laws are bann'd.

III.

The landlord's code—that writ in blood—
Works well; the poor, indeed, decrease.
The Whigs have made a solitude,
And call the desolation—peace.

IV.

Our Saxon lords would turn their swords
To plough shares in this crimson'd soil,
And clear it of its Celtic hordes
To plant anew the ravaged Isle.

V.

This land of graves, of famished slaves,
To "Law and Order" yields once more;
"The Irish foe" is crushed, he craves
Admission at the poorhouse door.

1849.

ERIN TO HER SISTER.

The dragon-crested policy that made
A Nation's creed and origin a crime;
The sceptre sword—the Church and State stockade;
The Pale—its wars—the Razeès of our clime;
The truce that gave an interval to prime
And load the laws, and confiscate the Isle:
These were your gifts of government;—and time
Matured the seeds you scattered in our soil,—
Seeds, like the serpent's teeth, which yielded strife and spoil.

* Lines written for title page of a work on *Penal Laws, Lisbon*, 1844.

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THE REBEL'S FAREWELL.*

I.

The heart that's grieving,
Still fondly cleaving
To hopes deceiving
That bloom no more,
Recalls each pleasure,
Reclaims life's treasure,
Love's own large measure
Of joys of yore.

II.

If stars which sever
Unite us never,
Oh! then for ever
One last farewell!
When tears are starting,
One cup at parting
Should soothe its smarting—
Its gloom dispel.

III.

New cares come o'er us,
New scenes before us,
Frail hopes that bore us
We now must view—
In fragments broken,
The wreck's sad token
Of lovet hat's spoken
Its last adieu.

IV.

No more fond dreaming
Of bright eyes beaming,
With rapture streaming,
And love's own light;
To friends united,
By vows fast plighted,
The cause now blighted—
Vain hopes, good night!

* Among the papers in my possession of the unfortunate young Felix Bourke (executed in 1803), there is a letter of his written during his confinement in 1798, addressed to a young lady to whom he was attached, informing her that the Government had consented to his release and that of several of his companions, on condition of their expatriating themselves. He communicates the news of his expected exile in a strain of grief and gladness, of love and patriotism, of boyish levity and deep pathos. His letter suggested the foregoing lines, written in the measure of Curran's Song of the Deserter.

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V.

Yet grief is fitting,
The exile's flitting,
His country quitting—
Friends, house, and home.
The cause that vaunted
Its chiefs undaunted—
The seeds they planted,
They yet shall bloom.

VI.

If youth for gladness,
If age for sadness
Be made, what madness
To be cast down;
There's work remaining,
An end for gaining,
And for attaining,
Still left undone.

THE BELLE OF THE OCEAN.

The traveller may boast of the clime of the East,
He may rave about Naples and Rome,
He may range the wide world all his fancies to feast,
And forget all the pleasures of home.
Tho' sweet are the shores and ambrosial the gale
Of the soil and its bright summer sea,
The glare of its beauty shall never prevail
O'er thine, dearest Erin, with me.

The poet may dream of Arcadian delights,
And illumine his page with the glow
Of a sunrise in Greece, when Apollo alights
On Olympus in vesture of snow.
I care not for Phœbus, I court not a beam
Of his beauty, however divine;
Of sunshine and splendour abroad be his dream,
But thou, dearest Erin, be mine!

Let Byron awaken the heart-stirring lyre,
And the beauty impassioned proclaim
Of belles Oriental, whose features inspire,
Ev'ry breast at a glance with a flame.
The beam unabashed of the dark-rolling eye
Is a thing for which poets may pine,
And beauty, far distant, extol to the sky,
But thine, dearest Erin, be mine.

St. Leonard's, 1830.

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THE DAY THAT IS TO COME.*

Once more the torch of Freedom burns,
The glorious flame revives,
The light of life to earth returns,
And liberty still lives!
The sundered chain is linked in vain
Again to bind the brave,
It cannot bind a Nation's mind
New risen from the grave.

The time of strife and raid is gone,
Oppression's reign is o'er,
And smiles for ages past unknown
Poor Erin wears once more.
Her day is come, and night's long gloom,
With all its grief is past,
The harp that slept so long is swept
By Freedom's sons at last.

No more shall faction rear its crest,
Revile us and upbraid,
And while it tramples the opprest,
Still vaunt of brand and blade.
A nobler boast shall be our toast,
Oblivion for the past,
United hands, and hearts, and friends,
In triumph joined at last.

If yet on earth no other shrine
Of liberty were known,
My own beloved land, but thine,
I still would bow me down.
Where moral might sustain the Right,
A Nation's mind commands,
When millions feel their country's weal
Is in their peaceful hands.

EPITOME OF IRISH HISTORY.†

God made the land, and all His works are good;
Man made the laws, and all they breath'd was blood.
Unhallowed annals of six hundred years—
A code of blood—a history of tears.

* A Day-dream, 1848.
† Lines written for title page of an essay on the *History of Ireland*, 1845.

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THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

God speed the cause, the righteous cause,
Of Liberty and Peace,
And bless the land with equal laws,
And bid injustice cease.

Protect religion's freedom, Lord,
From fatal gifts and guile,
And weapon, deadly as the sword —
The Courtier's crafty wile.

From all connection with the State
Its independence guard,
Six hundred years' resisted hate
And brave defence reward.

The spotless hind keep undefiled
From every sordid strain,
And priests and prelates unbeguile l
By governmental gain.

Thy sacred Truth their treasure be,
Thy wisdom their defence,
And its great riches set them free
From thoughts of Pounds and pence.

Thy altars as of old sustained,
Thy pastors by the flock;
And by the fold the Church maintained
That's built upon the Rock.

Thy sacred temple evermore,
Though lowly it may be,
Preserve from every splendid lure
And leave it poor—but free.

Its altar never be profaned
By pensioned priests, I pray,
Nor served by ministers maintained
In any Statesman's pay.

1841.

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ON REVISITING KILRONAN AFTER A LAPSE OF MANY YEARS.

Time, it would seem, deals leniently with things
  Sacred to genius and religion's name,
And leaves the gorgeous palaces of kings
  No such enduring monument of fame:
But thy old walls, Kilronan, are the same
  Unchanging ruins I beheld them last,
When five-and-twenty years ago I came
  And pondered o'er these records of the past,
Written in stone that age had overcast.

The same old ivy clings to thy grey stones,
  And this unfading drapery of yore
The gothic arch and sculptur'd casement crowns,
  And shrouds these sacred walls as heretofore;
These hallowed graves the cyprus still waves o'er.
  Before thee now in peaceful slumber lies
The tranquil lake, and on the noiseless shore
  The pilgrim stands, and vainly turns his eyes
Where our last minstrel's monument *should* rise.*

But thine, sweet bard, is in a people's core,
  And there enshrined in memory shall be
When old Kilronan's ruins are no more,
  And not one stone is left to speak of thee.
Yet are these ruins, even in decay,
  Worthy to be the shrine of such remains,
Though even here the spoiler dared to lay
  His ruthless hand on all that earth retains
Of one who filled our country with his strains.

Here by his grave the honoured patrons rest—
  The old kind friends, whose well-known hearths and homes
Full many a time and oft his footsteps prest,
  And now, when all is silent as these tombs,
They too, and all that once was theirs, are gone;
  Or if a remnant of the land that looms
Around me still is left from sire to son,
  The wreck of ancient property becomes
A prey which law to desolation dooms.

Here is the grave of ancestors of mine,
  The long last home of my maternal race;
Those in whose halls the minstrel oft resigned
  His soul to song, and all his cares would chase.
Oh! what a change has fallen on this place—
  These scattered stones denoting its extent,
Are all that's left of Lyonstown to trace
  The spot where one, whose memory is blent
With every thought of mine, her youth had spent.

* Carolan's remains were buried within the ruined walls of Kilronan Church. I remember about thirty years ago seeing the head, which was pointed out by tradition as that of Carolan, carefully preserved in a niche in one of the old walls with a piece of ribbon affixed to it. It exists there no longer.—E. E. M.

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Oh! while I linger midst those sites it seems
The current swells that circles in my veins.
These ruins speak of old ancestral themes,
Dreams of the past ill-suited to the scenes
Must soon be mine, where strife for ever reigns
Where man in ruins, trampled and opprest,
Holds forth his hands and glances at his chains,
And that appeal, I feel hath reached my breast,
And every feeling of my heart possessed.

Before departure for Africa in 1841.

RESURGET.*

Oh! Erin my country, the gloom
On thy brow tells of anguish and woe;
But the darkness that's there, not like that of the tomb,
Lies on features yet destined to glow.

All sorely aggrieved as thou art,
Robbed of Freedom, of Land, and of Lore,
I yet cling to the hope, that the pulse of thy heart,
And thy courage shall beat high once more.

I cannot believe 'tis thy fate
To go down in the wreck with the foe,
With the might and dominion so boundless of late,
And the pride that shall yet be laid low.

To the car of the despot though chained,
While his strength and resources endure,
Not bound to his corpse, as the tyrant ordained,
Shall thou be, like the victim of yore.

Oh! Erin my country so wrong'd,
All redress must we hope from the Lord,
For thy terrible annals of suff'rings prolonged
Have not shaken my faith in His Word.

In the Creed and the Cause, alike blest,
Of the Patriot Christian despair
Finds no place, and religion alone can invest
Love of country with courage so rare.

* Lines written to encourage Irishmen to hope, even against hope, for their country, after reading the mournful poem of Thomas Furlong, supposed to have been written the night after the Union.

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FAREWELL LINES TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Farewell, sweet solace of the careworn breast,
The wearied mind and energies op'rest,
The student's vigils, and his lonesome life,
The traveller's toil, and each profession's strife!
Farewell, lov'd muse of poetry long woo'd—
Fair lady of the stripling's heart imbued
With all illusions—and the brightest, yet,
Though fast to fade, still latest to forget.

Of me no gift can be reclaimed of thine,
At least my homage was not at thy shrine
For inspiration, but for instinct meet,
To prize in others gifts like thine, replete
With glorious attributes,—to find the same
Old traits of time's undeadliness and fame
In Dante's visions, and in Shakespeare's lore,
And Chaucer's quaint and graphic strains of yore.

With pride to trace them in the works of friends,
Whose fame with ties of old acquaintance blends
With Campbell's name, Beranger's, Moore's, and though
The last, not least revered, with Beattie's too.
Farewell, lov'd muse! 'tis time we parted now,
When clouds and gloom are gathering on my brow
And sickness dulls my spirit, and a change
Comes o'er my dream of life that's passing strange!

1880.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A ZEALOT.

"Meekness and mild benignity, good Sir,
Become a churchman better than contention:
Win erring souls with charity. 'Tis not
With bitter words and controversial wars—
With haughty looks and spiritual pride
In sanctimonious guise—with taunts and tones
That give offence—the work of Christ is done."
From an old Spanish Drama of Don Ricardo Roberto.

I.

Oh! would to God self-righteous zealots tried
To show how nearly sects might coincide,
And not how widely diff'ring, they agreed
To differ only—heart and soul, and creed!

II.

Oh! would to God that all sectarian lore
Taught Christian men to love each other more,
And hate each other less for the defects
Of mere opinion, judged by wrangling sects.

III.

Oh! would to God intolerance was deemed
More than a crime, a blunder—and it seemed
Experience brought mankind at last to feel
Earth's greatest curse was fierce, untempered zeal.

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

To Bethlehem! your transports bring
This blessed Christmas morn!
To harp and timbrel sacred sing
This day the Christ was born!
Emanuel was born!
This blessed day
Of Jubilee,
The Son of God was born!

II.

Angelic anthems fill the skies,
And joys of earth in turn,
In canticles of praise arise
To greet the Christmas morn,
The day that Christ was born!
O, joyous strain
Break forth again!—
This day the Christ was born!

III.

Ye everlasting gates lift up,
To Christ we come this morn
To eat the bread and drink the cup
Of life itself new born.
O, woe to them who scorn
The Lamb of God,
Who shed his blood
This blessed Christmas morn!

IV.

The Father gave his only Son
To save a world forlorn:
His holy will on earth was done
The day the Christ was born!
O, greet that blessed morn
The Lamb of God,
Who shed his blood
For sinful man, was born!

V.

O, let the Church of God rejoice!
Proclaim the cross this morn,
Hosannas loud in ev'ry voice,
The holy one is born!
To us a child is born!
O, breathe again!
That blessed strain,
This day the Christ was born!

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POEMS WRITTEN AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF LIFE—SOME FURTHER SELECTIONS.

DANTE'S CREED.

"Nel mezzo del cammino di nostra vita
Mi retrovai par una silva oscura,
Che la dirretta via era unarrita:
E' quanto a dir, qual era e causa dura
Questa sielva selvaggio, ed asper e porte
Che nel pensier rinnuova la paura."

Dante's Inferno—Canto I.

As we advance midway in our career,
Each onward step makes our experience wear
A graver aspect, and more enlarged,
With deeper trials is that experience charged—
Dante has drawn a picture of the strife
And length'ning shadows of the passing life;
But he, of mortal minstrels first and best,
Was not content to paint them, he addrest
His mighty genius to the cause of those
Gigantic ills which war with our repose.

Strong in the faith of his Italian sires—
In silent meditation—his desires
Were prayers for knowledge, in the midst of all
Surrounding darkness, discord, spirit-thrall;
Fain would he know why so much evil reigned
Throughout the land and triumphed unrestrained.

* * * * *

But Dante found assurance for his Faith
Where thousands falter, faint, or lose its path:
One steadfast thought prevailed in his mind,
Pervading ev'ry page he wrote we find.

* * * *

That ancient Church was surely founded well
On Christ's own promise that "the gates of hell
Shall not prevail against it." Wind and rain
May beat upon that House of God in vain;
Though human passions, furnished with the power
To mar its beauty, in an evil hour
The outward structure may profane; yet more
Than human strength preserved its shrines of yore,
And still protects them from the worst of all
The ills that can Religion's rule befall;
But God sets bounds to malice, and confines
Within those limits its perverse designs.
The Church of Christ that's militant on earth,
Battling with all abuses from its birth—
Scandals, reproach, dissembled zeal and doubt,
Weakness within and wickedness without;
Founded on Peter, there it stands secure,—
"The Rock of Ages"—destined to endure,
Shall reign triumphant with its Spouse Divine,
And this was Dante's Creed—and it is mine.

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LINES ON A DEATH-BED SCENE.*

Somni leves, quanquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen tori,
Alma quies, optata veni, nam sic sine vita
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.
T. WARTON.

Come not here in angnish wailing,
Spirit-stricken, broken-hearted,
Steeped in sadness unavailing,
For a sainted soul departed!

Not like those who sorrow grieving,
Without hope, the death-bed tending;
But as mourners feel, believing
Angels o'er that couch are bending!

Calm in death our friend is lying,
Placid, still, as infant sleeping;
Holy living, holy dying,
All throughout in perfect keeping.

Solemn stillness, rest unbroken
Ev'ry feature overcasting,
Type of Christian death and token
Of the peace that's everlasting

Here the just man lies, retaining
Well-known traits of meditation,
Wrapt in prayer, the soul remaining
All absorbed in contemplation.

At the Virgin's shrine while kneeling,
Thus he looked, in trance assuming
Traits like those of death revealing
Spirit-life, that face illuming.

Thus in life he looked—emotion,
Passion, self, subdued completely;
Soul-enraptured, mute devotion,
With its God communing sweetly.

Wake our Christian brother duly,
Sacred rite and ministration,
Blending prayer and gladness holy
Mingling tears with consolation.

Friends of worth and goodness gather
Round his bier! Affliction's drooping
Children, mourning friend and father,
Hither come, in silence grouping!

Friends, the white-plumed hearse who follow,
Come not here lamenting errors;
Call to mind the deeds that hallow
Death, and triumph o'er its terrors!

* On the death of the author's cousin, James Murphy Esq., at Mount Merrion, on the 7th January 1860.

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GRACE.

The Grace of God is all my prayer:
To whom that grace is given
Whate'er he wants on earth is there,
And all he needs for heaven.

All virtues doth that gift comprise,
And everyone enforce;
Faith, Hope, and Charity arise
From that one blessed source.

Could "Faith alone" all wants supply,
Would men have falsified
The Word of God, and forged a lie
To suit their wretched pride?

It is not Hope devoid of fear,
Or fear alone avails,
Or zealot's boast, or changling's tear,
That serves when sin assails.

It is not Charity, apart
From Faith and Hope, which brings
That love divine that must revert
To him who gave it wings.

A simple mind, a contrite heart,
An ardent soul be mine!
Thy Grace, O Lord! in these impart,
And all I need of Thine!

Havana—Cuba, 1838.

AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

To Thee, all-wise and sovereign Lord on High,
In my great need and wretchedness I cry
For grace that Thy most holy will alone
In ev'ry thought and act of mine be done!
To feel the highest wisdom, here below,
To Thy good will and pleasure is to bow;
To bear with trouble, suff'ring, sickness, pain,
As sent in mercy, haply to restrain,
Reprove, or chasten; missives not of wrath,
But love that all a father's fondness hath.

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Come to me, my good God! in mercy's guise,
To soothe and comfort; gladden these dim eyes
With the bright vision of Thy glory, Lord,
Revealed in Christ, in Him to be adored.
To suffer for the sake of Christ I'll strive,
And thus from sickness labour to derive
Blessings that health itself might not procure,
Nor wealth command, nor power on earth insure.
Give me, my God, all suff'rings here of mine
To turn to good account, by grace divine.

3, *Vernon Terrace, Booterstown.*

LINES WRITTEN IN JERUSALEM.

(PART II.)*

Far from my bosom be the pride refined
Of that affected purity of mind
Which fain would spurn devotion from the tomb
Of Him who died to mitigate our doom!
Far from me may that apathy still be,
Assumed or not, which scorns to bend the knee
Where the Redeemer hung upon the Cross
For man's atonement, and for Eden's loss!

Still, while I take my solitary round,
Survey the wonders of this sacred ground,
Shrink at the gloom which overhangs the wall,
And mark the silence that prevails o'er all;
Tread on the heaps long trodden down of old
By raging bigot, or invaders bold,
Pause to refer each ruin to the work
Of time or war, of Titus or the Turk;—
Still, thoughtless as I am, emotions rise
Sceptic or stoic would in vain disguise.

And though the wreck of matter all around
Failed to excite a sense of awe profound,
The scenes connected with salvation rise
And soothe the prospect with celestial dyes.
Here is that Mount of Olives, ever fair,
That Garden of Gethsemane, still here;
Here is that Bethany where Mary grieved,
And Jesus wept, and Lazarus revived;
Here is that Bethlehem where godlike love
First deigned to dawn a beacon from above;
And here that Calvary, where mercy gave
The blood of life to triumph o'er the grave.

Jerusalem, 1826.

* Vide p. 45.

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WEAKNESS.

I know I am all weakness, Lord!
All wretchedness and need;
And not one act, or thought, or word
Of mine deserves Thy heed.

I know, my God, that sin is death,
And yet I live in sin;
Contemn the world, yet seek its breath,
And strive its praise to win.

I know my passions war with peace,
And still in bonds remain;
Condemn the slave, but do not cease
To wear the odious chain.

I know, my God, Thy sacred law,
And feel it should prevail,
But fear it not, and stand in awe
Of man's opinion frail.

I know, except in Christ alone,
There is not under heaven
A name whereby salvation's boon
To fallen man is given!

And yet I murmur at the cross,
And shrink at slander's aim,
And, wretched pride, would risk the loss
Of Christ for sake of fame!

But still unworthy as I am,
And mindless of Thy care,
My faith unshaken in the Lamb
Preserves me from despair!

Prone as I am to earth, my God,
My spirit soars above;
Thy justice hitherto its rod,
Its staff is now Thy love!

Thy grace alone doth kindle now
The flame whose fervour giveth
The joy that's mine, because I know
That my Redeemer liveth.

Havana, 1838.

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LINES

(Written on the Eve of New-Year's Day).

I.

Another year is gone: its heir is come,
Onward, still onward, hastening to the tomb,
The same dull, measured tread of Time beat o'er
Still meets the ear that mark'd its course of yore.
But nearer now the solemn footsteps fall
Around our hearths, our homes, our hopes withal,
And there, death even, it will come to pass,
Will yet be found too well known, alas!

II.

Onward, still onward, marching to the tomb,
Man, at each step that nears his long last home,
Drags on a lengthen'd chain of hopes deceived,
And there at last arrives of all bereaved.
Upward, now upward, where the spirit soars
And gains those heights philosophy explores,
Each downward glance reveals a world of snares,
Vain projects, small ambitions, sordid cares.

III.

But higher, still more heavenward, the soul
Must rise from earth to reach its destined goal,
Where Time is merged in God's Eternity,
And "Death is swallowed up in Victory."
There, and there only, shall we cease to mourn
The loved ones lost on earth, and there return
That living love we felt could never be
Enjoyed by us, on earth, sufficiently.

1857.

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

How oft, O God, in danger's day
I've called upon Thy Name,
And bowed the long-unbended knee
Thy mercy still to claim!

How oft, O God, when worldly care
Or sickness pressed me down,
My every hope was winged on prayer
To Thy eternal throne!

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But when the time of trouble ceased,
And joy and peace returned,
How soon from perils once released,
The hand that saved was spurned!

The succour sought in trials sore
Was scoffed at in my pride,
And wrath divine, appeased once more,
But slept, to be defied.

How long, my God, will pride prevail?
How long will love endure?
Thy pity feel for one so frail,
And plead for one so poor?

How long, O God, will justice sleep?
How long will mercy last?
How long ere penitence can weep
Enough to drown the past?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

Sons and daughters of all nations,
Come with joyous acclamations!
Come, this blessed Christmas morn,
Praise and homage to return
For God's greatest boon to earth—
Thanks for our Redeemer's birth!

II.

Come with joyous transports holy,
Love and gratitude most duly
Render for this gift of heav'n—
The Son of God in mercy giv'n
To man—The Christ of Virgin born—
Blessed be this Christmas morn!

III.

Come with canticles of praise,
And joyance in those Christmas lays,
That treat of the alliance blest
Of Christ with man, in whose behest
The wond'rous union Heav'n directed
Was on this festival effected.

IV.

Christmas-day comes ever meetly,
All its sounds breathe music sweetly,
All it's blessed influences
Soothe man's spirit, soul, and senses;
Christmas chimes and intonations
All of joy are inspirations.

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IN MEMORIAM MISERICORDIÆ DIVINÆ.

O Jesus! Blessed Jesus!—evermore
Be that sweet name of Thine in my heart's core,
And on my lips oft daily, I implore,
O God of love!

In all temptations, every grief and care,
In time of trouble, doubt, distrust, despair,
That sacred name—my theme of praise or pray'r
Still may it prove;

My shield from sin, from all the ills of life,
The evil growths of passion, pride, or strife,
With which this mortal pilgrimage is rife,
Beset from youth.

I will not fear, when I invoke Thy name,
My faith in Thee and in Thy Church proclaim,
Though all the world in opposition came,
Against Thy truth.

O Jesus! Blessed Jesus! at the hour
Of death, when speech shall fail, still leave me pow'r
To bear that name in mind, and love it more
Than speech reveals;

To feel the heavenly influence in my soul
When earth has nothing in it to console
And cheer the parting spirit, and control
The pangs it feels.

Then, Jesus! Blessed Jesus! on Thy death
And on Thy Cross—on her who stood beneath
In anguish—let me think, and gaze in faith
On Calvary.

I ask no other blessing, and need none
My utmost hopes of happiness to crown
With those on earth most lov'd before Thy throne,
My God, to be!

30th October 1868.

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IN MEMORIAM MISERICORDIÆ DIVINÆ.

Hail, Blessed Virgin! Holy Mary, hail!
To love and honour Thee, how can I fail,
If I adore thy Son, and would prevail
With Him in prayer?

What intercession can there be like thine,
So worthy to approach the throne divine
Of grace, all wants and miseries of mine
To plead for there?

The angel's salutation in our ears
Sounds like the sweetest melody: it bears
A message from the Lord on high, that cheers
The heart of man.

Oh! thou art "full of grace;" no child of earth
So spotless ever mother did bring forth,
So pure, and so Immaculate from birth!
That wondrous plan.

Mercy divine reveal'd, and will'd that grace
And nature's union should in thee take place,
Most perfect, sinless of the human race,
Humble and meek!

"Our life, our sweetness, and our hope!" to thee
We fly for refuge in our misery;
Thy Son our Saviour is with thee, and we
That Saviour seek.

In our last moments, blessed Mary, plead;
"For us, poor sinners," deign to intercede!
Jesus and Mary, be these words decreed
The last I speak.

R. R. M.

3, *Vernon Terrace, Booterstown*, 30*th October* 1868.

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CHAPTER XXII.

PUBLICATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

In 1842 was published the first series of the *History of the United Irishmen*, which may be regarded as the *magnum opus* of the author, and that by which his reputation is most likely to be preserved. To some it may perhaps seem "a fond belief" that the memory of the man whose career forms the subject of these pages, is likely to survive the times in which he lived and moved. Nevertheless, the editor ventures to think that as the historian of the *United Irishmen*, the name of Richard Robert Madden will be found worthy of a place in the wide roll of Irish literary celebrities, if erudition, love of country, painstaking accuracy, and zeal, devoted to the rescue from oblivion of an important portion of its history, may afford any claims to estimation there. To that work Dr. Madden dedicated many years of labour, and its completion was accomplished at a sacrifice of personal interests which few other writers have similarly endured.* In these volumes was for the first time accurately traced the history of the culmination of the long period of sectarian ascendancy and misrule in Ireland in the insurrections of 1798 and 1803. Born himself in the midst of the scenes of '98; familiar from his youth with many of the participators in that uprising, he possessed special qualifications for the task of rescuing their memories from oblivion, vindicating their motives, and pointing out the lessons to be learned from the events he described.

Long before the publication of the first series of the *United Irishmen* in 1842, the author had been occupied in gathering, abroad and at home, the information contained in these volumes. As he subsequently stated in the prospectus to the concluding volumes of the last edition, published in 1861:—

"Four-and-twenty years have elapsed since the collection of the materials for this work was commenced by the author in America,

* To obtain a hearing for the true history of the events connected with the Irish Insurrection of 1798, no small detriment was sustained by Dr. Madden. Thus the failure of a publisher, &c., entailed an expenditure of upwards of five hundred pounds on the author. Moreover, from 1842 to 1847 he suffered deprivation of employment in the Colonial service, in which his previous appointment was one of £1400 a year, and the cessation of which was directly and entirely due to the publication of the *History of the United Irishmen* (vide appendix). These circumstances were alluded to in the prospectus of the last edition, in which he merely observed:—"It is sufficient to say that great sacrifices, into which it is unnecessary to enter, have been made by the writer to accomplish a task which he believed it was advantageous for his country to have undertaken."

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where several of the leaders of the Society of United Irishmen were then living. Similar materials were afterwards secured for it on the continent; and from the surviving actors in the struggles of 1798 and 1803, and from their friends and relatives, abroad and at home, a vast amount of original information, and a great number of authentic documents, the most important that have ever been obtained are embodied in these pages. Most of the persons from whom they were procured have passed away since the commencement of these labours; and had such a publication as the present been much longer delayed, the opportunity would have been lost of obtaining that information; and the history of one of the most important periods of British rule in Ireland must have remained involved in the darkness and confusion by which ignorance, prejudice, and misrepresentation had surrounded it. The materials for the biographies of those whose memories are included in the present volumes have been placed in the author's hands, either by their immediate relatives or by friends who had been intimately connected with them in private life, or in their political projects. It is the belief and hope of the narrator that the time has arrived when the history of the United Irishmen may be written without provoking the rancour of persons opposed to their principles, or lacerating the feelings of their surviving relatives. The main purpose of this work has been to obtain a hearing at home and abroad for the true history of the Rebellion of 1798, the causes of its provocation, the calamities it occasioned, and the wrongs which the Irish people endured during that period at the hands of a bad government, a bigoted oligarchy, a privileged faction, a corrupt parliament, and an army let loose upon that people, which was formidable, in the words of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, '*to every one but the enemy.*' A work of this kind, faithfully executed, the writer believed, was calculated to be serviceable by preventing the possibility of a recurrence to the system of misrule which prevailed in Ireland in times past, by exhibiting the evils of bad government—the necessitated agency of spies, mercenary informers, and sanguinary adherents—by exposing the wickedness of exasperating popular irritation, or fomenting rebellion for State purposes, and then employing savage and inhuman means to defeat it. This history, he believed, was calculated to turn men from ill-considered projects against oppression, showing by the experience of the past, that unsuccessful efforts against misrule never fail to give new strength to despotism. It was calculated, he thought, to convince the people of the folly of entering into secret associations, with the idea of keeping plans against oppression unknown, through the instrumentality of oaths and tests, by setting forth the manifold dangers in such times as those of 1798, to which misguided patriotism is exposed from temptations to treachery on the part of associates. The author, in fine, believed

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that the *History of the Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, embracing a succinct account of the crimes and sufferings connected with the provocation and suppression of the Rebellion of 1798, could not fail to render any future attempt to establish another Irish reign of terror utterly abortive."

The first series was published in 1842; the second in 1843; the third in 1846. The whole work comprised seven vols. octavo. The mode of publication made it impossible to arrange the materials, which came to the writer's hands from different countries during those intervening years, with sufficient order. Notwithstanding, the *History of the United Irishmen* was eminently successful. It has been long out of print; and frequent demands for it have been made for several years past from Australia, Canada, and the United States, as well as England. The unsettled state of the law of copyright has been productive of much injury to the author and his work in America. It has been pirated and re-printed there in various forms. Elsewhere the same unauthorized use has been made of his labours. These circumstances led to the appearance of a new edition commenced in 1858. This has been carefully revised and enlarged by the addition of much new documentary and other authentic information, and entirely re-arranged so as to bring the matter of the original series of seven volumes, as well as the additional materials, now first published, into four volumes, each complete (and containing nearly double the amount of matter of any volume of the former edition).

The historical value of *The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen* has been well recognized by almost every subsequent writer on this subject.

A recent French historian, M. Guillon, in his erudite work, entitled *La France et L'Irlande Pendant la Revolution*, pays the following tribute to this History of '98:—

"As to the United Irishmen, their history has been narrated in a book which we cannot but borrow from, unless by pretending to re-write it—namely, that published by Dr. Richard Madden, entitled *The United Irishmen*. This work, dedicated to Lord Brougham, was published in series: the first in 1842, the second in 1843, and the third in 1846. A second edition of the whole was given in 1858, the fourth volume of which appeared in 1860. Besides these, the author has left a collection of numerous and hitherto unpublished documents. The work of Madden is at once the most complete and the most graphic that can be consulted on this subject. It is written with the exactitude of a historian, and, moreover, with the ardour of an Irish Nationalist."*

* La France et L'Irlande Pendant la Revolution, Par E. Guillon, Avec une Preface par M. Hippolyte Carnot, p. 11. Paris, 1888.

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that party should now wince and tremble at the just retribution of history. The bad deeds of those unhappy times should be held up to the execration of mankind as a warning to deter men from repeating them, and the way in which you are doing so is honourable to you, and will be, I hope, useful to the world.

I see you have quoted from a review written by me upon Sir John Moore's life. The facts I have related there are all taken from that great and good man's papers, and are strictly correct. It is difficult for me to add to your information, but it would be well to notice one matter in reference to Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Credit is given to Lord Camden for feelings of commiseration towards Lady Louisa Connolly when she applied to him in vain for leave to see her dying nephew, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Lord Clare is accused of harsh and stern indifference to her prayers. Now it is just the reverse. Lord Camden displayed the most callous indifference to her misery, and Lord Clare showed great feeling and warmth and delicacy of character.

I have no liking for either, and as a politician I abhor Lord Clare the most, because of his actions and energy in evil; whereas Lord Camden was a mere fool, with the fibres of intellect insensible to external objects. But truth is truth, and Lord Clare behaved like a man of feeling and generosity on that occasion. Lady Louisa Connolly, having her niece, Miss Emily Napier, with her, went to Lord Camden and prayed him long and earnestly, in vain, to let her visit Lord Edward Fitzgerald in his prison. When she came to her carriage she said, with a violence of feeling the more remarkable from its contrast with the sedate and tranquil dignity which belonged to her character—"I, who never before kneeled to aught but my God, grovelled at that man's feet in vain."

From the Castle she drove to Lord Clare's house. He was at dinner, but he came out instantly to her carriage, having his napkin in his hand. She asked him for an order to see Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He said "he could not give her one, it had been so settled;" but seeing the strong emotion excited by the answer, he added, abruptly—"But I can go with you, and let you into the jail." Then jumping into the carriage, having his napkin still in his hand, he drove to the jail, introduced her, and after some time came out to Miss Napier, and said—"Lady Louisa will be here a long time; it is not fitting you should remain here. I will remain with her." And then placing a police officer behind the carriage to protect it, he sent Miss Napier home, returned to the outer room of Lord Edward's prison, and remained for three or four hours, waiting Lady Louisa's time of departure.

I have the honour to be, dear sir,
Your obedient servant,
W. NAPIER.

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(To Sir W. Napier from R. R. M.)

43, Sloane-square, Chelsea, August 28th, 1842.

Dear Sir,—Your note of the 14th instant I can truly say afforded me as much gratification as I can derive from any circumstance connected with my late undertaking. To learn that I have not failed in my efforts to promote the ends of humanity and justice, is indeed the highest praise I could aspire to. I hardly hoped in any quarter to find my motives for undertaking this work rightly appreciated, and not the less so from a sense of the inadequate powers I brought to the performance of it. The motives which induced me to put together these memorials of *The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, you will readily believe, were not actuated by considerations of pecuniary advantage. The choice of my subject, the repugnance to it of the public taste in England, I need hardly say are conclusive as to my views in that respect. If my object had been to promote my interests in official quarters, as a person employed for the last nine years in the public service, and reasonably expecting still to be so, the method I have taken of enhancing my claims at the present moment must appear somewhat questionable, and the disclosures I have made less likely to propitiate the favour of the men who are, than those who were, in Downing-street twelve months ago. A portion of the Press, and I am sorry to say even of the Liberal Press of London, represent my object to be mischievous, and reprobate; the act of referring to the atrocities of "'98" as a renewal of painful recollections that ought to be buried in oblivion.

The burying in oblivion of the wrongs of the injured is one of those benevolent recommendations whose cheap charity is intended to cover a multitude of sins, for a more tender regard for character than actual concern for the ills that have been inflicted or endured. These writers have no objection to the history of any other portion of the globe, but there is something sacred in atrocities perpetrated in Ireland. Such events are regarded by too many in England with a kind of indefinite feeling of pride and prejudice, and with only a vague recollection of the wrongdoers having been originally of their own land and lineage, and of the old plea for plunder and oppression, the barbarity of the spoiled and the enslaved having been at all times held entitled to respect. These gentlemen seem to think that the laws of God and man may be outraged with impunity, if a decent covering is only thrown over the enormities, and once they had been shrouded by oblivion, that it was an act of indecorum to lift the pall.

The history of the Rebellion of 1798, however, seemed to me to be the great Morgue of the talent and enthusiasm, as well as of the crimes and cruelties of our unhappy country, where its children

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had to seek out their dead, and to separate the remains of those they loved and honoured from the common mass of festering mortality. There is a mawkish sensibility prevalent which resembles the intense selfishness of Goethe in his latter years, who never allowed his friends or domestics to speak in his presence, or of his family of any calamity that might have happened in the neighbourhood. He could pour out tears, or cause those of others to flow over the romantic sorrows of his Werter; but he had none to shed for the real miseries of life around him, and rather than pain his feelings, he thought it better to withold assistance from them. Really this is the spirit which unfortunately still seems to actuate some Englishmen when they hear of the wrongs that have been inflicted on our people, and shrug their shoulders and ask with apparent surprise—"Will that people never be at peace? Will they ever have wisdom?" Such is the language of the *Literary Gazette*, the *Spectator*, the *Despatch*, the *Atlas*, all papers more or less of Liberal politics. The fact is, they do not love Orangeism: its orgies to them are at times a little too incomprehensible to be objects of unmixed admiration, but there is no mistake about the ill repute of the mere Irishry.

It is not that they have any peculiar affection for the Sirrs, Sandys, Swans, the Beresfords, Castlereaghs, the Reynolds, the Verners, Rodens, or Bradshaws, but that they have a mortal antipathy to the Irish people. Other motives have been attributed to me somewhat more preposterous than any I have taken the trouble to disclaim. But what motive could possibly induce any man to wade through the iniquities of 1798, and to give an historical notice of that dark period, but the hatred of oppression and injustice. That motive, I avow, was the only one which induced me to take up this subject. The circumstances in which I have been placed in connection with the efforts of our Government for the suppression of slavery and the Slave-Trade during many years past, were not calculated to make a man a bad hater of oppression in any country. In fact, the struggle against its most detestable forms, whether in the West Indies or on the shores of Africa, served me as an apprenticeship to the cause of general freedom.

I could not understand that sort of philanthrophy which battled for the interests of humanity and justice when they were outraged only in the persons of black men; which made the world ring with the echoes of cart whips and the cries of the slaves who were four thousand miles away; which had one set of nerves exquisitely sensitive to the sufferings of men who were victims to the cupidity of the West Indian planters, and another callous and insensible to the wrongs of those whose persecutors were Orangemen. What matters it, indeed, whether negro men are held guilty of a skin not "coloured like our own," or that the "mere Irishry" are culpable of a

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creed not conformed to the fashion of the provincial Bradshaws? The same injustice in either case prevailed, and to pretend to sympathise with the victims of it alone, who had been natives of Africa, or descendants of Africans, it seemed to me would be a spurious kind of benevolence; and having long devoted heart and hand to the cause of justice and humanity in the West Indies and in Africa, I felt it impossible to get rid of the conviction that the outrages committed in Ireland, particularly during the last rebellion, had never been surpassed in any country. Feeling this conviction very strongly, I thought it was my duty, as freely as I had denounced the cruelties of the slave-holders in the British or the Spanish colonies, or the ravages of the man robbers on the coast of Africa, to reprobate the enormities of the sanguinary faction which tramples on Ireland, and to make an example of its wickedness, so that even bad men might be deterred by its obloquy from ever imitating it.

I have trespassed I fear to a most unreasonable extent on your time and patience, but you will kindly make allowance for my anxiety on this subject and my desire to leave some explanation of my views in such hands as yours. The circumstances you were good enough to inform me of respecting Lady Louisa Connolly's visit to poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald are deeply interesting, and corroborative indeed of my previous impression of Lord Camden's utter heartlessness.

May I avail myself of that fact in the forthcoming series of my work? I consider the materials that are in my hands for it of far more value than any I have made use of in my late volumes. Your name has been made so familiar to me for many years by my old friend Major Hopkins, that I almost feel I am addressing one with whom I had been long acquainted. Perhaps this circumstance may afford some apology for this lengthy communication.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. MADDEN.

(From Major-General Napier to R. R. M.)

Guernsey, 1st September 1842.

My dear sir,—Your motives in writing your work cannot be mistaken by any honest man who reads it, and I would cast to the winds all thoughts about the attacks which have been made upon you by those double dealing and double talking knaves, for they are no better, who, with professions of freedom on their lips, have nothing but self-interest and treachery in their hearts.

Mr. Reynold's attack upon you is curious, in its logic at least.

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You must go to heaven or hell. If to heaven, your calumnies cannot have been very black; if to hell, he must have some secret misgivings as to the place his father lies in.

Yours very sincerely,

WM. NAPIER.

R. R. Madden, Esq.

There is a remarkable confirmation of the fact referred to by Major-General Napier of Lady Louisa Connolly's visit to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, accompanied by Lord Clare, previously to her visit along with Lord Henry Fitzgerald on the 3rd of June (which also is recorded by Moore), in one of the debates in the House of Peers on the subject of the attainder, in which Lord Clare, speaking in a becoming manner of the circumstances connected with Lord Edward's death, said "he well remembered them, for a short time before the death took place he was witness to one of the most painful and melancholy scenes he had ever experienced."

R. R. M. to James Stephens, Esq., Under Secretary, Colonial Office, on the History of the Rebellion of 1798.

7, Panton-square, London,

July 1845.

My dear Sir,—If the remarks you make on the severity of my strictures on the Castlereaghs, Clares, &c., had been addressed to me by one whose opinions were not tinctured with that Christian philosophy which is derived from other sources besides those most familiar to our *literati*, it would have been an easy matter to have defended my work from the application of those observations. I might have stated with truth that the cruelties perpetrated on the people of Ireland in 1798 were the result of the iniquitous measures which Clare and Castlereagh in Ireland were mainly responsible for. That a licentious soldiery, and an infuriated faction, were let loose on the country; that a free-quarter system, and the general practice of scourging people for the purpose of extorting confessions of criminality, were carried into effect with the full knowledge, sanction, and approval of these persons; that the proclamations bearing the names of Camden and Clare, the Insurrection and Indemnity Bills, were acts which emanated from the councils which were guided by them.

I might have added, that while the cruelties inflicted on the Indians of the New World were justly reprobated by mankind;

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while their authors were stigmatized by our historians as men of barbarous and sanguinary dispositions; while the sufferings of negro slaves under the cart whips of Colonial planters brought down the righteous denunciations of the British Press on the oppressors of our negro brethren; while the frightful wrongs inflicted on humanity by the slave-dealers on the coast of Africa caused even official language to introduce into its vocabulary such epithets as "miscreants," "monsters," "enemies to the human race," &c., (for with such epithets we find the Parliamentary Slave-Trade papers teem), —the tortures inflicted, and the cruelties practised on human beings who were more immediately entitled to our sympathy because they were more within reach of our protection; in point of national consanguinity more of "our own flesh," and in respect to religious relationship bound to us in stricter bonds of Christian fellowship, deserved to be placed in the same category of wrongs, and to be ranked among the oppressions "that were the worst that had ever been done under the sun."

The nature of the evils thus inflicted or endured is the same wherever they existed, whether the violators of human rights were Spaniard, Portuguese, or Briton—whether they lived in a bygone age or within our own remembrance,—those which are recorded in one of the darkest pages of Irish history, and are inseparably connected with Lords Castlereagh and Clare. For their memories it might be wished that Ireland had no history; but for the country it is not to be desired that the story of her wrongs should be consigned to oblivion; and I might ask, how was that history to be told, and yet to leave the public conduct of the Clares, Cooks, and Castlereaghs uncensured? Were the subordinate agents of their governments, the spies and informers, the lictors and terrorists of that day, the men "who measured their consequence by the coffins of their victims," and estimated their services by the injuries they inflicted on the people,—were they alone, the official insects of the hour, to be preserved in the eloquent invective of a Curran or a Grattan, while the acts of their exalted employers and abettors were to be sponged out of memory? Philantrophy that is not based on a general attachment to the cause of liberty and the interests of humanity, without reference to time or place, creed, colour, or condition, is built on a false foundation; and equally fatal to security is that spirit of rancour with which its advocates are wont to assail opponents of their opinions or enemies of their cause.

Among the papers of those United Irishmen which have fallen into my hands, in a letter addressed to one of them by Sir Z. Egerton Brydges, I find the following passage, speaking of the obligations of those who love letters to the characters of the votaries of learning:—

"To me literature has always appeared one of the few unchang-

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ing, inexhaustible balms of life; and if we love literature, it seems to me very strange not to feel a warm benevolence towards its professors." Surely we may apply this obligation of benevolence to the whole circle of human nature. The sole object I had in view in undertaking this work was, by a faithful exhibition of the crimes and calamities of civil war, to prevent the entertainment of a thought unaccompanied with horror of a recurrence of the evils I pointed out. This long letter is, in fact, a preface to the assurance that your opinion on the subject ought not to be lost sight of; and believe me, I receive it with more thankfulness than any expression of unqualified approval that could be given.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

RICHARD R. MADDEN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ACCOUNT OF OTHER LITERARY LABOURS AND WORKS.

WE may now very briefly refer to some of the other works in which our author's diversified literary abilities were exemplified. Of these the earliest were his *Travels in the East*, and *The Mussulman, A Novel*, the former published in 1829, and the latter in 1830, which have already been noticed. Three years subsequently, one of the most interesting of his writings, viz.: *The Infirmities of Genius*, was published in two volumes by Saunders and Otley, London, 1833. Of that work the author, at his death, left a revised edition ready for the printer, the present publication of which as a popular treatise on an interesting and still much neglected subject, might probably prove advantageous.

"We have," says a reviewer, "been delighted with the perusal of these volumes, and we pronounce them a boon to those who work in the literary mill. All men of genius—the acknowledged, who are too few, and the unacknowledged, who are too many, and even the self-estimated, who are countless—will, we are convinced, derive from these pages more practical benefit than from any other work that has yet appeared, tending to show the cause and cure of those gentle aberrations of intellect that seem inseparable from the poetic temperament. In fine, this book is an excellent companion and counterpart to D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, and equally

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deserves patronage from the present age, and a long existence as a work indispensable to be known in future ones; as its views are beneficient, as its arguments are acute."—*The Metropolitan Magazine*, London, July 1833.

With regard to Dr. Madden's next works, namely, his *Travels in the West Indies*, published in London in 1835, and re-printed in Philadelphia in the same year; *Egypt and Mahomed Ali*, in 1841; his *African Reports*, with appendix, two volumes, in 1842; and his unpublished religious poems, *Breathings of Prayer*, printed at the Havana in 1838, we need add nothing here, inasmuch as these have been noticed in earlier chapters.

In 1845, being then in Lisbon, he brought out a work on *The Connexion between the Kingdom of Ireland and the Crown of England*, published "at the request of the Committee of the Repeal Association," and dedicated—"To the People of England who love Justice, and the People of Ireland who long for it." Long afterwards, in an article on the occasion of the author's death, this volume was described in the *Times* of February 8th, 1886, as—"a contribution to the Irish Question of the period which might still be referred to with profit," and it may be added that its re-issue would be well worth consideration at the present time.

In 1847 was published the first edition of his *History of the Penal Laws enacted against Roman Catholics*, re-published by Richardson in 1865, the manuscript for a revised and enlarged edition of which was left ready for the printer at his death in 1886. This book has been characterized as "startling, impressive, and methodic. The author's name (says the *Nation*, March 18th, 1848), is respected, for he has deserved well of Ireland. In the truest sense a citizen of the world, he has served his country's history more than most living men; and in the pages before us he has won new titles to our esteem and gratitude."

In the *Dublin Review* for March 1848, the *History of the Penal Laws* was exhaustively noticed. "Taken as a whole," concludes the reviewer, "we think this volume merits a place in the library of every Catholic; and we wish we could believe that it was universally perused by those who differ from us in creed. In fine, it is not possible to read this book without edification, and without feeling alike our faith strengthened and our hope animated."

Forty years later this volume and the writer were referred to in an address by the Archbishop of Dublin, reported in the daily papers of January 21st, 1889, in which his Grace, speaking of the defects in the Emancipation Act of 1829, said—"You will see an excellent account of it in an interesting work written by a good fellow-countryman of ours—a good Irishman, who devoted much of his time to the praiseworthy work of investigating the recent history of his country."

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CHAPTER XXV.

GORE HOUSE AND ITS REMINISCENCES.—THE STORY OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

In August 1842, Dr. and Mrs. Madden, with their son visited Paris, where they remained for four months, whence they proceeded to London, and on returning from his West African mission, resided at 43 Sloane-square, Chelsea. Whilst here he once more became a frequent guest of his old friend Lady Blessington at Gore House, then famous as the rendezvous of literary men and celebrities of every description. The hostess of that hospitable mansion, and the brilliant circle by which she was there surrounded, may be here briefly noticed.

Lady Blessington's father, Mr. Power of Waterford, and afterwards a resident of Clonmel, was not a very favourable specimen of the Irish squires of his day, by whose almost inconceivable improvidence and folly were sown, nearly a century ago, the prolific seeds of much of the subsequent troubles of their country. He is described as having been handsome, reckless, illiterate and pretentious, fond of field sports, and garrison society—dissipated abroad and brutal at home. In '98 he was a magistrate hunting rebels, although a Roman Catholic himself, and terminated this pastime by shooting one of these supposed rebels rather too hastily even for that time, which led to his being tried for murder, but acquitted. Lady Blessington's mother, whose maiden name was Sheehy, was connected by descent with the Thomond, Ormonde, and Desmond families, although she had some rebel blood too, her father, Edmond Sheehy, having been executed for rebellion in 1766, and a cousin, Father Nicholas Sheehy, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Clonmel for a like political offence. Of Mrs. Power herself nothing particular is recorded beyond the fact that she was the mother of three daughters, all of whom, though thus born of middle class parentage in the little village of Knockbritty, were each destined by their beauty to win and wear a coronet: viz., Ellen, afterwards Viscountess Canterbury, Mary Anne, afterwards Countess de St. Marsault, and Marguerite, our present heroine, afterwards Countess of Blessington.

It would need volumes to narrate fully the circumstances connected with that metamorphoses, and with the history of the beautiful, gifted, and ill-directed lady whose first appearance on the stage of existence as the neglected daughter of the obscure Tipperary squire has just been noticed, and who at an early age was driven from her paternal house into another equally unhappy home,

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by an uncongenial and enforced marriage with Captain Farmer. Not long after his death she next appears before us as the Countess of Blessington—the acknowledged queen of society in the capitals of Italy and France, as well in London—and ultimately over the closing scene of her life in impoverished exile the curtain falls. Those who care here to follow the course of this almost forgotten and yet interesting melodrama, will find all its varied scenes and the personal history of the various actors therein fully pourtrayed in the three volumes of Dr. R. R. Madden's "*Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington.*" We must here, however, confine ourselves to the period during which from the date of her marriage, in her twenty-eight year, with Lord Blessington, her lengthened reign as a ruler of social, literary, and fashionable life in London extended, and within which the present interest of her life is centred. At this epoch she is thus described by her biographer :—

"The perfection of matured beauty, her form was exquisitely moulded, her movements graceful and natural at all times. The peculiar character of her beauty consisted in the correspondence of every feature with the motion of her mind. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy you read it in her sparkling eye, her smiling lips; you heard it in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as childhood's merriest tones. There was a glowing sunshine of good humour and good nature seldom surpassed in the genial wit of this lovely woman. Her voice was sweetly modulated and clear; all her beauty, without the witchery of its silvery tones, would have been only a secondary charm." Her correspondence bears witness of these graces, and it is impossible to doubt the many fascinations of Lady Blessington, and especially those of her gentle kindness. Her hand had been modelled in marble, and Prince Swartzenberg has left on record an enthusiastic description of its symmetry; whilst in another of the letters preserved in Dr. Madden's volumes Tom Moore reminds her of the time he beheld—"two dazzling faces (those of the sisters Marguerite and Ellen) popped out of a window in Sackville-street."

Immediately after their marriage, Lord Blessington's splendid town mansion became, as we have already said, a rendezvous of the lions of society. Two royal dukes condescended to pay homage at the new shrine of Irish beauty, Canning and Castlereagh; Lords Palmerston and Russell; Lyndhurst and Brougham and Erskine; Kemble and the elder Mathews; Parr and Sidney Smith; Rogers and Moore, were amongst her votaries. To each and all who approached her she showed some special and graceful kindness, and that not only to the prosperous and successful, but more especially to the struggling sons of genius—the countless young writers and artists, to whom she was always ready to lend a helping hand

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when that was most needed. This quick sympathy with others was perhaps the secret of her powers of attraction, and for this winning grace that made her presence, her letters, her kind words and smiles, synonymous with happiness, may many errors be forgiven.

"It has often caused me," says Dr. Madden, in a fragment found amongst his papers, "deep concern to consider how calamitous it was to Lady Blessington to have been deprived of the influences and example of a good mother, religious, moral, and well-minded, at a very early age; and to have had continually in close proximity, from childhood to womanhood, the disorderly life and evil example of a father whose whole career was that of an unprincipled and reckless man. In the heart and mind of Margaret Power there were many elements of goodness, a fine soil that wanted nothing but good parental care and culture to produce fruit and flowers of no ordinary excellence. Of the want of such care and culture some proof may be discovered in a single passage of the career of her unworthy father. I find a memorandum of mine of a communication with Lady Blessington respecting the latter days of her father, Edmond Power, Esq., of Knockbritty, Co. Tipperary, and the difficulties experienced by her in dealing with them. In 1836 she said he was residing at No. 18, Charlemont-street, Dublin, and was harassed by the importunities of a person who tormented him with demands of a pecuniary kind, which he constantly refused to comply with, averring that this person had no legal claims on him, as the marriage in virtue of which she made them was illegal. In the course of a long life and a large experience in all grades of society, and in various countries, I have often had cause to think the greatest of all blessings is to have been born and bred in the Roman Catholic faith, and next to that, is the blessing of having had the early care and guidance of virtuous, religious parents, and more especially of a tender, loving, right-minded, pious mother."

Amongst the distinguished foreigners attracted to Lady Blessington's house about three years after her marriage were the Duc de Grammont, and his brother-in-law, the young Count d'Orsay. The latter, who had recently resigned his commission in a French cavalry regiment with a reputation as a *sabreur*, acquired in various duellos, was then probably not only the handsomest man in Europe but also a person of varied talents and artistic abilities. He soon became an intimate friend of Lord and Lady Blessington, with whose family he remained domiciled during their long residence in Italy. Subsequently, by an ill-assorted and unhappy marriage, he became the husband of Lady Harriet Gardiner, a daughter of Lord Blessington by his first wife, and his career was thenceforward inseparably connected with Lady Blessington's after life. At the outset of their Italian tour in

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1823, at Genoa the Blessington party met Lord Byron, who in a letter to Tom Moore described Lady Blessington as — "highly literary, very pretty, even in a morning—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelier." We are told that she was "disappointed" in Byron—who, as Dr. Madden states—"suffered Lady Blessington to lecture him in prose, and what was worse, in verse," especially on the publicity he gave to his domestic unhappiness, when as was said "Byron wept for the press, and wiped his eyes with the public," and his Lordship in return wrote her some common-place complimentary lines. They there parted with much mutual regret; the Blessingtons for the gaieties of Naples and Rome,—Byron for glory and a grave in Greece.

After five years residence in Italy, the year 1829 was passed in Paris, where they established themselves in the splendid *Hotel Ney*. There, on Lord Blessington's death, his widow's rental was suddenly reduced from thirty thousand to two thousand a year, consequent on which she returned to London, and though with an income then largely dependent on her literary labours, speedily resumed her leading social position in the great city. At that period the upper coteries of London were mainly guided by the genius of the gentler sex. Besides Lady Blessington, whose brilliant salons—first in Seamore Place, Mayfair, and afterwards at Gore House, Kensington, formerly the residence of Mr. Wilberforce*—were for nearly twenty years the centre of all that was gay, witty and learned throughout the kingdom; there were two other regnant queens of fashion and arbitresses of taste, viz., the Countess of Charleville, and Lady Holland. Under the presidency of these gifted ladies, the town mansions of their lords were long famous for their hospitable reception of budding talent, and for those pleasant reunions of political, literary, and artistic notabilities. It was Lady Holland and Lady Blessington who most keenly, and for the greatest length of time, disputed for victory in this noble race, and to which of their shades the palm ought to be given by posterity it would be hard to say. It must be confessed the latter had by far the hardest task—to work one part of the day in spinning some novel out of her tortured brain; and the other as a smiling hostess, exerting herself more successfully to charm her multitudinous guests.

Each evening, from ten to half-past twelve o'clock, Gore House was thrown open to visitors, like a temple of Minerva, to which all literary votaries went up nightly to worship. Stars there were plenty; from the great Wellington down to Alaric Watts, one of the smallest of the Annualists; a perfect *via lactea* of celebri-

* Vide Appendix.

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ties great and small swept through the salons where, as in her former residence, might be seen whosoever were notable for social or political position, eccentricity, fashion or genius; in art, science or literature. In those cosmopolitan assemblages, the passport to which was the 'guinea stamp' of celebrity of any kind, were admitted all classes and conditions of men: politicians of every shade of opinion, chartists and tories, repealers and their foes; divines and jesters; historians and novelists; poets and scientists; Bishops and actors; men of pleasure and of learning; Midas and Diogenes. There "My Lord Tom Noddy and Sir Carneby Jenks of the Blues" stood on terms of temporary equality with toiling men of letters, whose only rent-roll was derived from those "airy nothings" to which their genius gave "a local habitation and a name," probably more enduring than any left by the leaders of fashion or great statesmen with whom they comingled in Lady Blessington's salons. Amongst the guests thus gathered in Gore House were many whose names are still 'familiar as household words.' There might be seen the conservative Bulwer Lytton in friendly chat with the Right Hon. 'Tom' Dunacombe, who, being ultra Liberal, chartist, and trade-unionist, combined in his own person the not very harmonious character of a tribune of the people and a man of pleasure and fashion. Or Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards the tory Earl of Beaconsfield, then a red-hot radical, eager to get into Parliament, and electrifying society by works of fiction, in which the celebrities of the day were sketched and satirized. Thither also came the brothers James and Horace Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* fame; John Galt, editor of *The Courier;* Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb, first of English humourists; Charles Mathews, who was always *At Home* in Gore House; John Hamilton Reynolds, Hood's brother-in-law, editor of *The Keepsake,* "a pleasant writer and poet, who ostensibly followed the profession of the law;" Samuel Lover, whose unrivalled *Legends and Stories* and popular Irish songs, particularly *Rory O'More* and *The Angel's Whisper,* together with his admirable miniature of Lord Brougham, gained him admission to the reunions as a story-teller and lyrist of the first order, as well as an artist; Washington Irving and N. P. Willis, Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Pringle, editor of the *Friendship's Offering,* and a sweet poet; B. Waller Proctor *alias* "Barry Cornwall," some of whose English songs, *King Death* for instance, are among the finest lyrics in the English language; Charles Dickens, Thackeray, W. Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat; Haydon, the painter; Sir Charles Eastlake; Sir Edwin Landseer and Daniel Maclise; George Lane; Thomas Moore; Campbell, and Beattie, Dr. Parr; the Marquis of Wellesley; Lord Abinger; Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell; the Marquis of Normanby, Lord Clyde, Lord Glenelg, Brougham and Erskine; Charles Knight; Thomas Babing-

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ton Macaulay; Sir Henry Bishop; Sheridan Knowles; B. Simmons, contributor of many beautiful lines to Lady Blessington's annuals; Winthrop Mackworth Praed; Sergeant Talfourd, the eccentric Earl of Dudley; Bernal Osborne; Monckton Mills; Baillie Cochrane, afterwards raised to the peerage, by whose death, in March 1890, probably being the last survivor of Lady Blessington's literary friends, has now passed away; the Duke de Grammont; George Alexander Macfarren; Fanny Kemble, Macready, and Edmund Kean; Jekyll, the joker; the witty Dr. Quin, and a whole host besides, amongst whom Prince Louis Napoleon, fresh from the Eglinton Tournament, was not the least conspicuous guest.

As already observed, from the time of her husband's death Lady Blessington found herself largely dependant on literary work for the means of maintaining her extravagantly splendid establishment. Her first venture in this way, namely, her "Conversations with Lord Byron," which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, proved so acceptable that thenceforward volume after volume of three-tomed novels, with innumerable contributions to annuals and journals poured from her flowing pen. By these writings she made an average addition of nearly two thousand a year to her income. This she was enabled to do for a period of some twenty years, during which she worked 'like a galley slave,' not only for herself, but also for the support of many of the impoverished members of her father's long Tipperary family, of whose needs she was never unmindful. To illustrate her capacity for such work it may be mentioned that one of her novels, "The Repealer," was written in five weeks. She complained in one of her letters at that time—"I am literally worn out; I look for release from my toils more than a slave ever did from bondage. I never get out any day before five o'clock. I am suffering in health from too much writing." To Dr. Madden, in another letter, she says—"When I tell you that I have five hundred pages to write and compose between this and the end of the month for a work which, unless completed by that period, I forfeit an engagement, you will understand why I cannot read over the story you sent me, and which I am persuaded is like all I have seen from your pen—graphic and full of talent."

It would be useless here to recapitulate the titles of all the volumes thus forced from her overworked brain. Most of these were of no great merit, and even the best of them have long since been relegated to the paper mill or to the trunk-maker. Notwithstanding all this toil, however, her expenditure was for many years greatly in excess of her income; and the struggle to meet this deficit by increased literary work, whilst at the same time to the outer world she shone nightly as the genial hostess of the brilliant assemblages of Gore House, ultimately proved disastrous. On this subject Dr. Madden has remarked—

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"Little was she aware of the nature of literary pursuits or the precariousness of their remuneration if she imagined that secure and permanent emolument would result from such resources. A lady of quality who sits down in fashionable life to get a livelihood by literature, had better build any other description of castles in the air, however ethereal the order of architecture may be." A large share of Lady Blessington's writings were contributed to the long forgotten *Annuals* which were then so popular. In these *Keepsake's; Books of Beauty; Literary Souvenirs; Forget-Me-Not's;* and other similar works of that period may be found, together with much literary trash, many tales and sketches by the best writers of the time, and some poetic "gems of purest ray serene" well worthy of disinterment. Of two of these *Annuals* Lady Blessington was for some years editor, viz., *Heath's Book of Beauty* and the *Keepsake;* and afterwards of another called the *Gems of Beauty.* This occupation, says Dr. Madden, brought her into contact with almost every literary man of eminence in the kingdom, or who visited England. But it also involved an enormous expenditure, far beyond any amount of remuneration thus derived. It made a necessity for entertaining continually persons to whom she looked for contributions, or from whom she had received assistance. It involved her, moreover, in all the drudgery of authorship, in all the turmoil of contention with publishers, communication with artists, and never ending correspondence with contributors. In a word, it made her life miserable.

Meanwhile, Lord Blessington's celebrated son-in-law, Count d'Orsay, led the fashion in his own way, as much as Lady Blessington did in hers, and for a period of nearly twenty years ruled quite as despotically as ever Beau Nash or Brummel did, in art, dress, manners, and conversation, in the great world of London.

The potatoe blight in Ireland, in 1846 and 1847, now, however, came like a thunder blast on the glories of Gore House. That part of the Countess's income which had been derived from the estates of her deceased husband was then suddenly cut off. As soon as the suspicion of inability to meet demands got abroad, demands poured in. Day by day payment was evaded. Then executions were threatened. Bailiffs stood watching at the door, while the upper-ten-thousand were diverting themselves within, careless of the secret anxieties that were fast corroding their smiling hostess' heart. For two years Gore House was a sort of Sebastopol, wherein the Countess was a close prisoner. At length a bailiff, more crafty than his brethren, took the fortress by stratagem. His appearance had the effect of the direst simoom in a garden of roses. Harlequin with his wand could not have effected a more sudden transformation.

Count d'Orsay fled for refuge to France, leaving debts behind him to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds. A fortnight after-

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wards, Lady Blessington, with her nieces, also quitted London for ever, leaving her entire property at the mercy of her creditors. Then commenced a nine days' sale at Gore House, the long-cherished treasures of which were ruthlessly dispersed among brokers and dealers. Guest after guest came to stare with the crowd and scan the rooms where but lately he was fain to bring the insense of his adulation; and it is thus that a faithful servant, writing to the Countess, sums up the tale and pays an unconscious tribute to a great writer often misrepresented as a mere satirist: —"Mr. Thackeray came also, and had tears in his eyes when he went away. He is perhaps the only person whom I have seen really affected at your departure." Every article in the house, including the library of five thousand volumes, was sold off without reserve. By her Ladyship's express command, the creditors got all she had, except her own picture by Chalon. The sale realized above £13,000, out of which eleven pounds balance, after paying the debts, was handed over to Lady Blessington. Twenty thousand persons visited the house previous to the auction, and the sale itself Dr. Madden describes as follows:—"There was a large assemblage of people of rank. Every room was thronged; the well-known library salon, in which the conversaziones took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the house was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout, coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand modelled from that of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the rooms, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay about, whilst others made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed. In another apartment, where the pictures were being sold, portraits by Lawrence, sketches by Landseer and Maclise, innumerable likenesses of Lady Blessington, by various artists; several of the Count d'Orsay; his own collections of portraits of the frequenters of Gore House, in quick succession were all brought to the hammer. It was the most signal ruin of a person of high rank I had ever witnessed."

In April 1849 Lady Blessington quitted London, and at sixty years of age found herself a fugitive in Paris—youth, beauty, wealth, influence, illusion, all gone. Nothing remained to her but her energetic will. A biography of remarkable women was to issue from her pen, and she was to spare no pains in reading up for it. She took a new residence, and still found the means of furnishing it with that elegance and taste which she clung to as long as she lived. To all outward appearance the buoyant spirit of her youth had come back, to enable her to brave the desolation of her age. Count d'Orsay, she hoped, would obtain some lucrative post under Louis Napoleon, with whom he had been on terms of

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such close intimacy when participating of her hospitality at Gore House. But princes, when they arrive at absolute power, are in the habit of forgetting the promises they may have made to their friends when their star was not yet in the ascendant.

Thus this broken reed failed, and Lady Blessington sank under it. Pomp and pleasure, praise and fame, and all the lights of life were going out—the truth could not be hid. On the 3rd of June, just seven weeks after her flight from London, she retired to rest for the first time in her new residence. Her health and spirits that day had been apparently better than usual; but she was struck during the night by apoplexy, and died without much suffering just before daybreak. She was buried at St. Germain, where her mausoleum was designed by Count d'Orsay, her epitaph written by Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor; whilst Irish ivy, brought from her native village, was planted round her grave.

CHAPTER XXVI.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

A FEW words concerning one whose career was most closely associated with that of Lady Blessington, and who was at one time no less prominent in society than in art, may be here appended to the foregoing brief sketch of her life—

Alfred Count d'Orsay was born at Paris in 1801. His father, General d'Orsay, who had served with distinction under Napoleon, was descended from an ancient family, and, like his afterwards more celebrated son, was a man of striking physique. We are told in reference to this that the Emperor remarked d'Orsay would make an admirable, model for a Jupiter—so noble and commanding was his presence. His mother was a daughter of the King of Wurtemburg, by a marriage which though good in religion was not so in law, and in latter life was recognized as a brilliant wit and leader of Parisian society. Their son Alfred well exemplified the customary transmission of the mental attributes of the mother with the physical ones of the sire in his person and qualities. At an early age d'Orsay entered the French cavalry, and after the Bourbon restoration, became one of the officers of the *Guard de Corps*. Whilst in the army he was no less distinguished for courage and extraordinary physical strength than by the exceptional interest he manifested in the welfare of the men under his command, whose comforts he used to supply at his own cost. As a little illustration of his kindliness of character, we are told that at all the various

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balls to which the officers of his regiment were invited, it was noted that he alone paid attention, not to the prettiest, but the plainest girls present, or to those who seemed most neglected by others. The great charm of all his acts of this kind was their spontaneity and his own unconsciousness of them.

In 1822, with his sister and her husband, then the Duc de Guiche, d'Orsay first visited England, and by this journey, which resulted in his marriage with Lady Harriet Gardiner, Lord Blessington's youngest daughter, the after course of his life was altered and determined. Thus, in his twenty-seventh year d'Orsay, then residing with the Blessington's at Naples, made the fatal mistake of being induced, as he certainly was by the young lady's father, to enter into a marriage with a richly endowed and beautiful girl, for whom he seems to have entertained no sentiment of love or regard. In reference to this ill-advised union and its result, Dr. Madden in his memoir of d'Orsay aptly cites Montesquieu's words :—" Religion is the only test we have for the probity or purity of mankind. And the longer our experience of life, the more certain becomes the conviction that elsewhere there exists no security for man's uprightness or woman's virtue, and that for either there is a point of temptation at which mere human honour, however long resisting, must stagger and fail in the end, unless it be founded in reliance on divine grace and help." Passing by the further history of this unfortunate alliance, we find from that time d'Orsay became permanently domiciled as a member of the Blessington family, and soon obtained and long maintained an unrivalled position in the world of fashion, at first in Paris, and eventually in London. Of this portion of his life, Dr. Madden has observed : " It is very evident the foreigner could be no ordinary person who figured in the society of the most eminent men of England for nearly twenty years, and who in circles where genius as well as *haut ton* had its throne, claimed kindred there and had his claim allowed." D'Orsay's celebrity was undisputed as a man of fashion : a noble-looking, English-mannered gentleman, though of the French *ville cour;* at once graceful, distinguished and debonnair ; full of life, wit, and humour. He was surely something more than a mere dandy, ' a combination of Adonis and Hercules,' who was at the same time an artist of no small pretensions, both as a painter and a sculptor, as well as an exquisite of the first water. A keen sportsman ; a famous swordsman ; an admirable rider, fit to 'witch the world with noble horsemanship.' At one period a great collector of classical rarities, like Horace Walpole ; at another time the zealous partizan of a great political conspirator, and promoter of his plans to effect a revolution. Alfred d'Orsay figured in his day in all these characters. Nevertheless, all the celebrity which his true friends, if any should yet survive, might desire to be connected with

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his name, is that which was derived from the exercise of his fine talents as an artist, and of his kind heart, which was ever sensitive and considerate to the wants and troubles of others, and the disinterested, possibly lavish, and often abused generosity of his nature. His good qualities were numerous and benefited many. His errors and improvidence impoverished only himself. In the hey-day of his youth, however far he may have been led astray, as undoubtedly he was too readily by the reckless follies of that society of which he was so long the *enfant gaté*, in his heart, to the latest moment of life his nature was noble and generous. Being himself incapable of guile, he was unconscious of any deception on the part of others.

In society he was agreeable, attentive, kind, and considerate to all. No one was too humble, too retiring or too unknown to be beneath his notice or beyond the reach of his extraordinary power of finding out some merit, or discovering some topic of interest on which he might get into friendly conversation with him. One of the best proofs of his power of thus attracting and making others happy was the extreme affection and confidence he invariably inspired in children, of whom he was very fond. Arrogance and affectation, and purse-proud insolence alone found him haughty, severe, and satirical, and on these his keen wit and remarkable powers of raillery were not unfrequently exercised.

Beyond this, too, d'Orsay was a gifted artist, a series of nearly a hundred and fifty portraits of the most eminent frequenters of Gore House having been painted by him, lithographed by Lane, and published by Caddel, in two folio volumes, price thirty guineas in boards. His statuettes and busts called forth unmeasured praise from all judges at that time—from the cold, severe Wellington as well as the spiritual Lamartine. Of these busts, two small specimens in the editor's possession, namely, statuettes of Lady Blessington and d'Orsay himself, are possibly amongst his best likenesses; albeit neither these nor a portrait of Lady Blessington's biographer, by another artist, now in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy, were apparently deemed of much interest in the critical judgment of the director of the Irish National Portrait Gallery. Haydon, the painter, thus describes the artist Count in his *Diary*:—"About seven o'clock d'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for a long time. He was much improved, and looked 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form'—really an Adonis, not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were sound impressions, and grand. He bounded into his cab like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him. I like to see such specimens."

Many of his works of art, such as his portrait of Byron, have been engraved and are well known. His picture of Wellington,

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who had so great a regard for him that it was sufficient to mention d'Orsay's name to ensure his attention, was the last for which the Duke ever sat. At its completion, his Grace shook hands warmly with the noble artist, exclaiming—"At last I have been painted like a gentleman; I'll never sit to anyone else." D'Orsay was, as just mentioned a sculptor as well as a painter of much merit. In Paris he executed a splendid bust of Lamartine, for which the poet wrote some fine lines; one of Emile Girardin; one of Napoleon Buonaparte, the son of Jerome; as well as a picture of Sir Robert Peel, and of Lord Brougham and innumerable other sketches, medallions, and statuettes, including an admirable model for a statue of O'Connell, in which he succeeded in wonderfully catching the expression of the Liberator as he appeared when addressing a meeting. In this, the massive figure, though heavily cloaked, was artistically graceful and animated.

In his days of affluence and influence, during his early residence at Gore House, he was a generous benefactor, more especially to those of his own nation who required assistance, to whom, from Louis Napoleon down to the poorest exile, his services were rendered with a frank good-will and a considerate delicacy and sympathy for misfortune that increased the value of his gifts. But for d'Orsay's countenance and help, at a critical period in his career in exile, probably the future Emperor Louis Napoleon would never have reached the French throne. The Prince President's *coup d'état* in 1848 was, however, utterly repugnant to d'Orsay's high sense of honour and justice, and his frank disgust thereat was warmly resented by the successful Imperial adventurer, by whom he was consequently neglected. Ultimately, however, when it was too late, and d'Orsay lay on the point of death, he was nominated to the office of Directeur des Beaux Arts, by the new Emperor. On his death-bed he was repeatedly visited by the Archbishop of Paris, and received all the consolations of the faith in which he had been born and reared from the Curé of Cambourcy, to whose church he was a generous benefactor, and wherein may still be seen many pictures which he painted, as well as his own admirable portraiture of the Mater Dolorosa, the engraving of which, though commonly misdescribed as the Magdalen, is well known.

"I visited my dear old friend," says Dr. Madden, "a few weeks before his death, and found him evidently sinking, in the last stage of disease of the kidneys, complicated with spinal complaint. The wreck only of the beau d'Orsay was there. He was able to sit up and to walk, though with difficulty, and evidently with pain, about his room, which was at once his studio, reception-room and sleeping apartment. He burst out crying when I entered the room, and continued for a length of time so much affected that he could

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hardly speak to me. Gradually he became composed, and talked about Lady Blessington's death, but all the time with tears pouring down his pale wan face, for even then his features were death-stricken. He said with marked emphasis: "In losing her I lost everything in this world. She was to me a mother! a dear mother." Again referring to these words, he said: "You understand me Madden." I understood him to be speaking what he felt, and there was nothing in his accents or expressions (for his words sounded in my ears like those of a dying man) which led me to believe he was seeking to deceive me. I turned his attention to the subject I thought most important to him. I said, among the many objects which caught my attention in the room, I was very glad to see a crucifix placed over the head of his bed; men living in the world as he had done were so much in the habit of forgetting all early religious feelings. D'Orsay seemed hurt at the observation. I then plainly said to him: "The fact is, I imagined, or rather I supposed, you had followed Lady Blessington's example, if not in giving up your religion, in seeming to conform to another more in vogue in England." D'Orsay rose up with considerable energy, and stood erect and firm, with obvious exertion, for a few seconds, looking like himself again, and pointing to the head of his bed, he said: "Do you see those two swords?" pointing to two small swords (which were hung under the crucifix crosswise). "Do you see that sword to the right? With that sword I fought in defence of my religion. I had only joined my regiment a few day's, when an officer at the mess-table used disgusting and impious language in speaking of the Blessed Virgin. I called on him to desist; he repeated the foul language; I threw a plate of spinach across the table in his face; a challenge ensued; we fought under the moonlight that evening, on the ramparts of the town, and I have kept that sword ever since." Whatever we may think of the false notions of honour, or the erroneous ones of religion which may have prompted the encounter, I think there is evidence in it of early impressions of a religious nature having been made on the mind of this singular man, and of some remains of them still existing at the period above-mentioned, however strangely presented."

On this occasion Count d'Orsay informed Dr. Madden that Lady Blessington never ceased, *in her heart*, to be a Catholic, although she occasionally attended the church of another persuasion, and that while she was in Paris, she went every Sunday to the Madeleine, in company with some members of his family. Count d'Orsay survived Lady Blessington a little more than two years, and died in his fifty-seventh year, on the 4th of August 1854. The monument to her memory had been hardly finished when it became the resting-place of all that was left of the accomplished, highly gifted, generous-hearted Alfred d'Orsay.—*Pulvis et umbra, nomen, nihil.*

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CHAPTER XXVII.

RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL.

From the circumstances related in a previous chapter connected with the publication of his *History of the United Irishmen*, finding himself (under Lord Stanley's administration of the Colonial Office) deprived of his just claim to re-appointment to his official position in connexion with the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, Dr. Madden again reverted to his early pursuits as a writer for the Press, and a year subsequently became Special Correspondent in Portugal for the *Morning Chronicle*. Accordingly, on the 2nd November 1843, with his wife and child, he embarked at Southampton by the steamer *Montrose* for Lisbon, where, or at Cintra, he remained for nearly three years, with a few short intervals of absence in Spain, France, and England. With reference to this appointment we may quote a letter from the Countess of Blessington :—

"Gore House, Oct. 19th, 1843.

"Those who imagine that you will descend one step in life by accepting the occupation you are about to fill in Portugal, entertain a very different opinion from mine. Some of the most distinguished men have written for the Press, and your doing so will, according to my notion, give you a new claim on the Anti-Slavery party you have hitherto served.

"I am not sorry that you will be removed from Ireland at present, when affairs wear an aspect that must grieve and irritate every Irishman with noble and generous feelings. But women have, in my opinion, no business with politics, and I, above all women, have a horror of mixing myself up with them. I must content myself in wishing well to my poor country, which no one more heartily loves. Wherever you go, or in whatever position, you will take with you my cordial good wishes for your prosperity and welfare, and for that of your family.

"I am now oppressed by writing to fulfil an engagement I entered into, without being aware of the excessive fatigue it would entail on me; and am even at this moment so occupied that I have not time to say more than that I hope to see you before your departure, and that

"I am always your sincere friend,

"M. Blessington."

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Soon after arrival in Lisbon Dr. Madden became an *intimè* of the hospitable Irish Dominican College of Corpo Santo, where his son received the rudiments of education; and the latter still retains a grateful recollection of its successive presidents: Dr. Savage and Dr. Russell, who with F. Conway, F. Towers, and the other members of that community, then maintained the high reputation of their order in the Lusitanian capital. During that residence of three years in Lisbon, more than once the storm of revolution swept over Portugal, and its force was chiefly directed against the religious orders of the country. A few years previously the Portuguese monastic institutions had been suppressed and plundered by the *soi disant* liberals of the period, and often has the editor of this memoir seen the aged and impoverished expelled members of the monastic institutions forced to beg for their daily bread from door to door in the streets of Lisbon, or at the portals of the sanctuaries that had sheltered the erudition and sanctity of a better age. Such a scene was described in the following lines:—

THE MONK OF BELEM.

That aged man who bends beneath
  The weight of woes as well as years,
Who begs his bread in bated breath,
  With downcast eyes suffused with tears,
Whose arms are folded on his breast,
  As if long habit fixed them there,
And those poor withered hands sought rest,
  And found repose alone in prayer.

That abject beggar, forced abroad,
  Who stoops for alms as you pass by,
Has stood erect before his God,
  And raised the Sacred Host on high!
Those trembling hands of his of yore
  (In times when faith had shrines) the Bread
Of Life have held; and oft have o'er
  The consecrated cup been spread.

What impious bands has wrecked those shrines
  Where humble faith was wont to bow?
What "Scourge of God," with fell designs,
  Has come to lay religion low—
To bring its altars to the dust,
  Its servants to the direst doom,
Secluded virtue forth to thrust
  From its asylum and its home?

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What modern Attila ordains
A solitude in Belem's walls,
And calls it peace where silence reigns,
And cloistered stillness now appalls?
What new "Defender of the Faith"
To Mafra's ample spoil lays claim,
And wages warfare to the death
With Justice in Religion's name?

The solemn chant is heard no more
Within that venerable pile;
The vesper hymn that softly bore
The Virgin's praise from aisle to aisle,
The sounds, the sights that gave a soul
To piety, no more are there—
No more absorb each sense, control
Each thought, and wrap the mind in prayer.

R. R. M.

The results of the spoliation of the monasteries of Spain and Portugal was still in full operation when the author first visited the Peninsula and are alluded to in his *History of the Penal Laws against Roman Catholics.* The libraries of the monasteries were not more sacred than the shrines and altars of their churches in the eyes of the licensed robbers. The splendid missals and illuminated manuscripts of the convents were rifled of their clasps and covers, for the sake of their gold and silver ornaments. . . . . This villainous example, in recent times, was followed by the rapacious liberals of Spain and Portugal. The author, in both countries, has seen the most valuable works taken from the pillaged convents, thus despoiled of their covers, in grocers' shops, sold by the Arroba weight of thirty-two pounds.

In the course of his articles in the *Morning Chronicle* Dr. Madden describes the then Government of Portugal as being largely under the influence of Senor De Costa Cabral, one of two brothers who had succeeded in raising themselves on the ultra-democratic party from a very humble position to the pinnacle of political power. The younger of these, Antonio De Costa Cabral, who filled the offices of Governor of Lisbon and Minister of Justice and Religion, is stated during his ministry to have suspended the Constitution three times. This energy beyond the law, soon brought law and order into disrepute, and the discontent thus excited culminated in a revolt, which was suppressed with great difficulty. The finances became more and more embarrassed, the stocks were supported by means of an organized system of loan-making, anticipation of revenue, and stock-jobbing operations carried on with monopolist companies of capitalists, for which, in several instances, enormous sums were paid to the Government. The creation of bubble companies, the nature of the terms entered into with the public contractors, the necessary expenses of a government bayonetted up by

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a large military force, increased so heavily the charges on the treasury, that in four years they exceeded the revenue by 8,000 contos.

The exposure in the English Press of the financial policy of the Portuguese Government of that day, proved so adverse to their monetary interests in England, that strenuous efforts were made by some of the ministry to suppress the truth. In documents now before the editor of this biography are details of such attempts, at first by offers of personal advantage, and, when these were repulsed with indignation, then by futile threats to influence the outspoken and truthful correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*.

PORTUGAL.

I.

A fertile soil—a genial clime is here!
  A land that God with goodly gifts has blessed;
A glorious sky, serene and calm and clear,
  With gorgeous sunshine glowing on its breast.
And this is nature's work! But all the rest
  Is man's—the gloom that shrouds intelligence,
That sinks the spirit saddened and oppressed,
  And grieves the heart and gives at once offence
  And pain to every feeling and to outward sense.

II.

What hath subdued man's nature in this land
  To such debasement? This objection made
Not incidental to the class that is bann'd—
  The poor continued: but in the highest grade
Inherent seen! Hath retribution laid
  Its hand at last upon the lust of gold,
The game of conquest and the laurelled trade
  Of raid and rapine— of injustice bold,
  In poor religion's name achieved and then extolled.

Lisbon, 1844.

In August 1846, Mrs. Madden with her son, Dr. M., being detained a little longer, took their departure from Lisbon in a small sailing vessel, and after a stormy passage of nearly three weeks to Liverpool, arrived in Dublin. Three months later they crossed over by steamer to Southampton, thence to Havre. From there they proceeded by diligence to Rouen, and by the recently opened railway up to Paris. Here they remained for the following year, whilst their eldest son, William Forde Madden, who had been educated in the Royal College of Versailles, pursued his professional studies as a civil engineer in the Ecole Polytecnique, the diploma of which then as now was regarded as a rigid test of mathematical and scientific attainments, and where he passed through his course with much distinction. In October 1847, they returned

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to London, and the ensuing month was chiefly occupied with preparations for their intended voyage to Western Australia, to the Colonial Secretaryship of which Dr. Madden had recently been appointed. Amongst the many congratulations he received on this occasion, none was more highly valued than the following letter from Lady Blessington :—

"Gore House, 8th June 1847.

"I have been wondering why I have been so long without seeing you, and had I known your address, which unfortunately had been lost, I should certainly have written to you to say so. I do not lightly form friendships, and when formed I do not allow any differences in political opinions to interfere with them. I have known you too long and too well not to feel a lively interest in your welfare, however we may disagree on some subjects.

"I am not surprised, though greatly pleased, at the appointment offered you by Lord Grey, for he is a man capable of appreciating merit; and you left so high a character whenever previously employed, as to deserve future confidence. I only regret that you are going so far away. I have heard such favourable accounts of the climate, that I hope your absence from home will not be interminable, and that I may still see you return in health and comfort. It will give me great pleasure to see you before you depart, and to assure you of my unimpaired regard. Count d'Orsay charges me with his kindest wishes for your health and happiness, and my nieces send theirs. God bless you, my dear Dr. Madden. Let me hear sometimes from you, and count always on the good wishes of your sincere friend,

"M. Blessington."

[The following lines were called forth by a brief visit to Ireland at that time :—]

A FAREWELL TO IRELAND IN THE FAMINE YEAR.

Not as in youth, in brighter days of yore,
When first I left thee my cherished land!
And gazed on all the beauties of thy shore,
And gloried in them—mountain, stream, and strand.

Not as of yore I leave thee now, when worse
Than war is raging fiercely on thy plains;
While all thy fatal beauty, as a curse,
Clings to thee still, but cannot hide thy chains.

Not as of old I bid thee now farewell,
Despite past griefs, yet hopeful of thy weal;
But full of sadness leave thee, and the spell
That's on thy harp seems o'er my soul to steal.

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Here famine, leagued with pestilence most dire,
Deals more destruction on our people far
Than all the ruin Titus or his sire
Brought on the Jews in six dread years of war.

The siege is here,—no scene of bloody strife;
The fields are green, the grain luxuriant waves,
Which men who starve have sown; and death is rife
Throughout the land—a Golgotha of graves.

Carnage of old we shudder to recall:
Thousands and tens of thousands killed in war
In distant regions, these are things appall,
And move all feeling,—when the field's afar.

We shrink not here at millions famine slain;
Discord surveys all horrors undismayed,
And scornful pity, insolent and vain,
Flings down its alms, and hates us for its aid.

Ill-fated land! the sickness that makes hearts
Most hopeless, surely is thy destiny!
"Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity."

I may not witness ever more thy woes,
Nor share thy griefs, but they shall blend, I trow,
With every thought of mine; and wrongs like those
Are best recalled, perhaps, in exile now.

On departure for Australia, 1847.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SELECTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

In the lives of few individuals have the "many parts" which, according to the poet, man is destined to fill in the brief drama of existence, been better exemplified than by the subject of these pages. Thus, we have already traced the course of Dr. Madden's early career as an Oriental traveller, then as a pressman, next as a physician, and subsequently as a worker in the Anti-Slavery movement in the West Indies, America, and Africa. Moreover, his literary history as an author, up to the date of his departure for Australia in 1847, has been described. Before referring to that voyage, we may here insert some selections from his extensive correspondence with distinguished personages in various countries. In reference to this

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selection, the editor would however observe that many letters of probably greater interest have been passed over, for the present at least, for reasons which may be best alluded to in the words of Dr. Johnson, who, in his notice of the closing scene of the life of Addison, says:—"The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and when it might be told it is no longer known. I begin to feel myself walking upon ashes, under which the fire is not extinguished, and coming to the time when it will be proper rather to say nothing that is false, than all that is true." To the following letters may also be prefixed some unpublished observations of Dr. Madden on "The Use and Abuse of Private Letters in Bibliographical Publications.—The only legitimate objections to the use of such letters are that their publication is calculated either to injure the interests or wound the feelings of surviving persons, or that it would be prejudicial to the reputation of the dead. . . . . Curlls' practice of publishing the letters as well as the memoirs of eminent persons, without any regard to the wishes of their friends, was simply an infamous act. Unfortunately we have still busy amongst us some of Curlls' literary successors, who by thus unwarrantably invading the sanctity of private life, as Arbuthnot well said, "add a new terror to death," and can only be regarded as literary freebooters and pests to society. A biographer should, moreover, bear in mind that it is morally binding on the conscience of those who have to deal with private letters to be well assured that their publication is justified in the interests of truth and justice, as well as in those of literature, or country, or private friendship. Nor is there any species of sacrilege, with one exception, worse than the wanton violation of secrets which involves the crime of treachery to the dead, and the infliction of pain on surviving friends, without any legitimate intention or likely prospect of benefiting society at large."

(From Lord Blessington to R. R. M).

Naples, May 10th, 1821.

My dear Madden,—I see your thoughts are still turning to Ireland with respect to the subject of Repeal of the Union. I fear it would be worse than a negative measure. We are impoverished in money and talent—England has a superabundancy of the one and a sufficiency of the other, if she will apply her materials to her good. Send the Parliament back to Dublin, and that town will perhaps flourish again; but I fear the same effect would not be produced throughout the Kingdom; and if to forward the views which I think absolutely necessary for Ireland, the Commons should have to impose heavy taxes, being refused aid from England, the people would have cause for dissatisfaction, and an Irishman's mode of expressing it is

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blows, not words. Let the R. Catholic Church of Ireland separate itself in toto from the Pope; establish a better mode of educating the priesthood; take away tithes, and pay the Reformed Church out of the public purse; admit R. Catholics to the Houses of Parliament and the Bench; at the same time establishing throughout Ireland an extensive gendarmerie, not for political, but judicial purposes; make the nobility and gentry live on their estates or sell them; give a grant sufficient to cut canals in what are now barren districts; let there be neither Ribbonmen, Freemasons, or Orangemen; let offenders against the public peace, of whatever party, be sent to the Colonies; let the middling classes be taught that public money is levied for the public good and not for individual advantage, and then Ireland will be what Ireland should be, from its situation and with its natural advantages—a Queen in the Ocean.

BLESSINGTON.

Naples, August 15th, 1824.

My dear Sir,—I send you the letter from Lord Strangford, which I hope may be useful to you. I trust the experiment you are about to make will be successful. You will have the advantage at least of seeing the world, and a medical man alone has an opportunity of seeing the interior of Turkish abodes.

Wishing you health and prosperty, I remain, yours very truly,

BLESSINGTON.

R. R. MADDEN, ESQ., M.D.

(From M. le Comte Julien de Paris).

Londres, 23rd October 1833.

Monsieur,—J'ai bien regretté d'arriver trop tard pour vous voir, avant que vous avez quitté Londres. J'ai beaucoup parlé de vous avec votre excellente amie, la belle et spirituelle Lady Blessington, et avec M. le Dr. Beattie et M. le Comte d'Orsay.

Je profite, pour me rappeller a votre bon souvenir, de l'occasion de Mr. Richard Hill, jeune homme d'un grand mérite, d'un noble et honorable caractère, qui se rend à la Jamaique, ou il sera charmé de faire votre connaissance personnelle, vous connaissant déjà très bien de réputation et où vous aimerez, de votre côté, j'e suis sûr, à entrer en rélation avec lui M. le Dr. Madden á la Jamaique.

Je me flatte de recevoir à la fois de vos nouvelles et des siennes, et d'obtenir par M. Hill et par vous, des informations exactes sur la Colonie que vous allez habiter, a laquelle il sera avantageux d'être mieux connu en Europe, je joins ici des prospectus de la Revue Cosmopolite que je recommande à vos bons soins, pour lui procurer des souscripteurs et des correspondans. Soyez vous même son correspondant actif pour la partie que vous avez choisie, et sur laquelle il vous conviendra de veillir et de m'envoyer des documens.

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Addressez moi en toute confiance ceux de vos amis qui seront dans le cas de venir in France.

Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance nouvelle de mes sentiments très distingués et devoués.

JULIEN DE PARIS.

A Londres, chez Mme. Borronge et Cie libraries à Londre, 14 Great Marlboro'-street; à Paris, Rue du Rocher, No. 23, près la rue Elysée.

(From Dr. Beattie).

Berkley-st., Portman-square,

Feb. 18th, 1834.

My dear Friend,—I was truly rejoiced to see your autograph once more, and had it nearly up, exclaiming with Pindar—

"Madden, Madden, thou'rt a sad'un!
Sure, you promised for to write!
While I've waiting, much debating,
"Mail"-men rating, morn and night!
This "simmering cauldron's" smoke inhaling,
(Its cough a suffering lungs entailing),
At bards, and books, and critics railing—
Sleeping—sulking o'er my beer.
I asked—"Has Madden sought Benares?
Or tuned in song the far Canaries,
And, Laureate to the Queen of Fairies,
Forgot the bard that grovels here?"
But for answer, every man, sir,
Said—"He knew no more than I Sir."

Weather desperately cold; Serpentine frozen over. Letters from Ancona and Milan this morning; ground there covered with snow. Bulwer's *Last of the Tribunes* just out, and producing a wonderful sensation among the sensitive public. I am going into the city this evening to renew my inquiries after something in our way.

The womankind join with me in kindest regards to Mrs. Madden and the young———, and with every affectionate wish

I remain, my dear Madden,
Most sincerely yours,
W. BEATTIE.

I have not met Quin since you and I dined there.

(From Lady Blessington).

Seamore Place, March 12th, 1834.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I saw Dr. Beattie a few days ago; he continues to feel a lively interest in your welfare, and I am persuaded you have few more sincere friends.

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He is a man whose heart is as warm as his head is sensible and clever, and one such as the present times rarely offer in the number of our friends. He has just brought out the first number of a work entitled *Switzerland*, illustrated with beautiful engravings, and the style of the book is admirable, and highly creditable to him. Mr. Campbell I never see, and seldom hear of, either in the literary or social world. I hope he will soon give us his *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons*, for it is time they should come forth.

I trust your pen is not idle; I look forward to a lively novel descriptive of *Life in the West Indies*, with no trifling impatience. It will give me pleasure to hear from you whenever you have a leisure half hour to give me.

M. Blessington.

Gore House, Tuesday.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I have read with great interest the books, &c., which you confided to me, and which I now return. I send you a pedigree, on the authenticity of which you may rely.

Mr. Edmond Sheehy, referred to as having been executed for rebellion, was my unfortunate grandfather. He lived at the Lodge, Bawnfoune, county Waterford, about seven or eight miles from Clonmel. I cannot make out in what degree of relationship he stood to Father Nicholas Sheehy, as my mother never referred to the subject without horror. She lost her father when she was only two years old.

Musgrave refers to Edmond Sheehy in his book. I have heard that my grandfather was a chivalrous-minded man, to whom pardon was offered if he would betray others. I also know that he was nearly related to Father Nicholas Sheehy; but as no mention of this is made in the pedigree, I know not the degree of relationship. I should much like that justice could be rendered to the memories of my unfortunate relatives, without any violation of truth. I shall look for your new book with impatience, and will do what I can to forward its circulation.

M. Blessington.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"Of all the literary men with whom Lady Blessington came in contact," says Dr. Madden, "there were few whom she looked on with more respect and regard as Walter Savage Landor. In referring to some feminine calumnies concerning Lady Blessington, Mr. Landor, in the concluding lines of a letter of his to her biographer, dated Bath, Feb. 17th, 1855, says—"These virtuous ladies! instead of censuring her faults, should attempt to imitate her virtues. Believe that, if any excess may be run into, the excess of tenderness is quite as pardonable as that of malignity and rancour."

"Walter S. Landor."

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(From Lord Glenelg).

Downing-street, October 25th, 1837.

My dear Sir,—At the request of Lord Granville, I beg leave to introduce to you the bearer of this letter, Mr. Turnbull, who intends to make a tour through Canada, the United States, and Mexico, for purposes of general interest which he will himself explain to you. From the character which has reached me of this gentleman, I have reason to believe that any civilities it may be in your power to show him will not be ill-bestowed.

I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

GLENELG.

DR. MADDEN, &c., &c.

(From Thomas Campbell).

12, Waterloo-place,

Saturday, January 16th, 1830.

My dear Madden,—Can you dine with me any Sunday, Saturday, Thursday, or Tuesday at six p.m. These are the days allotted for our bringing friends not members to dine; but if no one of these days will suit you—name any other day, and we shall have a snug party at my chambers.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I dined with "Cambyses" (Sir John Hobhouse) some four or five Sundays ago, and we had a party of the creatures—Whigs and Tories. We made in all sixteen. I abstained from saying a word about politics till he began by attacking me about the Polish Association, whereupon, as he had broken the ice, I thought it no harm to tell him plainly my mind about the whole foreign policy of this present Administration; and though I had fifteen to one in the whole company against me, yet I *fit*, as Winifred Jenkins says, with them all round, and laid in some particularly hard blows at my friend Hob. The fact is, the Grey Administration is, for foreign policy, the most contemptible that ever this country had. They now begin to boast that Lord Durham's mission is softening Nicholas. Good God! what an impudent boast—if it were true, as I believe it to be a lie. Our mediation, they say, is now alleviating the fate of Poland. If so, what would our mediation have done when the Poles were yet in arms.

I hope you agree with me in admiring the personal amenity of Prince Czartorzski.

Begging my best regards to Mrs. Madden,

I remain, my dear friend,

Yours truly,

T. CAMPBELL.

Sussex Chambers, Duke-street, St. James's, London, August 20th, 1832.

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(From Thomas Moore).

Sloperton Cottage, April 20th, 1842.

Dear Dr. Madden,—I have within these few days received a letter from Mrs. Hancock (daughter of Samuel Neilson) requesting my interference with you on the subject of the charge brought against her father of having betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I had a good deal of correspondence with Mr. Hancock on this subject at the time of the appearance of my *Life of Lord Edward*, and made some alterations, I forget to what extent, in the second edition of that work, in order to quiet Mrs. Hancock's feelings. It is so long since this correspondence took place that I very much forget how far the evidence she produced in exculpation of Neilson was effective towards that object. But should you wish to see those papers, I shall try to disinter them from the dusty darkness to which they are consigned to wait that day when I shall be far advanced enough in my long task to want them.

Believe me, yours truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

R. R. MADDEN.

Those who only knew Moore in fashionable circles, or through his diaries, are very unlikely to be acquainted with the best part of his character, and what was most estimable and deserving of honour in his principles. The following letter, expressive of his views respecting Cuban slavery, and the conduct of the Irish in America in relation to slavery, is so creditable to his sentiments, that it may be subjoined to the preceding letters—

Sloperton Cottage, March 8th, 1840.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I have but time to acknowledge and thank you for the very interesting paper on slavery which you were so kind as to send me through the hands of my sister. I am not surprised that you should have returned bursting with indignation—more especially against those fellow-countrymen of ours (and fellow-Catholics), who by their advocacy of slavery bring so much disgrace both upon their country and creed.

Wishing you every success in your benevolent efforts,

I am very truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

(From Thomas Campbell).

My dear Madden,—Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to join you—if I could leave London. But I am chained to it, and shall be so until I have laid in full materials for the *Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

Ever faithfully yours,

My dear Madden,

T. CAMPBELL.

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(From Dr. Beattie to R. R. M. on his departure for the West Indies in 1833).

Strong as some sainted amulet,
The link in memory's chain,
That tells where kindred spirits met,
No time can rend in twain.
And mindful of her pledge, the Muse
One passing wreath would twine,
And trace in every flower she strews,
A health to thee and thine.

The union of congenial minds
No distance can divide,
Unshaken in the shock of winds,
Unstemmed by ocean's tide.
It lives beyond the Atlantic main,
Where basking 'neath the line,
A sun bright shore, a palmy plain,
Shall welcome thee and thine.

Embowered within the glowing west,
And circled by the sea,
Which laves "the Islands of the Blessed,"
A health to them and thee.
And gentle stars, and generous hearts,
Their genial lights combine,
And all that halcyon peace imparts,
Descend on thee and thine.

Adieu—the breath of friendship fills
The sail that wafts thee hence,
To lands whose radiant sky distils
Arabia's redolence!
Go—but a few brief summers flown,
Once more across the brine—
Thy country shall reclaim the loan
She lent in thee and thine!

W. BEATTIE.

London, September 30th.

(From Washington Irving, transmitting a contribution for Lady Blessington's *Annual*).

Newhall, May 2nd, 1835.

My dear Sir,—I enclose a nautical anecdote, written down pretty much as I heard it related a few years since by one of my sea-faring countrymen. I hope it may be acceptable to Lady Blessington, for her *Annual*, and only regret that I had nothing at hand more likely to be to her taste. However, in miscellaneous publications of the kind, every humour has to be consulted, and a tarpaulin story may present an acceptable contrast to others more sentimental and refined.

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I beg you to present my kindest remembrances to Lady Blessington, and believe me, my dear sir, with high interest and regard, very faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(From James Sheridan Knowles).

Gibraltar, 24th June 1845.

"Out of sight, out of mind"—Ch. Madden. No, by the goddesses! You are not a friend once grappled to be easily let go. A yarn for you, short though it may be.

I have been most cordially received in this port, but my lectures are not within a third so productive as those which I delivered in Lisbon. The humbug of saintships indicates an approximation to the British shore. It is a fact several families have eschewed the lectures on the score of religious feeling. "They never go to plays." My audience has been respectable, and all has otherwise gone well. I have been feasted to the height of hospitality. Constant calls from ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank here. Young More has been indefatigable in his attention. He is a noble young fellow, very like his incomparable father—in countenance and in heart. I conclude here on Thursday next, and return to England by the packet that will arrive in Lisbon to-day or to-morrow. There is time, however, for an acknowledgment of this our most gracious address to your Majesty—so out of the inkstand with the pen, and tell us how dear Mrs. Madden is, the boy, your sweet self, and all friends, and infuse a little news if you can—I am a Greek in this. Think of my young friends honouring me with a handsome present upon my departure—warm hearted rogues! God bless them and prosper them in their most responsible undertaking. Give my kindest regards to your most kind lady and boy, and remember us to Mrs. Tobin—not forgetting Mina.

You will remember us also to Mr. Hardy and his son, and perhaps you will give————my best thanks. His article has served me greatly here, having been copied by one of the papers. Farewell—if you love writing as well as I do, you may happily omit to answer this for a month; if your passion for the pen is the opposite, a post or two may sing a welcome stave to

Your attached and faithful servant,

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

R. R. MADDEN.

(From the Abbé De Lamenais).

Je vous prie instamment, mon cher Monsieur Madden, d'accepter l'ouvrage dans lequel se trouve la note qui vous interesse. Si vous voulez bien lire celle qui suit, p. 268, vous verrez que la ville dont vous cherchez le nom est Troyes en Champagne. Il est, d'ailleurs, facile de verrifier si ce fut, en effet, à Troyes que fut signé la traité entre Charles IX. et Elizabeth, en Avril, 1564.

Je ne sais absolument rien de celui de mes aieux qui etait d'origine irlandaise, si ce n'est pas qu'il s'appelait Rosses, qu'il était un des réfugiés qui émigraient d'Irlande au temps de Jacques II., et qu'il s'etablit à St. Malo, où il se marie. D'autres emigrés du nom de White et de Hay, s'y etablirent aussi à a meme époque. J'ai beaucoup connu leurs familles, dont il ne reste

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plus depuis quelques années, que des descendants par les femmes, et qui par consequent, portent un autre nom.

Si je puis vous aider dans vos recherches usez de moi en toute liberté.

Agréez l'assurance de mon dévouement et de mon affection bien sincére.

LAMENAIS.

Jeudi 19 août, 1852.

P.S.—D'apres ce qui précède, vous voyez que ma grande mère est née à St. Malo. Elle y est morte aupi que son père. Elle était trés agée quand nous la perdûmes, il y a une cinquante d'années.

MONSIEUR R. R. MADDEN.

(From Count d'Orsay).

Gore House, 7th May 1845.

My dear Madden,—I wish that you would protect with all your strength, power and eloquence the contemplated project of a railway between Lisbon and Madrid. My nephew the Duke de Saldanha is one of the directors, and Sam Duncombe and General Bacon will be the active men with the Portuguese Government, as that Government owes him a great deal of gratitude for his services, and are of opinion that they will succeed in obtaining the concession, because Governments are very generous when they can oblige without putting their hands in their own pockets. Bacon is going very soon to Lisbon, he will see you, and you must aid him, and I am sure that you will be glad to do it. We have received the Portuguese papers that you sent me, and which is very curious is that without knowing one word of that language or Spanish I could understand them perfectly well—you had the best of it—of which I was delighted. Lord Howard is a great friend of Bacon, in fact he is a great favourite at Lisbon, which will aid the undertaking. The old Intendente and tutor of the king, and who is his chamberlain, is devoted to Bacon. Mr. Dentry I think his name is—Lady Blessington sends you her kindest regards.

Believe me always,

Yours most faithfully,

D'ORSAY.

(From Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton).

October 23rd, 1835.

My dear Sir,—No wonder you think me a most faithless correspondent, but I have been far less forgetful of you and your letters than you may imagine. Some time ago I wrote to you the two letters which I now enclose. I now wish that I had sent them, as they would have convinced you that I had not forgotten your wishes.

I have now to write to you about another business of very great importance. I have been diligently engaged of late in preparing a pamphlet for the Government upon the subject of slavery. I have printed a few copies of it for their exclusive use, which I find has attracted great attention in the Cabinet, and I indulge a pretty confident hope that something effectual will

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be done. My book consists of two parts—first, the extent and horrors of the Slave-Trade; secondly, suggestions for its abolition.

I am under solemn promise to the Government not to divulge the suggestions, as this would be fatal to their success; and it is the less necessary to do so at this time, as the plan I propose is quite independent of any means now employed, but yet you may render me and the cause very great service.

I send you the proof sheets of that part which applies to the extent and horrors, and my earnest request to you is, that after reading it you will be good enough to furnish me with any new proofs and elucidation—in point of fact, anything bearing on the various points that you can collect.

Now is the time that such information will be especially useful. Please also to tell me how far I may make use of your name to the Government. I have not done so as yet, because you had not given me permission.

I am in very good health, and the better for being out of Parliament and devoted to the Slave-Trade inquiries.

Believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

T. F. BUXTON.

R. R. MADDEN.

(From Colonel Phipps, brother of Lord Mulgrave).

My dear Doctor,—I return you your manuscript, which I have detained longer than I originally intended, as I wished to look over it very carefully. At the review at Huntley Pastures, Colonel Browne was on the ground at the head of his regiment when my brother and I arrived; it was not, therefore, "on his coming to the ground that he was dismissed." Upon his dismissal, about three-fourths of the regiment broke and quitted the ranks, some of the officers tore off their epaulettes and trampled upon them, &c. The men were, however, all re-collected in the ranks and marched past Lord Mulgrave in review order under the command of the officer next in rank, not, however, without every attempt by persuasion and abuse from the mutinous officers to induce the men to refuse to perform their duty.

I thought that you would like to have these little points corrected, though they are not of much importance.

Ever yours very truly,

C. B. PHIPPS.

3, Little Stanhope-street, April 21st.

R. R. MADDEN.

(From Lord Howard de Walden, H. M. Ambassador to the Court of Lisbon, on leaving Portugal).

Lisbon, September 30th, 1846.

My dear Sir,—In returning the papers left in my hands on the eve of your departure, I must beg of you to accept my best acknowledgments for the gratifying consideration which you have so invariably evinced in all your relations with me.

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I regret extremely that you should be leaving Portugal, and particularly at this moment . . . You certainly have succeeded in establishing a reputation for integrity, ability and independence which, combined with your success in obtaining information, give to your articles on Portugal in *The Chronicle* an importance to which those most interested in its affairs are beginning to be forcibly alive at last.

I firmly hope that on leaving this country your services will not be lost. . . . And that our friendship is not to be terminated here. I beg that you will believe in the very sincere regard of

Yours very faithfully,

HOWARD DE WALDEN.

R. R. MADDEN.

(From Lord Brougham).

4, Grafton-street, Tuesday Morning.

Dear Sir,—I expected to see you yesterday, else I should have written to ask you to beg the favour of Dr. Madden that he would come to-morrow to meet Dr. Lushington and you at dinner. I am prevented from calling on him by being kept the whole morning in the House of Lords, or Privy Council; and the only chance I have of seeing him before Thursday is his having the goodness to dine here to-morrow, or if he is engaged, to come in the evening. Captain Denman, to whom I sent, is out of town.

Yours very truly,

H. BROUGHAM.

(From Lord Brougham).

A Monsieur Mignet, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Institut, aux Archives des Affaires Etrangeres.

Brougham, 16th September.

Mon cher et digne confrère,—Permettez que je vous presente mon compatriote M. Madden qui se trouve á Paris dans ce moment occupé, d'un ouvrage assez interesssant sur l'histoire des Revoltés Irlandais de 1798.

Faites votre possible pour qu'il puisse etre admis aux archives de la guerre de votre departement, car il ne peut achever son travail sans consulter les documents qui s'y trouvent. An attendant le plaisir de vous revoir avant la fin d' Octobre agréez les assurances, &c.

H. BROUGHAM.

(From Dr. M'Donnell of Belfast).

Tuesday, 8th October, 1840.

My dear Doctor,—There are three or four people with whom you should converse—Robert Simms, Mary M'Cracken, the widow of Dr. Magee, Mr. Hughes of Holywood—the father of the latter employed Napper Tandy as his agent in Dublin; Sir Edward Newenham, Q. J. Bennet, Miliken, an old man named Hope, whom I never saw.

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If I knew when to expect you any evening I should endeavour to find some persons to meet you. Hoping to have that pleasure soon, I am your most obliged friend,

J. M'DONNELL.

R. R. MADDEN.

(From Monsieur Isambert, Member of the Assembly).

J'arrive de la campagne où j'ai vue Genéral O'Connor célebrant sa 80me année le—mardi 4 juillet; c'est ce qui m'a empêche d'avoir l'honneur de vous reitérer la visite. Je vais lui faire parvenir par une occasion la brochure que vous avéz fait remettre chez moi avec votre lettre.

Nos affaires en France vont très mal et sur les rapports de l'abolition d'Esclavage et sur toutes les autres questions de liberté on était plus liberal dans les dernieres années de la Restoration.

Votre très humble serviteur et ami,

ISAMBERT.

Paris Samedi, 8 Juillet, 1843.

MONSIEUR LE DR. MADDEN.

(From Sir James Stephens, sometime Under Secretary of State for the Colonies).

Richmond-on-Thames, 6th October 1849.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I will now tell you what I before hinted, that it was at one time a doubt with me whether I should not visit Ireland as a Commissioner for the sale of encumbered estates. A more gentle gale is wafting me to Cambridge as Professor of Modern History. Pray come to see me there. Papist, Jesuit, bigot as you are, we will not fear your presence in our Protestant University. At least a man so far gone as I am in toleration, will not only endure but hail your presence, and I will make you known to some few people there as well disposed as myself to sympathize with a fellow-christian, notwithstanding some diversities of creed, and to hope for a meeting in a better state, in which our errors of judgment may be corrected and pardoned, and our natural kindness ripened and purified from the dross that adheres to it in our best estate in this life.

My amanuensis greets you well,

Ever yours,

JAMES STEPHENS.

(From Lord Cloncurry).

Maritimo, 4th Nov. 1849.

My dear Sir,—I was made happy by hearing of your recovery; we cannot afford to lose more good men, and a better than you our friend William Murphy has not left after him.

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In looking over my poor book, you will observe that there are scant authorities or correspondence in the early part of my eventful life. A little reflection will explain the cause. My voluminous papers were seized in 1798, and again in '99, and a third ransacking took place at Lyons in 1803, by my magisterial tenant Clinch whilst I was in Italy. In this latter robbery was an interesting correspondence with Lord Hardwicke and Mr Kirnan.

The most interesting State papers (Lord Anglesey's letters) were reviewed by himself. I obtained his unwilling permission to publish them.

They show his honesty, his talent, and his desire to save Ireland, to do which he was, I think, more fit than any other living man. If Ireland could be saved it would have been by him.

Very faithfully yours,

CLONCURRY.

R. R. MADDEN.

(From W. S. O'Brien).

11, Westland Row,

February 4th, 1846.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you very sincerely for your kind present. I shall value it not alone on account of its literary merits, which are of a high order, but also as a memorial of the sentiments entertained towards me by its author.

Trusting that you will find health and happiness in the climes in which you now sojourn, and that you will live to return to an emancipated country, and long be a witness of its advancement in regard of everything which can bring dignity and prosperity to a powerful kingdom,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

WILLLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

R. R. MADDEN.

P.S.—I hope that you will publish the lines to Emmet.

(From Sir James Stephens).

26th March 1850.

My dear Dr. Madden,—Your note has just reached me here—that is, at No. 5, Alfred-place, Brompton, where I have come to get my lectures copied. I tear off a piece of the paper destined to that service (having no other by me) to tell you how very happy your note has made me and my wife, who has just looked in on my solitary lodging here. It is indeed so very pleasant an occurrence that I don't know how to set about disavowing the share in it which you have the kindness to ascribe to me. However, may God bless you and yours in your quiet harbour after so many storms. I shall certainly

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take you at your word the very first day I can, and claim the dinner and the bed which you so hospitably promised.

Alas, for the poor Church of England. I think the Bishops should all wear their wigs inverted, so as to make veils of them. They sorely stand in need of some such shelter. Would you believe it that my good friends at Cambridge have actually taken this moment for preferring a kind of indictment, which, however, I hear has been sent back by the authorities there with "no true bill" upon it. Macaulay bids me laugh at the whole thing, and says that everybody else is laughing at it.

Farewell, my dear Doctor Madden. We are travelling different roads under different guides. May it be to the same home; and then we shall understand these mysteries better.

Ever yours,

JAMES STEPHENS.

R. R. MADDEN.

P.S.—Our cordial congratulations and greetings to Mrs. Madden.

(From Sir Moses Montefiore).

East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate,

17th April 1876.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I was truly delighted with your very kind letter. It made me remember all the happy days I and my beloved and much lamented wife spent in your company, in lands which I think will no more be called the barbarous "East," for as far as luxury and European fashion they surpass England and France. I cheerfully agree to what your biographer said about your indefatigable industry and high literary aptitude. You surely have given us works of intense national interest, and posterity will remember your name in honour and respect; but I do not approve of other remarks which he introduces in reference to your opinions on historical philosophy.

I often think of you when reading Lady Montefiore's Journal, and will be delighted to see you and Mrs. Madden, also your son, whenever you happen to come to Park Lane or East Cliff. I was much pleased with your portrait. You look twenty years younger than when last I had the pleasure of seeing you. I wish you had been with me at Jerusalem; you would have noticed a wonderful change. There is now a new Jerusalem outside the city walls. Believing you would like to know something about my movements in the Holy Land, I send you the accompanying "Narrative;" and with sincere wishes that you may continue in full enjoyment of health and comfort, and surrounded by your dear wife and family, for many years yet to come,

I remain, my dear Dr. Madden,

Yours sincerely,

MOSES MONTEFIORE.

With regard to my own state of health, I regret to say that I have been confined to my chamber the whole winter, but feel now, thank God, much better.

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(From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone).

Abbeyleix Lodge, Ireland,

November 9th, 1877.

Dear Dr. Madden,—I take it as a great kindness on your part to recall yourself to my remembrance, and I accept with thankfulness your pious, good wishes. It is a great comfort to reflect that in all the intercessions which human beings may offer up for one another they never can effect anything but what is good.

* * * * * * *

I hope also that you have not reason to feel too widely severed from me by my opinions concerning your Church. I should have trusted that there is little of what I have written, except as to persons individually and in certain cases, which would have struck at anything which you individually believed and cherished. I do not forget that I am writing to the biographer of Savonarola. Probably you will not be surprised at my saying that I believe to exist amongst you an old school I could never have cared to lift my feeble hands against in the arena of controversy. I even think that is known and felt by many. There is a bishop of the Latin Church, one not unknown to fame, who has within the last three years honoured me greatly beyond my deserts with his warm friendship. All this I have been tempted to write because that which commands my interest is the union, not the separation, of those who believe. It is time to cease.

Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

R. R. MADDEN, ESQ., M.D.

Dublin Castle, April 12th, 1871.

My dear Madden,—Have you at hand Croker's Ireland, Past and Present? I want so much to refer to it. . . . Is there any authentic history of the Whiteboys? and where can one find old Irish trials.

Yours ever,

J. BERNARD BURKE.

3, Vernon Terrace, Booterstown,

13th April 1871.

Dear Sir Bernard,—I need hardly tell you there is no tract or trial in my possession that is not at your service. But for the use or service of the man, James Anthony Froude, the eulogist of the monster Henry VIII., the champion of his hard-hearted daughter, Queen Elizabeth, the reckless defamer of the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland, the very recent proclaimer of the inexpediency of any measures of conciliation in favour of Catholic Ireland,—I have no tracts, trials, or information.

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I have never read any historical works of a man so perverted in mind, so utterly regardless of truth in dealing with historic facts, as the author of the History of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth, in ten volumes. I look upon him as so unscrupulous, an opponent of all that is worthy of praise or pity in those who have suffered for it, that I could not bring myself to aid or assist him in any of his pursuits. If I am wrong in my supposition that the tracts, &c., in question, are for his use, pray let me know, and pardon this explosion of very strong opinions of dissent from this man's sentiments on all subjects.

Yours, dear Sir Bernard, ever faithfully,
R. R. MADDEN.

Dublin Castle, April 14th, 1871.

My dear Madden,—I honour and respect your motives. You are, and have ever been an honest politician, a staunch patriot, and what I value especially, a kind-hearted friend.

Yours sincerely,
J. B. BURKE, Ulster.

(From Walter Savage Landor).

Bath, April 10th, 1855.

My dear Sir,—I have detained your papers to read them carefully. Do not believe me an enemy to any man for his religion. My earliest friends and neighbours were Roman Catholics.

* * * * * * * * *

Your valuable life of Savonarola was a matter of deep interest to me. It ought to have been so. Savonarola and Dante are the two Italians I venerate the most, although I would rather have lived with B——— than with either. I had formerly an original picture of Savonarola, which I gave away more than forty years ago. I stil possess the portrait of his friend, the Prior of St. Mark's, formerly belonging to my old friend Bishop B———. It is also by Fra. Bartolemeo.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours very cordially,
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Recollections of P. V. Fitzpatrick (the intimate friend of O'Connell) on Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage with the Prince Regent.

Eccles-street, 3rd April.

My dear Madden,— . . . Major Nugent, of the Irish Brigade in the French service, stated in presence of my sister and myself that he played whist with the priest that married the Prince of Wales to Mrs. Fitzherbert,

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on the evening of the marriage. Our recollection is that the event took place at the Hague, and that Abbé Campbell, a well-known clergyman of that day, was the celebrant. Miss Fitzpatrick tells me that Mr. Errington, of Kingstown, knows the facts and the persons accurately. She thinks that Mr. Errington contradicted our notion as to the Abbé being the man.

Miss Fitzpatrick will try to get you the information through a mutual friend, if possible, to-morrow. Even that will be too late for your purpose so we must await your third edition, which, from the run your book has had already, will be speedily called for, according, at least, to the opinion and wish of

Yours always most truly,

P. V. FITZPATRICK.

(From Lord Howard de Walden, British Ambassador to Belgium).

Brussells, March 26th, 1852.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I have to-day received a copy of your work on the *Shrines and Sepulchres*, which I accept and value as a token of our past relations, and of remembrance of the days we passed in Lisbon, and those sentiments of regard and esteem which I have ever since entertained towards you. I had already had the work from one of my sons, and have read it. You certainly have contrived to bring together an astonishing mass of curious and instructive details, and to throw them together in a way to be read with great interest; and I am pleased to notice that you had brought in so well what I had seen in Portugal having reference to that country. It made me younger by some years while I was going through this part. I shall be indeed very glad to meet you again, and trust to do so if you go to London this autumn, as I expect to be there then.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

HOWARD DE WALDEN.

(From F. Prendergast to Dr. Maunsell, editor of the Dublin *Evening Mail*).

Dear Maunsell,—In the enclosed, a speech of Robert Holmes, which you have heard me say ought to be preserved, with other relics of the same class, by Dr. Madden, is alluded to.

If Dr. Madden should publish another volume, I do think that Holmes might well make a chapter in it; but at any rate the speech in question, for its eloquence and force, if not for merit, ought to be recorded somewhere. His daughter's stanzas, "O Weep not for the Dead," are better poetry than all the Poet Laureates, and I am sure that many, like myself, must have been gratified to meet them in Dr. Madden's work.

It is curious to trace the Republican Robert Holmes's money purchasing a coronet for his granddaughter, Lady Donoraile; but as her uncle, Emmet, the Irish rebel, was only three removes from a Cromwellian Tipperary settler, who can say whether this old man's red hot ire may not be transmitted even to his noble descendants, when they turn their eyes to his fiery

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periods and his daughter's pathetic lines, and whether they too may not feel that they are Hibernian born and hereditarily pledged to the cause of country, to use Holmes's expression. But you have not time to attend to such musings.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS PRENDERGAST.

(From Sir James Stephens, on the Crimean War).

Westbourne Terrace, London,

22nd July 1854.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I am inclined to think that Milesian was never worse used by Saxon than you by me, and that, you know, is saying a good deal. In deep humility and repentance, then, I plead guilty to the offences of having detained your books unreasonably long, and of having left your inquiry unanswered.

I much doubt whether the danger which has evoked, and what is supposed to justify, the war, was a danger of much magnitude or urgency, and I abhor this bloodshedding as much as yourself. I suspect that the Czar Nicholas might prove a far less troublesome neighbour than Louis Napoleon. He has at this moment Rome, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem in his grasp, and will scarcely let them go when the war is over. But one is hurried on with the current of events, like a moth feeding on the lining of a railway carriage on an express train, and as little able to arrest them.

Meanwhile, both you and I have, by God's mercy, the direction of our pens. Mine is engaged in illustrating ecclesiastical biography from the history of France, for the edification of my pupils. Yours might be most profitably employed in a selection from the . . . . . of well authenticated brief narratives. Nothing could be made more interesting, as nothing is less generally known. The old writers were too often destitute of historical accuracy. The modern writers are controversial, and provoke their readers to quarrel instead of winning them to read, and to be wiser. Your own Savonarola is admirable, but rather a history than a biography, and nobody, as far as I know, has ever found out the art of combining together the merits of the two styles. I suspect that such a combination is impossible. Then comes in the way that hateful spirit of discord which would prevent the acceptance of a Roman Catholic biographical history if Bossuet himself were living amongst us to write it. But a mere failure . . . . written on the hypothesis (the very unfounded hypothesis, it is true), that your readers could supply the history for themselves, ought to draw tears from the eyes of those who read it, bring blushes to their cheeks, and make them throw out their hands to shake hands with the biographer. The newspapers say that you are to have H. Newman among you as head of your new college —an excellent choice if learning, ability, vigour of mind, and exquisite power of language were the only essential qualifications.

How I should rejoice to see you again.

Yours always most truly,

JAMES STEPHENS.

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(From Thomas Davis, on Dr. Madden's work, *The Connexion of Ireland with the Crown of England*).

31st March.

My dear Madden,—Among the essays was one which, from the information in it, and from its appendix, I knew must be yours. The judges were unanimous in thinking the style amongst the best; we also felt that publication of the appendix would be important, and the whole work would be most interesting. I have been requested by the General Committee to write to the author of the essay to know if he contemplated publishing it—can you answer my question? If published, they would recommend the purchase of a large number of copies for the Association. As to other matters you know enough from the papers without my aid. Suffice it that education is increasing in countless ways, the literary conservatives becoming quite national. The bigotry excited by the Bequests Bill has ceased; there is more cordiality in our own councils than at any time these two years. Of course there are great difficulties and dangers even in this our legal effort for local institutions—but we are men.

Ever yours most sincerely,

T. Davis.

(From Dr. Petrie, the Irish Antiquarian).

Dublin, 20th March 1865.

My dear Dr. Madden,—The poem you allude to, and which I also consider as one of great beauty, was written for me by one of my oldest and dearest friends,—a friend of sixty years standing, whom I have venerated for his varied acquirements, and loved for his virtues. He is the Rev. J. Wills, brother of the Wills of Willsbrook, in the county of Roscommon, and is at present Rector of a parish in the county of Wicklow. You will find many other short poems of his in the same volume with the Irish music. I think they are all more or less beautiful; but there is one of them to which I particularly wish to draw your attention. It will be found at p. 130. This article, both prose and poem,—*O'Connellan's Harp*—is Dr. Wills'; the prose prefixed to *Irish Music* a hasty scribble of mine. The *Ode to the Minstrel, O'Connellan*, in the same article, which is wholly Wills', may be considered as a companion to that other one, *Irish Music*, and in my humble opinion, it is a worthy companion to it. Wills has written much, and well; yet he is little known to the public as a writer, and this chiefly, if not wholly, by his *Lives of Illustrious Irishmen*.

One of his poems had this amount of success: it put £500 into the pocket of Maturin, when that unfortunate man of genius was hard up, but not a single farthing into the pocket of its author. The poem was entitled *The Universe* a rather extensive subject. You will find extracts in the Dublin journals.

With kind regards to Mrs. Madden,

I remain, my dear Dr. Madden, yours most faithfully,

George Petrie.

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(From John O'Donovan, the Celtic scholar).

February 27th, 1856.

My dear Friend,—I do not feel well enough to venture out under the night air this evening. Our friend Daniel MacCarthy lodges at Garville, Rathgar. I have not heard from him for some days; fear that he is not well, and would feel very much obliged if you could make time to see him and give your opinion on the state of his health. He is a very worthy gentleman, who has the heart in the right place.

Our neighbours, ... the prophets, seem to think that I am the critic who condemned their work. The Protestant followers of St. Columba will attack them more efficiently than any papist, for it does not require any great skill in prophetic lore to see through the very silly character of their works.

My cough is getting worse and worse every year, and I am now beginning to think that it will carry me off to my native home before I reach the age of half a century. If I live to finish the *Brehon Laws* I ought to be satisfied; but I feel all the frigidity of old age and its concomitant indifference to what heretofore delighted me, gradually stealing upon me, so that I fear that a few short half years more will see me in Glasnevin.

Hoping that your son is doing well, and wishing you all many years of happiness,

I remain, my very good friend, yours ever sincerely,

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

(From Henry Grattan, junr.)

Rue Haute Plante, No. 8, Pau, France,

Saturday, 26th, 1859.

My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your letter. I am sure that a subscription can be set on foot for any relation of Curran. The publication by Ross of the Cornwallis papers was ill-judged, ill-timed, and will do much mischief. There are parts, I think, that may be answered. I do not mean with any reference to the *Freeman's Journal*, but with regard to the debates on the reply of Lord Castlereagh. If there is spirit in the Irish they would not sleep over such a tissue of infamy and audacity. Surely if the Barons who obtained the great Charter are to be held in everlasting remembrance, those men who destroyed it should be held in everlasting execration. Bad deeds should be equally detested. The publication of Ross' work must produce in Ireland deserved retaliation—"semper ego auditor tantum." At the same time, I fear the dormant spirit in Ireland is too easily roused, and so completely ineffectual that it will be in vain to expect from it any national permanent utility; but although injuries may be atoned for, insults admit of no compensation.

I think every search should be made to ascertain who betrayed Lord Edward: it will serve to show that even the leaders most looked up to and most prized are not safe. How, then, can those below hope to escape? and this may further deter men now from joining—a tissue of folly will not aid their country.

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I have to return you many thanks for your suggestions as to Malaga, but I think the climate of Pau suits my invalid, and I trust I shall return with her in a better state of health than when she left Ireland.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

HENRY GRATTAN.

(From Thomas O'Hagan).

Rutland-square, 10th June 1870.

My dear Madden,—Many thanks for your most kind letters. It is pleasant indeed to hear good news from a friend so honoured and so true. . . . .

Always yours,

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

(From John P. Prendergast).

September 22nd, 1864.

My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your lines, which are very good, and stinging towards the conclusion.

There will be bad work yet out of all this, I fear. The Orangemen have been so long above the law that I do not think they will submit to be disarmed, and if they are not disarmed, and if the "Irish" are not allowed to be armed, nothing is done.

I thought I had given the place of deposit of the Commonwealth orders about the Waterford Printing Press. The books of the Council for the Affairs of Ireland, from which they are quoted, are in the Record Tower, Dublin Castle, in MS. You will find in Harris' *Hibernica*, the preface to the third part of which consists of two treatises concerning the power of the Parliament of England to make laws for Ireland, that the case of Tenures, which contains the argument of Patrick Darcy in 1637 against Strafford's proceedings, was printed at Waterford by Thomas B————, Printer to the Confederate Catholics of Ireland, in 1643; 4to. Preface p. 1 in it.

Cromwell's celebrated answer to the Clonmacnoise Manifesto of the Irish Bishops and clergy was printed at Cork in 1643, and re-printed in London, March 21st, 1643-50. We have the Cork edition.

Yours most truly,

JOHN P. PRENDERGAST.

(Letter from the Dowager Marchioness of Normanby to R. R. Madden, 25th August 1863, in vindication of the memory of the late Marquis).

Hamilton Lodge, 9 Kensington Green,

25th August 1863.

Lady Normanby presents her compliments to Dr. Madden. The letter he addressed to her son was forwarded to her. She opened it, thinking it might have been meant for her dear and lamented husband. Her son

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has not yet returned to England, and therefore Lady Normanby hopes Dr. Madden will excuse her writing to thank him for the kind and true estimate he formed of Lord Normanby's character and principles, which he maintained and expressed to the last day of his life. Lady Normanby knows the value Lord Normanby always set on Dr. Madden's opinion, which makes this testimony the more grateful to her, and she must again beg Dr. Madden to excuse this letter and accept her heartfelt thanks.*

"I have an intimate knowledge of the intentions and views of Lord Mulgrave when he entered on the office of Viceroy of Ireland. They were to these ends: 'To deal with Ireland as if it was an English county—fairly and impartially; to know of no anomalies in its condition that necessitated one rule of right and one line of policy when dealing with its people, and another when legislating for or ruling over the people of England; to administer the laws in a spirit of equal justice over all the King of England's subjects in Ireland; to make the magistracy respected, to keep it respectable, and with this view, to remove from it all persons unfit for the bench—men of bad repute, of extreme opinions, of violent courses, zealots, and partisans of factions who traded in politics or polemics; to make no distinction between candidates for offices under Government on account or pretence of religion; to discountenance the practice of packing juries and perverting the administration of justice for any purpose whatsoever; in fine, to carry on the government of Ireland so as to render English rule reverenced and loved, and not feared only in Ireland.'"*

Extract from a letter of the Marquis of Normanby, of the 10th June 1863, to Dr. M.)

"In your statement of my views of the principles on which the government of Ireland should be administered, and was administered by me, I see not one word to alter; and at the expiration now of twenty-eight years, I can see no reason to wish one word unsaid of what was then professed to be right principles of government. Can all the surviving members of Lord Melbourne's administration say so much now?"

(Letter from His Grace the late Primate of Armagh, the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, to R. R. Madden, on the death of the Marquis of Normanby).

Armagh, August 26th, 1863.

Dear Sir,—I regret that my absence from Armagh has occasioned delay in answering your letter of the 22nd inst. As regards the subject of which you call my attention, I am persuaded that it would be very difficult to exaggerate the claims of the late Marquis of Normanby on the gratitude of

* The views of the Marquis of Normanby, with whom Dr. Madden was intimately acquainted, on the Government of Ireland, are thus referred to in the latter's work on *Galileo and the Inquisition*, as stated to the author by that nobleman on entering on the duties of Viceroy of this country in 1835.

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the people of this country. I remember well how, during the period of his office here as Viceroy, those who were the best exponents of the true sentiments of the Irish people, were the admiration of the able and impartial manner in which he administered the high trust confided to him—the good example which he left for those who will come after him, have inscribed his name on the record of the illustrious benefactors of this country. His recall from Ireland was justly considered at the time a national calamity. But our Catholic people rejoiced in latter years to know that the illustrious nobleman, having brought with him to Italy admirable qualities of head and heart for which he was admired and loved in Ireland, was enabled to see through the low hypocrisy as well as the unblushing villany that have triumphed in that unhappy land, and was not afraid to declare himself on all occasions the uncompromising enemy of a state of things brought about by such vile agencies.

For my own part, the news of his death was to me the source of sincerest sorrow, and I am sure I may say the same for my brethren in the Irish Prelacy.

I remain, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

✠ JOSEPH DIXON.

R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

(From Lady Wilde).

My dear Sir,—I have received your two beautiful volumes with the greatest pleasure and gratitude, and it was kind of you to mention me in such flattering terms for the very slight service I was fortunate to render you. It is indeed a high honour for me to be connected in any way with so valuable an addition to our literature. The work seems full of interest. Of course, as yet, I have only made that delightful impatient rush over its contents which a new book of such an order is sure to excite; but I can see that it is full of romantic as well as heroic interest. I also came upon some verses admirably rendered by yourself. You have done well to give all the originals, they are among the sweetest verses I have ever read in the Italian, like what Carlo Dolce is to painting. I must admire, too, the form in which the work is brought out, for I like a pleasing exterior even in a book, and everything about yours makes it quite tempting to open. I anticipate the greatest pleasure from the perusal; perhaps it will light up some of the old heroic fire in my heart, dead now for many a day. You have chosen a noble hero to build an altar to, and I am sure you have put your hand to the work with true sympathy and love.

Farewell, my kind, too flattering friend,

Ever with esteem and gratitude, yours,

JANE FRANCESCA WILDE.

My kind regards to Mrs. Madden.

(From Sir John D. Acton, Bart.)

Aldenham Park, Bridgenorth.

My dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for your note and its enclosure. We ought to work well together, for I am suffering from the same malady. I have collected nearly three thousand volumes on Italian history. I do

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not think the principles you lay down for the treatment of modern history can in any way clash with my own. One should always have before one's eyes a vision of a . . . . examining one's use of authorities, and ready to expose whatever is not straightforward.

We must not forget a very different tribunal, where every written and spoken word will be judged.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

J. D. ACTON.

(From Denis Florence M'Carthy).

Summerfield, Friday, December 3rd, 1863.

My dear Madden,—This Oriental flight is too much for me. Let me, in plain Western prose, say how sorry I am to hear of your cold. I trust, however, it may be better by Sunday, and that you may be able to come to us after all. I am myself nearly in the condition you describe. O'Hagan will be disappointed at not meeting you, as I ventured to almost promise that you would be with us. Thanks for your Knights.

Ever yours,

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

(From Sir Bernard Burke).

Dublin Castle, November 19th, 1870.

My dear Madden,—You are always my kind friend, and always ready with information. Could you some spare moment put on paper for me a list of such printed books as would assist in the compilation of a history of *Ireland under the Penal Laws?*

I intend this next month to present you with a copy of my *Peerage and Baronetage*, which will, I fancy, be acceptable. It is quite a re-modelled edition.

Yours ever,

J. BERNARD BURKE (Ulster).

(From the Rev. Dr. Miley).

Metropolitan Church, Dublin,

February 7th, 1844.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I should be, in common with all true hearted Irishmen, deeply indebted to you for your letter. It was of the greatest service, and was spoken of by everyone that I heard mention it in terms of praise. . . . . Depend upon it, our agitation has made itself felt in more quarters than one. There has been some, and not a little, display and prompt energy in following up the word by the blow.

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You will be surprised that on the subject of Maynooth I hesitate to agree with you. Are you aware that the project formed by . . . . relative to an establishment for ecclesiastical education, was of a nature calculated to ruin religion? that the interference of the then Government was obviously providential though anything but well intended, and left the institution perfectly free from anything like undue interference.

We were much alarmed about your illness, but now I trust all danger and apprehension is long past. I forgot to ask how Mrs. Madden and the young aspirant after martial glory are. Remember me to Mrs. Madden in the kindest manner, and to Forde when you see him next; but say to Sir Thomas I had rather see him encounter the same risks his great namesake did, either in the career of the law or the gospel.

I am, dear Dr. Madden, ever faithfully yours,

T. MILEY.

(From William B. M'Cabe).

29, Upper Belgrave-place, London,

December 18th, 1847.

My dear Doctor,—I never felt more pleased in my life than on receiving your most welcome letter this morning, for I can truly say I have never felt a strong gale of wind blowing upon me that I did not think of you, poor dear Mrs. Madden, and the boy, and hoping that you were well and safe, and out of reach of it, or if not, tumbling in thought with you on the rough sea, and shrinking with you in the cold cabin, which must be dark and gloomy enough, and wishing I had you all back again, and listening to Tom's laugh, and looking at Mrs. Madden's quiet gentle smile, and joining with you in railing against a wicked, nasty, scheming, plotting, insincere world. Doctor, we are not relatives, but excepting Forde and your sister, I doubt if you have one relation in the world who has thought of you and yours so much since we parted as myself. You must know that, until we see each other again, I have laid down a rule that every Sunday after dinner your healths are to be drunk here. I will propose them, others drink them; and this I do in order that you may say, as each Sunday comes round, "Well, though M'Cabe thinks much of me, I am sure, this is a day I am positive he is talking of me to others;" and then Upper Belgrave-place will rise to your mind, and we shall be in spirit together.

You will find by *The News of the World* of this day that I have referred to you—that I make you plead to save our unfortunate country from the spy system, the re-organization of which . . . . . has commenced, and for which I gave him the benefit again of his letter to the Rev. Mr. H———, of Roscrea.

Your book makes a very pretty volume, and a copy or copies have been sent to the Portsmouth agents by Richardson. Need I tell you how proud I am of the dedication to myself. When the proof was sent to me I took care that I should not be mistaken for my fetch. I am working as hard to have the book noticed as if it were my own. I hope before you go you may be able to receive the *Dublin Review* with my article on it. The *Review* for the April number is already in the hands of Richardson.

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As to myself, I have nothing to do with the : . . . .——— has got an interest in it. He is a convert, and one of those who, in assuming the dove-like simplicity of our faith, has carried into it the wisdom of the serpent, to be found in the creed he abandoned. It is very probable that this affair will for the remainder of my life put me out of Catholic politics. It must be not merely a tempting offer that can possibly induce me again to touch them. . . .

The Irish Catholic Magazine is placed in the handsof Professor Kelly and Dr. Croke of Maynooth. Duffy has asked me to write for it. If I do, it will be a series of papers entitled "*The recollections of an Irish Parliamentary Reporter*",—in fact, a sort of autobiographer. Duffy tells me my book is selling well in Dublin. . . .

And now, my dear Doctor, with the assurance that all here are well, you have all the news. A thousand loves from all to yourself, to Mrs. Madden, and Thomasino.

Ever your devoted friend,

WILLIAM B. M'CABE.

(From Dr. William Beattie).

Rose Villa, Hampstead,

November 15th, 1844.

My dear Madden,—Two months absence from home, and a rather severe attack of illness, has greatly interrupted my correspondence; but indeed it was not until I received a note from you awaiting my return that I could obtain the least clue to your address, shortly before the death of Campbell I wrote to ——who promised to procure the information for me, but being suddenly called to Boulogne, I heard nothing more of it. On the death of the poet I felt exceedingly anxious to communicate with you. I wrote to my young friend at Versailles from Boulogne, but great delay having been caused by some error in my address, I did not receive his reply until my return home, where a mountain of letters and papers awaited me, and I take the earliest opportunity of giving you this frank explanation of my negligence. You may imagine how much I have missed your friendly service and sympathy under the painful duties that have lately fallen to my lot. I was with Campbell during the last days and nights of his earthly pilgrimage. Never can it be eradicated from my mind what I heard and saw during that momentous period. Yours was among the last names that caught his attention. In looking over his payers I find allusions to you, and correspondence containing your criticisms upon some poems of his. I would like to publish his memoirs. I have no doubt you would find honourable mention of yourself in them. You can hardly imagine his gratitude on seeing me unexpectedly at Boulogne; strange as it may appear, I had no intimation from the attendant physician of the precarious state in which the poet then lay. I know you loved the poet, and that this was mutual. I send you a memorial presented only to the personal friends of the Bard. It is a true picture, and you will not read it without emotion.

Ever, believe me, most truly yours,

W. BEATTIE.

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13, Upper Berkley-street.

My ever dear Friend,—How can I sufficiently thank you for your kind letter. It came at the right time, and acted as a powerful restorative to me without one drop of bitter flavour, and from what you advise, it is very clear our thoughts had been running in the same channel. We find our sage apprehensions were pure imaginations. Such is life. I quite agree with you in all you say regarding our duties and our doings, and the contrast they present in the lives of the best men. But henceforth nothing seems to obstruct my vision,—I will try to look through it, to the sunshine. The very shadows are a proof of sunshine, and the brighter the sun the darker the shade. Painters and poets know this. So in the moral world. But here I finish, as I may get beyond my depth. I leave the subject in better hands —*i.e.*, in yours. I wish indeed I could visit Dublin this autumn and inflict my tediousness on you for a whole month. Under such circumstances you might expect to find that your days and evenings were more than usually lengthened. I am thankful to say that after a dangerous illness my good sister is out again, though I much fear she will never entirely recover her strength, but even this is more than we at the time expected. It was a long and anxious time—nearly four months. But now I must turn to the business matters of the day more abruptly than I intended to have done, but there is no help for it.

With best wishes to Mrs. Madden,

Ever, believe me, most truly yours,

W. Beattie.

Christmas Day, 1870,

3, Vernon Terrace, Booterstown.

My dear Beattie,—The Day of Gladness all over the Christian world must not pass without a few lines to my dear friend, wishing all manner of God's blessings, good things, spiritual and temporal, and glad tidings. Of me and mine I have none other to give, *Deo Gratias*, but what are good. I did indeed hear long before I wrote to you, sending those lines which poorly expressed my sentiments as to the only true source of consolation in afflictions of all kinds, of this heavy loss you met with in that unfortunate company, but I could not bring myself to write about it. But I knew you understand the motive I had in view in addressing those lines to you. . . .

I did not forget that I had seen a copy of Thomas á Kempis' great book with you, and that you wanted to make a present of it to me, and that I declined to accept it: but I did not tell you the reason why I declined to take it. I will, however, now tell you; and along with this disclosure, which I never intended to make, I will add another, which I promise you I will never more refer to. I refused your *Imitation of Christ* because the idea came into my head that, some day or other, perhaps this book may be the means of bringing Beattie to the faith of the author of that book, and from that time I think it was. That a Sunday never came that I assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which á Kempis so glorified in the privilege of celebrating, that I did not offer up a prayer that God in His mercy might give you the grace of coming into communion with the Roman Catholic Church. You will not be angry with me for doing this; but even if you were so, it would make no difference, my dear Beattie, with me. I would, and will as long as needs be, continue so to do; and yet I have a feeling the need will not exist a long time, *Deo volente*.

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I referred above to á Kempis glorying in the privilege of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Here are the words, which I have not time to copy, but send you in print, from the 12th chapter of the 4th Book, beginning—"Great is the mystery, and great is the dignity of priests, is given that which to angels is not granted."

* * * * * * * * *

So much for the tenets on two fundamental doctrines of that old Thomas á Kempis, with whose religion, you tell me, you have been long acquainted, and with which, God grant, you will soon be entirely identified.

In all sincerity, my dear Beattie, ever yours,

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN.

To DR. W. BEATTIE.

(From R. R. Madden to William Smith O'Brien, Esq., M.P.)

Lisbon 8th May 1846.

My dear Sir,—Your strenuous efforts against the detestable Coercion Bill I most earnestly pray may be successful. Should they prove otherwise, the Repeal Association will have to make an onward movement. It has not yet exhausted its peaceful powers of resistance of tyranny, manifest as the late Government measure is, for such must be considered this last signal violation of constitutional liberty. If the Association declined to advance, and limited its opposition to that tyranny to such measures as have hitherto been put in operation by it, then the Association will lose the confidence of the people, and it will not be in your power or in that of any public man to recover it. I do not point to any means of redress which imply or necessitate unconstitutional action, violence, or physical force, which I utterly disapprove of as essentially wrong, and every recourse to which on former occasions has proved so disastrous to our country. There are other and better means of resistance to tyranny even in more desperate circumstances than the present. Circumstances may arise in every country when rent and taxes, the use of foreign manufactures, and the consumption of exciseable articles, may become subjects of all engrossing consideration, and public virtue and persistent patience and enduring resolution may become great themes of speculation. Tyranny in its worst forms can be passively and effectually resisted where there is virtue in the people and resolute integrity in its leaders. If Ireland be now bereft of that small share of constitutional rights which belong to her, your Association, though unnamed in the odious Act in question, will be shorn of its strength—its organization in the country will be at an end—it will drag on a sickly existence for some months, and then will fall to the ground like the Volunteer movement after the Convention Act, and leave nothing behind but a memory of great things expected of it and left undone.

I am, my dear sir, yours ever faithfully,

R. R. MADDEN.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

APPOINTED COLONIAL SECRETARY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA IN 1847.

To resume the course of this memoir, in November 1847, Dr. and Mrs. Madden, with their younger son, embarked for Western Australia at Southampton. Nevertheless, the voyage did not commence until nearly a month later, whilst from stress of weather the ship lay off the Isle of Wight.

(Lines written off Ryde, 21st December 1847).

Riding in the roads off Ryde we lie,
And you lie, too, if you deny
'Tis pleasanter by far to ride on land,
To roll in the 'bus along the Strand,
Or any other kind of coach, except a hearse,
To which most people are very much averse
To ride inside, in a horizontal way,
To Kensall Green, however fine the day.

I love to roll o'er the rattling stones
In a hansom cab that shakes one's bones;
This is the rolling "what" suits me,
And not this horrid rolling on the sea:
Rowley-powley all day long,
Pitch and toss, and then swing-swong;
In cot or hammock all night thro',
Sick and sad and sleepless too.

R. R. M.

Some extracts from Dr. Madden's journal during this voyage may perhaps serve to exemplify the difference between the present and former mode of communication with the Antipodes.—

"Embarked on board the *Orient* for Western Australia, at Cowes, on Saturday, the 27th November 1847, (Captain Norris). Fifty boys from Parkhurst, under sentence of transportation, with conditional pardons on arrival, came on board at Cowes singing "God Save the Queen." When the Governor, Captain Kells, came on board, the influence of his admirable administration of the Penitentiary was apparent in the affecting parting scenes between him and the boys. Remained on the northern bank off Ryde, Isle of Wight, from the 29th Nov. to the 14th Dec. at anchor. Sailed again on the 14th, and on the 17th put into Plymouth. There we remained till the 21st, when finally we sailed, after being on board 25 days. On the 23rd, in the Chops of the Channel, we had a

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violent gale. In the Bay of Biscay it increased and blew a perfect tempest. The ship pitched tremendously; some of our best sails were split, and on the following day the gale subsided. I omitted to state the passage money for self, wife, and boy under nine, everything included except wines—£150. December 30th, in the evening, we were in sight of Madeira. In fact, in the course of a week, from the depth of winter and most tempestuous weather, we were launched into the temperature of summer, with cloudless skies, gentle breezes and tropical seas. Here we are abreast of the most southern of the Cape de Verdes this 6th of January, the seventeenth day from Plymouth. This is the shortest passage our captain, an old East India commander, ever made. Our fifty convict boys, all things considered, have behaved remarkably well. There are some mere children among them, and several well-disposed looking boys. Yet all these lads have been convicted of grave offences. The Superintendent opened their letters at Plymouth. These letters were generally from their mothers. Some of them brought tears to my eyes, wretchedly spelled and written as they were. With one exception, they were such as a loving mother might write to a beloved child in any misfortune. Not one unkind word, but much excellent counsel, expressed in terms that spoke of religion and its influences. There were many excuses for not sending money or some little delicacies, and for not coming to take leave of a dear child; and poverty furnished all these apologies. How those poor boys were moved by these letters. For my own part, I rose from their perusal with saddened feelings, with stronger impressions, if that were possible, of the depth and intensity of a mother's love, and a more profound persuasion of the evils that are entailed by poverty, and the crimes that society as it is constituted is the parent of. These incentives to crime, of which we have the fruits in the ill-reared and probably sorely tempted young criminals on board the *Orient*, could only be warded off by early religious training. This fact is, I believe, incontrovertible, and not the less so for being unpalatable to the new philosophers of the system which is too often taught by the schoolmaster who is abroad amongst us. . . .

"March 20th—Arrived at Freemantle, 89 days from Plymouth, being the shortest voyage on record for a period of twelve years. It has, however, been done in 82 days."

[Here Dr. Madden's journal ends, and the editor now merely retains some distant recollection of their arrival in Australia at the termination of that long voyage—the landing in a convict-manned whale-boat on the surf-beaten shore at Freemantle, and the blinding glare of the tropical sun as reflected from the white-washed houses which, thinly scattered along the desert-like sandy coast,

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then constituted the embryo maritime capital of that since flourishing country.]

In a letter to his old friend Sir James Stephens, written a few weeks after his arrival at Perth, Dr. Madden refers to some of the difficulties which he foresaw before him in his new position there—

(Sir James Stephens, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies).

(Private).

Perth, Western Australia,
18th April 1848.

My dear Sir,—I hope, without violating any official rule, I may avail myself of the privilege of friendship, and inform you of my safe arrival here on the 20th of last month, after a voyage of eighty-nine days. I entered on my duties as soon as possible, and count on being enabled to discharge them efficiently, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but aloft occasionally, for that good help which enables a man to surmount all difficulties and impediments. I will trouble you with no long statement of those obstacles. This Government has been for some time as a kind of patrimony or family property in the management of individuals here, who undertake to manage public affairs so as to spare a new Governor too much trouble, and prevent his disturbing the dead repose in which it is the interest of a few official parties to keep things. That regime, which has depressed all interest and energies but those of five or six persons, it is now sought to maintain. This I cannot acquiesce in; and hence I think right in the beginning you should know this much in order, in the event of any representations being made calculated to prejudice me, that my silence may not be taken for acquiescence in the justice of them; but that whenever you think a defence on my part called for, you will be good enough to apprise me of that necessity.

Very truly yours,

R. R. MADDEN.

During the earlier part of his stay in Western Australia, the office of Governor being vacant, on Dr. Madden, as Acting-Governor, devolved the chief administrative responsibilities of the Swan River settlement until shortly before his departure, by the arrival of Governor Fitzgerald; he was subsequently relieved of a portion of them. The duties of the acting Governor and Colonial Secretary were then of a very arduous character, being complicated by the opposition of the local authorities, to whom his humane and just policy towards the hitherto ill-treated native population was distasteful, and by some of whom it was warmly resented. The principles which directed Dr. Madden in the performance of these duties, and the spirit in which he strove to fulfil these are evinced in the following fragment found amongst his papers of that time, which though not intended for publicity, may well bear the light.

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"ENTERING ON A NEW CAREER."

"There are many things that might make a thoughtful man pensive in the position I now find myself placed. A Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, who is a Catholic, an Irishman, a Liberal in politics, an official who has battled with abuses in other colonies, and a bookish man into the bargain, who has written works which are distasteful to people who deem the Penal Laws salutary enactments, and the past policy of England towards Ireland a good one, is not likely to come into office with much prestige or many prepossessions in his favour to secure a fair stage for his intentions, or fair play, perhaps, for his acts. But I feel very little apprehension, though it is evident I will soon have many difficulties to meet, jealousies to bear up against, and formidable interests opposed to me. My trust is not in myself, nor in any friends or partisans, for I have none here. My entire confidence is in God. On entering on my duties in this colony I commit myself to His Providence. I beseech His goodness, that I may be enabled by His mercy to do what is right and just. With His help I will endeavour to deal justly with all persons; to make no sacrifice of truth or principle to gain the favour of any man, or to escape any censure, slander, or invective; to do my duty to the Government, and so to employ all my energies and faculties as to promote the interests of this colony; to protect the natives, and never to lose sight of the just claims they have on us for protection, enlightenment, and compensation for their lands and their labours. I pray to be so directed as never to turn the opportunities of office to the account of my private interests; nor any power it gives me, to the detriment of others. Lastly, to bear in mind that I am very liable to error, subject to many infirmities, and that it behoves me to be watchful over myself, and very considerate and charitable in dealing with others. Trusting in Thee, my God, for all my guidance and all my help, I enter on the duties of this new office without fear, presuming only on Thy sufficiency, and my hope in Thee, which has never failed me!

"R. R. M."

At that time the Colonial Secretary had abundant occupation in directing and encouraging the exploration and development of the resources of the vast and then little known territory of Western Australia. In illustration of the changed condition and wondrous development of this colony since the period alluded to, it may here be interesting to refer to an official "Report presented to the Hon. R. R. Madden, Administering the Government of Western Australia, by the Registrar-General (Mr. G. F. Stone), Oct. 10th, 1848," from which we learn that the total population was

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then only 4,666, and of these 1,960 belonged to the aboriginal native tribes. In this sparse population the predominence of male over female inhabitants is not a little remarkable, the number of the former being 2,818, whilst the latter only numbered 1,840. The population of the capital of the colony, Perth, at this time was but 1,148, and that of its seaport, Freemantle, 426; whilst as to the religious profession of the settlers, it may be mentioned that 3,063 were Protestants, and 337 were Roman Catholics.

Whilst busily occupied with the duties of his appointment, and with projects for the development and advancement of the colony, an event occurred which led to Dr. Madden's retirement from the office of Colonial Secretary of Western Australia. This was the death, in his nineteenth year, of his eldest son,—William Forde Madden, a young civil engineer of great promise, who had but recently passed with distinction through the Polytecnique Engineering College in Paris, and who at the period of his untimely death was engaged in his first professional employment under Mr. Mulvany, C.E., on public works for the relief of distress then prevailing in Ireland. Whilst thus employed he was drowned, together with another young engineer, by the capsizing of a boat in the Shannon, near Tarbert, on the 29th of March 1848. The news of this calamity did not reach Australia until many months subsequently, and the manner of its communication may be here cited:—

"The news of that calamitous day (the 29th of March 1848). was only communicated to me——months later, on the——— The vessel that brought that letter with the mail from Singapore, was wrecked off Freemantle, on the coast of Western Australia, and all hands on board were lost. The mail, which was in a box, was washed ashore, and I went down from Perth to look after the letters, and conveyed them thither from Freemantle, little dreaming that amongst those thus brought to the Sisters of Mercy at Perth was one conveying this fatal news."

The following lines on this subject were published in the London *Literary Gazette*—

DIRGE.*

Weep for the dead! in life's young morning
Chilled in the bud and snatched away!
While the star of hope, his path adorning,
Shone as the pledge of ripening day.
Lamented youth! in thee were centred
Hopes of a long and bright career;
But the vision fled, the spoiler entered,
And thy couch of fame was a lowly bier!

* These lines were written by one of Dr. Madden's dearest friends, the late Dr. William Beattie of London (born 1796, *obit* 1875), author of *The Pilgrim in Italy*, and of many other exquisite poems and works of high literary merit. "On the death of Forde ———, a youth of the highest promise, one of Campbell's "young friends," drowned in the River Shannon, in his nineteenth year." See Beattie's *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, vol. iii, p. 102.

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Weep for the dead! for hopes departed,
The father's pride and mother's joy!
For youth, for genius, noble hearted—
The man foretold in the blooming boy.
Weep for the dead! to him 'twas given
To outstrip the tardy steps of time;
For the early ripe, the loved of heaven,
Are still called home before their prime.
Weep for the dead! but let not sorrow
On the faith of his fathers leave a stain!
Look up—look up to that glorious morrow
When the mother shall clasp her child again.

W. BEATTIE.

Being a man of much sensitiveness of nature, Dr. Madden was so prostrated by this bereavement, which cast its shadow over his after life, that he resolved on returning to Ireland. In earlier days the buoyancy of spirits that had supported him under every difficulty was remarkable, but this was thenceforth subdued. Thus, in the autobiography of one of his contemporaries, the late Charles Mathews, we find the following allusion to his former characteristic:—

"Out of the many distinguished people it was my good fortune to associate with, there were three who were my especial favourites, and with whom I kept up constant companionship. One of these was the witty, lively Dr. Madden, at that time as full of animal spirits as of mental endowments, who was my *Fides Achetes* on all occasions." (*Mathew's Autobiography*, edited by Dickens, vol. i., p. 103).

The appreciation in which Dr. Madden's official services in Australia were held is attested by the valedictory addresses with which he was presented:—

(Extract from an Address of the inhabitants of Western Australia to the Colonial Secretary on his departure in January 1849):—

Perth, 9th January, 1849.

(To the Honourable R. R. Madden).

Sir,—We, the inhabitants of Western Australia, beg to tender to you our warmest thanks for the zeal and ability you have ever displayed in furthering the real interests of the Colony, and for the liberal and enlightened principles on which you have acted since your accession to the office of Colonial Secretary.

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(From the *Perth Gazette*, 4th January 1849).

A numerous deputation, headed by the Right Rev. Bishop Brady and the Very Rev. Dom Rosendo Salvado, waited on the Hon. the Colonial Secretary on the 4th of January, and presented the following address to that gentleman:—

(To the Hon. R. R. Madden, Colonial Secretary).

Sir,—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Perth and its vicinity, understanding that you are about to proceed, in the *Emperor of China*, to Europe, on leave of absence, beg leave to tender our grateful acknowledgments for the benefits which your appointment and efforts were calculated to confer on us. We have also to express, in common with all the inhabitants of Western Australia, our esteem and respect for yourself and amiable family, and our full sense of your upright and impartial conduct in the discharge of your arduous duties. Although your stay amongst us has been short, you have gained the confidence of all, without reference to sect, party, or colour, notwithstanding the many and great difficulties you have had to contend with. . . . . We deeply regret the cause that will now deprive us, at least for one year, of your invaluable services; and whilst we congratulate ourselves and our fellow-colonists upon the happy change which you have been in a great measure instrumental in bringing about, we cannot conceal from you the apprehensions we are under of being exposed to the disadvantages which we had to complain of to the Home Government during the former administration of affairs here. Meanwhile we will continue to pray for the speedy return of yourself and family with renovated health and increased prosperity. Wishing you now a safe and prosperous passage, we beg to remain your obedient humble servants.

The names of one hundred and six persons were appended to this address.

The following is a portion of Dr. Madden's reply:—

There should be a great future in store for a country so richly endowed with natural resources as this. I therefore hope that none of these present contemplate (as I regret to hear some settlers do), abandoning the colony at the present turning point in its history. I trust and believe that it will be found feasible to remedy those evils which have temporarily retarded its prosperity. In the performance of my duties as Colonial Secretary, to which you have referred in such kindly terms, I have merely striven to give effect to my firm belief that the Home Government had no interests here to serve which were not identical with those of the colony, and no policy for its servants to pursue which was not calculated to promote the welfare of the settlers of all creeds and classes; I believed that there was nothing incompatible with their interests in those obligations of humanity and justice towards the natives, which were contracted by the Government, when possession was taken of this territory, and compensation to the natives in the way of civilization and enlightenment became a debt of justice to them. . . . In fine, permit me in bidding you now farewell, to entreat you, and through you, all my other friends in distant parts of the colony who have joined in the kindness of this parting Address, to give practical demonstration of the teachings of our common Christianity, in

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your relations with those who differ from you in race or creed; and thus by your charity, love of peace and justice, make the influence of your faith a testimony to its truth, and your course of conduct a living evidence of its power."

Before leaving Australia, Dr. Madden was instrumental in getting some native children sent home, with a view to their education in the Propaganda College at Rome. This circumstance is referred to in the following letters—the first published in *The Tablet* of May 19th, 1849, and the second addressed to the Under-Secretary for the Colonies :—

(From the Right Rev. Dr. Brady to the Rev. John Smith, Dublin).

Perth, Western Australia,

January 6th, 1849.

Sir,—The natives of New Holland have been badly treated, neglected, and calumniated by designing men. It is therefore our duty to protect, support, and enlighten those poor children of nature, truly neglected and abandoned to all the horrors of a savage life. Our good protector and defender of those poor destitute creatures, the Hon. R. R. Madden, Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, has undertaken to advocate their cause both in public and in private. He and his excellent lady have kindly taken upon them the duties of sponsors for the two young natives whom we are sending to England, and who I must accompany to the ship in Freemantle.

Adieu, yours affectionately,

✠ John Brady,

Bishop of Perth.

(To the Under-Secretary for the Colonies).

Previtalis Hotel, Panton-square, Haymarket,

May, 1849.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your inquiry as to the mental capabilities of the Australian Aborigines, I must state my conviction, that if we seek to rid ourselves of the responsibilities of our position as intruders who have taken possession of their country on the plea of their irreclaimable barbarity, we will have the guilt of hypocrisy to add to that of our neglect of duty. It is surely an obligation on us not to suffer these defenceless, ignorant, unoffending people to be driven before the face of civilization off their own soil, without one effort of a comprehensive nature, to compensate them for the loss of their

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lands and the means of subsistence, in a savage state, by affording them the advantages of enlightenment and the teaching of new methods of obtaining food by the cultivation of the soil.

This people are in rapid progress to their end, in process of extinction and extermination, as the borders of our settlements extend. This condition of theirs is considered a necessary consequence of their irremediable barbarity, but this I believe to be untrue. You know I am well acquainted with people existing in a savage state in various other countries. With such opportunities of observation then, I have come to the conclusion that notwithstanding the actual abject condition of the Australian natives—destitute as they are of all appliances to comfort—houseless, careless for to-morrow's food, pitiless in warfare, and perpetually engaged in marauding expeditions, they are endowed with mental faculties eminently capable of improvement. A few weeks before my departure from Australia, I caused two native children that had been taken out of savage life by the Roman Catholic mission, to be sent home with me for education. One of these children belonged to a tribe of cannibals, he had been taken out of the "Bush," a naked savage child, utterly unacquainted with white men and their ways of living, until he fell into the hands of the present Bishop Salvado, in the southern district, about one hundred miles from Perth, yet by the time of our arrival in England no white child of his age could be much superior to him in conduct and demeanour. They are both now in Italy making rapid progress in the education they are receiving at a college in Rome. I mention the fact as a practical illustration of my conviction of the capability of this people of being improved by education to the utmost extent that may fit men for salvation in another world, and for society in this; and entitle them to all the civil rights and privileges belonging to it.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

R. R. MADDEN.

In the following despatch, subsequently forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, will be found a statement of the work accomplished and difficulties encountered by Dr. Madden in Western Australia, and of the condition of the colony at that time.

(R. R. Madden, Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, to the Right Hon. Earl Grey, Secretary of State for the Colonies).

7, Panton-square, Haymarket,

May 1849.

My Lord,—I have the honour of reporting my arrival on the 27th ult. in this country, on leave of absence from Western Australia, where I hold the office of Colonial Secretary, and of transmitting a despatch for your lordship from his Excellency Governor Fitzgerald on the subject of that leave, and likewise of forwarding a specimen of lead ore recently discovered in the newly-explored country, in the neighbourhood of the River Murchison. The shortness of my residence at the place which was the sphere of my

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duties renders it necessary for me to allude to the cause of my application for leave of absence, viz., impaired health, occasioned by a domestic calamity of no ordinary severity, and increased official difficulties in the way of responsibilities incurred for measures which I succeeded in preventing for a time, but which despite my protest were ultimately carried into execution. My sense of the duties of my office, if I may be permitted to refer to it, was simply this—that they were to be discharged in such a manner that the broad Imperial policy of the Home Government should be thereby directed towards the good of the colonists at large, and for the protection of the aborigines. As Acting-Governor, between the period of my arrival in the Colony and that of his Excellency Governor Fitzgerald, it was my endeavour to obviate the evils occasioned not only by the incompetence of the pre-existing Local Government, but also by the indefatigable intolerance of an honourable member of the Legislative Council who filled an important legal office, and who was the constant opponent of every measure which I deemed calculated to advance the good of the natives, the harmony of a community of varied sects, and the general interests of the colony.

I feel, my lord, the less hesitation in using language as strong as the facts themselves with respect to Mr. . . . ., because he is now in England, and in communication with the Colonial Office, as the representative of the party in whose hands have been the government of the Colony for so long a period to its signal detriment. Some of my efforts to obviate those evils alluded to were productive of the following results before the arrival in the colony of the present Governor :—

1st. A religious war, in which all the charities of life, the interests of Government, and the feelings of individuals had been outraged and violated, not only with impunity and connivance, but with official encouragement, was put an end to. The Roman Catholic Bishop and the Acting-Governor were brought into peaceful intercourse, and the flock of the former and the officials under the latter were prevented from coming into conflicts of calumny disgraceful to any community.

2nd. The erroneous statements and statistics which had been the basis of the annual Reports transmitted to the Home Government, were guarded against by a measure that met with strenuous opposition—viz., a census of the population, produce, and stock of the settlement.

3rd. The demand for explorations to meet the urgent necessities for new pasturage was complied with, and under my direction two expeditions were prepared and sent out. The result of these was the confirmation of Captain Grey's disputed account of a valuable tract of country in the vicinity of the Port that bears his name, and the discovery of a valuable lead mine in the

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vicinity of the Murchison, and the coal district of Mr. Gregory's expedition.

4th. Confidence was infused into the minds of the colonists in the office I had the honour to hold, by preventing advantage being taken of official station to advance private interests at the expense of public ones, by altering the mode of granting the Crown lands, and causing the same to be put up for sale at public auction.

5th. The danger of putting a total stop to the trade in sandal wood by continuance of the export duty, when the price of the commodity had fallen in foreign markets nearly one half, was obviated by suspending that impost: thus enabling the traders to carry on commerce which yielded returns adequate to the payment of the whole amount of foreign grain introduced into the colony.

6th. The Bank was called on for the first time to make periodical returns to the Government of the specie in its coffers, and the public was thus protected from a possible danger.

7th. The claims of the aborigines on the justice and humanity of the Government were maintained and enforced. Moreover, it was proved feasible during my short administration to conjoin effective measures of police and of judicial punishment with salutary measures calculated to civilize and christianize a savage people.

8th. The policy of allowing the natives to perpetrate murders with impunity when the victims of such outrages were aborigines, was departed from, and a respect for human life, whether of native or settler, was enforced.

9th. The Government was saved for the time being from the enactment of a measure giving summary jurisdiction over the natives to the local magistracy, taking away the benefit of trial by jury, and giving the power of flogging the natives without distinction of age or sex. Subsequently, however, a similar ordinance was carried in council, despite my opposition to that measure and a protest of mine against it, which his Excellency the Governor proposed to transmit to your lordship, declining, however, to abstain in the ensuing Legislative Council from passing the said ordinance into law till the pleasure of the Home Government should be known.

On this subject I herewith transmit an abstract of the official correspondence which accompanied my protest. Should your lordship desire to have any information I may possess respecting the state of the colony, its past causes of failure, and future prospects, either verbally or more extensively in a general Report, I believe I am in a condition to give the fullest details on this subject. In fine, if I have mistaken my position or the nature of its duties, the settlement has suffered nothing from my error. My desire has been to see Western Australia governed as a British colony should be ruled, viz., with broad views of the interests alike of all its inhabitants, the former and the present possessors of the soil. As Colo-

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nial Secretary, I sought to prevent the destiny of this colony being controlled by the narrow policy of a small bureaucracy of local officials who, dwelling in Perth and holding land by thousands and tens of thousands of acres in the interior, deem themselves also lawful claimants to the yet unappropriated portions of this great territory. Above all, I considered it my duty to protect the aborigines from those who dealt with them as mere serfs, or slaves, to whom a handful of flour was adequate recompense for their enforced labour whenever this was wanted; and by whom these natives were apparently regarded as abject beings, whom it was evidently deemed politic and economical to thus keep degraded and so profit by their degradation.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your most obedient servant,

R. R. MADDEN.

To THE RIGHT HON. EARL GREY,

Secretary of State for the Colonies.

CHAPTER XXX.

RETURN TO IRELAND.

ON his arrival in Dublin from Australia, Dr. Madden received a hospitable welcome in the house of his sister, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Cogan,* relict of Bryan Cogan, Esq., and mother of the Right Hon. Wm. H. F. Cogan, D.L., of Tinode, who for upwards of twenty years represented Kildare in Parliament. The unceasing kindness of this estimable lady, whose death in 1862 was long mourned by all who had ever been brought into contact with her, as well as the cheering influence of her genial family circle,* were in no small measure serviceable in assuaging the feelings of bereavement under the influence of which Dr. Madden returned to Ireland. Shortly afterwards he determined on resigning definitely the Secretaryship of Western Australia, from which he had temporarily retired on leave of absence. With that object, and with the consent of the Colonial Office, he effected an exchange of appointments with Mr. Piesse, then secretary to the Loan Fund Board in

* Her youngest daughter, Miss Margaret Cogan, died 4th April 1876.

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Dublin Castle, and this office he held for thirty years, until he retired from it in 1880, being then in his 82nd year, when he was succeeded by the late Mr. P. J. Smith, M.P. During his long tenure of that appointment, Dr. Madden devoted his leisure to literary pursuits; nor were there many works of philanthropy in Ireland during this period with which his name was not associated. In reference to the resignation of his Australian office, and the motives which led to this step, we may here quote a letter from Sir James Stephens, then Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge:

Cambridge, 17th July 1850.

My dear Dr. Madden,—I write now merely to say what I could not have said with the same confidence before, that I am sincerely glad of your determination to resign your office in Western Australia, and have not the least doubt that you have judged wisely. The most difficult questions in casuistry, are those which relate to the order in which rival duties are to be preferred to each other. But I cannot doubt that the parental duty, especially in a case such as yours, is the highest which you owe to any fellow-creature, next after the duties of conjugal life, that your boy has an absolute right to your personal care; that therefore you have not a right to put half the world between you and him; and that you have still less right to take him with you to the other side of it, and to bring him into contact with the present colonists there, unless, indeed, his actual subsistence depended upon it.

Therefore, just sit quietly down in this anxious land, do what you can to enlighten and to improve it, and ten years hence, when the boy shall have become a man, migrate with him to the ends of the earth, if such shall then be his pleasure and yours.

Now I am going to read my lectures, and so farewell.

Ever yours,

James Stephens.

Not long after his arrival home Dr. Madden took up his abode at "Leitrim Lodge," Castlewood Avenue, Rathmines. Here he remained for the ensuing eight or ten years, subsequently removing to Frescati, Blackrock, once the residence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; thence (on his son's settling down as a physician in Dublin) migrating to Great Denmark-street, with a country residence on-looking the beautiful Bay of Killiney, at Vigo Terrace, Dalkey; and after the marriage of that son, from Ballygihien Avenue, Glasthule, to 3, Vernon Terrace, Booterstown, where his last eighteen years were passed. Dr. Madden's domestic life during these years may be here alluded to, and it was of a character to render its termination a loss irreparable to those connected with him. To them, and to all who knew his worth, he was endeared as one whose conduct was ever marked by the highest sense of

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rectitude; whose manners were genial, dignified, and polished; whose mind was stored with varied culture, evinced in refinement of tastes and feelings. Above all, however, the predominant characteristics of his nature were earnest love of his country, of justice, and of humanity. This was consistently shewn not only in all his writings, but also in every phase of his career at home and abroad, as the fearless advocate, often under circumstances of no common difficulty, of the down-trodden and oppressed, whether in the slave *barricones* of the African coast or West Indies, or in the distant retreats of the ill-used aborigines of Australia, or in the fever-haunted sheds of the Irish workhouses, in which the victims of the famine years sought a refuge. For such were Dr. Madden's sympathies and aid always ready, at whatever sacrifice of his own interests. In private life his charity was unfailing, and his heart never insensible to the claims of the necessitous, to whom, however small his means, his hand was ever open. Moreover, on every occasion his services were at the disposal of other literary men, on whose behalf he was unsparing of any effort, whilst, as before said, singularly unsolicitous of his own advantage. In this respect his conduct remained uninfluenced by experience of the proverbial thanklessness of the recipients of kindness, as he then merely recalled the words of his favourite poet—

"We are born to do benefits."

Wherever he resided, Dr. Madden's love of literature was apparent in his surroundings, almost every room being soon lined from floor to ceiling with the "old books" in which he delighted, and hung with the portraits of the literary friends of his youth, the souvenirs of travel in distant lands, or the cherished relics of the periods of Irish history, to the rescue of which from oblivion he had devoted so many years of ill-requited toil. Thus surrounded, he continued almost to the last moment of life to ply his busy pen, and well were all his labours shared, his comforts tended, and his troubles soothed, by his devoted wife, by whose intelligent and untiring co-operation and assistance alone was he enabled to accomplish an amount of literary work such as few others have left on record.

Dr. Madden's hospitality of character was one of his most marked traits, and this was displayed not in the gorgeous entertainments on state occasions, *longo intervalo*, now in fashion with persons of larger incomes, but in weekly recurring gatherings at his dinner table of those of literary tastes and pursuits. At these Sunday dinners, abundant, simple hospitality, and social intercourse of men of letters and of intellect, furnished reunions more agreeable to those concerned

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than might be met with at most of the ordinary society dinners of the present day. The guests thus gathered around that board included men distinguished in almost every field of literature and science. Amongst these *inter aliis*, may be here mentioned the names of Denis Florence McCarthy, translator of Calderon, and better known as one of the sweetest of modern Irish poets as well as the biographer of Shelley; John Cornelius O'Callaghan (the "Blessed Cornelius, as he was facetiously termed), author of *The Green Book*, and historian of *The Irish Brigades*, whose often oddly-applied, old-world classical learning, quaint sayings and songs, were wont to "set the table in a roar;" P. V. Fitzpatrick, the intimate associate of O'Connell, whose inexhaustible wit and flow of anecdote, well merited another Boswell for their chronicler; John Patton, brother-in-law of Emmet, and the last survivor of "the men of '98"; Father T. Healy, the witty and genial P.P. of Little Bray; Matthias O'Kelly, the kindly naturalist; Dr. Anster, the learned translator of *Faust;* John T. Gilbert, the well-known author, editor of facsimiles of National MS., recently published by command of Her Majesty; George Petrie, the distinguished archæologist and artist, and his brother Academicians of famous memory, Mulvanny and Mulrenin; M. Alphonse Gage, the profound mineralogist; Frederick W. Conway, editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, and his son-in-law, M. Dwyer, by whom he was succeeded in the management of that journal, and who is now Registrar of Deeds; Sir John Gray, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*; Sir William Wilde, no less eminent as an antiquary and biographer of Swift than in his profession as an occulist; Dr. W. K. Sullivan, the celebrated chemist, late President of the Queen's College, Cork; P. Hardy, the spiritualist; Thomas O'Hagan (afterwards Baron O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland), together with his intimate friend, John (subsequently Sir John) Lentaigne, Director of Prisons and Reformatories; Thomas C. Newby, the genial publisher; the late Canon Farrell, a worthy representative of the last generation of clergymen, no less cultured and refined than devoted to his sacred calling; Dr. Waller the poet; Dr. Madden's last old school-mate, Mr. W. Bernard MacCabe, author of *A Catholic History of England*, and many other excellent works; Sir William Ferguson, the poet and archæologist; James Murphy of Cork, a world wide traveller and enthusiastic bibliopole; Canon O'Hanlon, the erudite author of the Hibernian *Acta Sanctorum;* J. P. Prendergast, the chronicler of *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*; Michael Banim, the Irish novelist; Dr. Mazier Brady, author of several important works on Irish Ecclesiastical History; Dr. Maunsell, editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail*, and his accomplished successor in that editorial chair, Mr. J. Scott; Mr. Godkin, a veteran pressman and prolific writer; the Rev. J. M'Mahon, a

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valued contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine;* Professors O'Curry, O'Donovan, and William Hennessy, the well-known Celtic scholars, and Martin Haverty, the too modest author of an admirable History of Ireland.

Of these, and the numerous other bookish men who were thus wont to meet around Dr. Madden's table, too many have since then also passed into the silent land, and with him and the kindly hostess who so well managed that hospitable house, now rest in their "long last home" in Donnybrook churchyard, leaving behind but the fast fading remembrance of names which might have well been deemed entitled to a place among those "in quorum obsolessere memoria non debet."

At those pleasant Sunday dinners, which were in truth "the feast of reason and flow of soul," the grave and impassioned dissertations on forgotten questions of historic lore in which O'Callaghan so delighted, were oftentimes, to his great and loudly expressed indignation, interrupted by the hilarious cross fire of punning commentaries indulged in by M'Carthy and Gilbert; and by one of these scenes the following impromptu was called forth—

PARODY ON "CEASE YOUR PUNNING."

Cease your punning,
All these stunning
Peals of funning
Drive me mad;
Always joking,
More than croaking
Merits choking
End most sad!

Ev'ry punster
Is a monster,
Doth misconstre
Words 'tis clear;
All these jingling
Sounds come mingling
Strangely tingling,
Strike the ear.

Sense is smothered,
Hearing's bothered,
Reason's pothered,
Puzzled quite.
Cease your punning,
Let these stunning,
Peals of funning
Cease to-night

R. R. M.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND DURING THE FAMINE YEARS.

When Dr. Madden returned to Ireland in 1849, he found the land he loved still in the throes of that direful period since known as "the famine years," the commencement of which he had witnessed before his departure for Australia. Hardly had he settled down in Dublin than he threw himself with all his energy into the labours of the association working for the relief of that distress. His first connexion with this association appears in the Minutes of the General Relief Committee for June 30th, 1849 :—

Rev. C. Burke in the chair.

Present—Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, Rev. T. O'Malley, James Haughton, A. G. Moller, J. Burke, W. Gray, Gustavus Hamilton, and Henry Corr.

Mr. Haughton read the following letter :

Leitrim Lodge, Castlewood Avenue,

Rathmines, June 30th, 1849.

Sir,—I beg to enclose some money handed to me to be forwarded to the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, for the relief of the famishing people of the west of Ireland. I beg also to transmit, for the same object, my own small contribution—small indeed if considered a criterion of my opinion of the misery that it is attempted to alleviate. The magnitude of that misery I believe it would be difficult to exaggerate. The nature of it in after times will be a subject of astonishment to the civilized world. I have seen nothing comparable to its horrors in Asia, Africa, America, or Australia. I have read nothing of the great famines of the thirteenth century so terrible in their consequences as this famine of ours in the nineteenth century, or so appalling in the spectacle it presents of the combined wrath of God and man, evinced in the present joint operation of a process of destruction of a people by famine and eviction.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

R. R. Madden.

To James Haughton, Esq.

Mr. Haughton moved, and Rev. Dr. Spratt seconded that Dr. Madden be admitted a member of the committee, which was passed unanimously.—

The condition of Ireland at that time was investigated and described in a series of letters under the signature "X," published by

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Dr. Madden during the years 1849, '50, and '51, in the *Freeman's Journal*. These letters, dealing with the general condition of the country, the exodus and destruction by famine and pestilence of the peasantry, life and death in the Irish workhouses, and the administration of the Poor Laws, form a large volume, in the present editor's possession, entitled "Food and Famine Papers," which, if published, would afford important material for the future historian of that epoch. For these articles the space here available does not afford room. We may, however, briefly quote some of the editorial comments on these Reports as evidence of their value.—From the *Freeman's Journal* of August 19th, 1850, and subsequent date:

CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY—EXTERMINATION.

We publish in another column a remarkable letter, signed "X," in which the writer, a gentleman of vast experience and of scrupulous accuracy, describes what he himself *saw* during a short tour in the midland and western districts. We ask attention to the statements made in that letter, to the rigid accuracy of which we do not hesitate to pledge ourselves, on the faith of our respected and valued correspondent. The habit of close observation, which has become a part of our correspondent's nature from long exercise, induces us to conclude that he cannot be much mistaken in his conclusions. But bad though that condition is represented to be, it must become worse and worse if the fearful exterminations which "X" describes as still in progress are not speedily and effectively checked.—"I have seen," he says, "the ruins of about five hundred recently demolished dwellings of the peasantry" that have "within the last month" been the abodes of TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED human beings."

LIFE AND DEATH IN IRISH POORHOUSES.

We invite the careful attention of our readers to the letter signed "X," on the Poorhouse dietaries, which we publish to-day. "X" is one of the few men who, with enlarged minds, possess also enlarged hearts. Endowed with great judgment and with unwearying industry, our respected correspondent has devoted much time to the examination of the question on which he has written. Would that there were many such men in Ireland as "X," who would day after day proclaim the wrongs and sufferings of our people, and so create a wholesome public opinion that would force the guardians into an abandonment of the slow-poison diet which it is demonstrated by the letter of "X" is now being used throughout most of the unions of Ireland to the destruction of human life

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to an extent which it is fearful even to think of. In another column we print, under the above head, a most important document from our valued correspondent "X," which gives so fearful a picture of the condition of the poor in the Irish workhouses, that humanity would cause us to withhold our credence had we not daily proofs that the work of slaughter described is not in the slightest degree exaggerated. We wish every statesman—English and Irish, had a copy of this letter in his hand. To our representatives we earnestly commend this letter and the unprotected poor, whose case it so earnestly, so forcibly, and so truthfully advocates. This is a matter of life and death, in which men of all politics ought to be enlisted." The public attention thus attracted to the Irish Poor-Law system by the letters referred to, caused no small commotion amongst those responsible for its administration, and strenuous efforts were made to trace the author. The result was the following correspondence between the Irish Government and Dr. Madden:

Dublin Castle,

10th April 1851.

Sir,—I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to acquaint you that his Excellency has been informed that you visited Kilrush Union in the course of last year, and inspected the workhouses thereof, and that you solicited information on that occasion, stating that you were "officially connected with the Government."

From a comparison of the remarks made by you in the visitors' book of the Union workhouse and the observations contained in a letter published in the *Freeman's Journal* of March 5th, 1851, under the signature of "X." it has been suggested to his Excellency that there is reason to suppose that you are the author of that letter. The Lord Lieutenant thinks it due, therefore, to you to make known this matter to you, and to request that you will state whether such is the case, and whether, as above stated, you sought information in the district announcing yourself as a person officially connected with the Government. His Excellency is anxious for your reply to these queries, as, if these facts are admitted, he considers that you have acted improperly in seeking information ostensibly as a person "connected with the Government"; and then, while withholding it from the Government, in having communicated the result of these inquiries to the public through an anonymous communication to a public journal. The result in the present instance is stated to his Excellency to have been that charges of a most serious nature are made against the administration of the Poor Law, which, if communicated by you, should properly be made to the Government or the proper department, in order that they might be examined and considered.

His Excellency requests your reply on this matter.

am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

T. REDDINGTON.

To R. R. MADDEN, ESQ., &c.

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Leitrim Lodge, Castlewood Avenue,

Rathmines, 11th April 1851.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., stating that his Excellency had been informed I had inspected the workhouses of the Kilrush Union in the course of last year; that I had solicited information on the ground that I was "officially connected with the Government;" and that it had been suggested I was author of a letter published in the *Freeman's Journal* of the 6th of March last containing observations similar in character to some remarks made in the visitors' book of the Kilrush Poorhouse. I think it is due to his Excellency and to myself not to exercise any reserve in answering the inquiries to which my reply is now desired.

I did visit the Kilrush workhouses, not in the course of last year, but in the early part of February last. I did not "solicit information" on that or any other occasion, on the ground that I was "officially connected with the Government." The statement of my having done so is a wicked and wilful fabrication; and I have the proof of its being so in the handwriting of the only gentleman in Kilrush connected with the workhouse with whom I had any intercourse.

This letter I am prepared, if necessary, to lay before his Excellency.

To the next point of inquiry, not in the way of any absurd bravado, but in a grave and sober spirit, I reply that the letters signed "X," which appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* of the 6th March, &c., were written by me, and that I still respectfully adhere to the opinions and statements thus published. I did not originally collect the information contained with the intention of publishing it; but when the facts stated connected with Poor-Law Management in Ireland came to my knowledge, I thought that the interests of humanity would be promoted by giving publicity to them.

I have not yet published any matter respecting Kilrush Union workhouses but I have prepared for publication extensive notes on this subject, made by me with some care, at Kilrush, and I have already taken steps to carry that object into execution. These observations as they stand, I will, if it be so desired, lay before his Excellency, for his consideration as well as for the information of the Poor Law Commissioners.

Finally, sir, I would beg to have it stated to his Excellency that the subject of Poor-Law Management in Ireland, is one that I regard not as any political or polemical matter, in the public discussion of which it may not now be permissible for me to take part, but as a great and urgent question of humanity, from an interest in which none can be debarred. And hence I trust that even if I should have fallen into any technical contravention of official usage by my action in this matter, perhaps his Excellency will be pleased to think that this departure from routine procedure was of a character which anyone who had long been engaged in the cause of outraged humanity abroad, as I have been, might, under the present appalling circumstances, here, very naturally fall into.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your very obedient servant,

R. R. MADDEN.

To the Under-Secretary to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, Dublin Castle.

A week subsequently in his reply, the Under-Secretary requested that the communication referred to in the foregoing letter should be laid before the Lord Lieutenant. In accordance with that request,

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Dr. Madden forwarded to the Government a Report prepared in continuation of the articles before alluded to. This, although dealing principally with the condition of certain districts in Clare, and the administration of Poor-Law relief there, was equally applicable to the rest of the south and west of Ireland at that time. These statements were amply verified on consequent investigation, and resulted in such changes in the system exposed, as to produce an immediate diminution of mortality which, in one institution, fell to a third of its previous amount, as soon as his suggestions were, even in part, adopted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

REPORT ON IRISH POOR LAW SYSTEM IN THE FAMINE YEARS.

THE picture of life and death in Irish Workhouses, and of the condition of the peasantry in the south and west of Ireland during the closing period of the calamitous famine epoch forty years ago, contained in the documents alluded to, affords a graphic and accurate description of a state of things the existence of which in any Christian land might seem almost impossible, but which was too well proven at that time. In the belief therefore that this statement may be found of future as well as of present interest, the following well authenticated and hitherto unpublished Report by Dr. Madden is here inserted:—

6TH LETTER SIGNED "X" ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE IRISH POOR LAWS, IN FEBRUARY 1851.*

The state of the Kilrush Union parent workhouse and its auxiliaries in the month of February last is the chief subject of the present communication. To this account, the result of personal inquiry and observation, some details of a later date are added. The parent workhouse in Kilrush in the month of February last presented, on the days for receiving applications for admissions, spectacles of the most extraordinary description that were probably ever witnessed in any Christian land; such as I never beheld before, and pray I may never witness again. On the occasion re-

* Set up in type but not published. This letter being forwarded to the Government and acted on by them, the weekly mortality in Kilrush Poorhouses was reduced in a few weeks from 80 odd to an amount varying from 20 to 30.—R. R M.

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ferred to there was a multitude of human beings, exceeding a thousand, congregated round the building, men, women and children, in every state of famine, debility and disease, arising from want of food, want of sufficient raiment, and in many cases want of shelter fit for human beings at that inclement season.

There were a considerable number of low-backed cars from which the horses had been unyoked ranged along the wall in front of the entrance. On these cars applicants for admission were lying stretched on straw, chiefly aged people of both sexes, and children, even infants. On some cars there were as many as four or five pallid, listless, emaciated, ragged children; on others, famished creatures, far gone in fever, dysentery and dropsy, unable to walk, stand, or even to sit upright, and these sick and famishing creatures were brought there, as I was informed, by neighbours who had lent cars to convey them to the Poorhouse, and a great number of them, to use their own language, "for a coffin." On surprise being expressed at hearing this reason given for the removal of these people, and the question being repeated, one of those moribund applicants for admission in order to get a shell and a grave—a man more like a skeleton than a living man, yet not much above forty years of age,—said in a low, hollow-toned voice—"Yes, to get a coffin, your honour."

There was a vast number, moreover, of others apparently in the last stage of destitution, who had crawled there from distant places, that seemed to be nearly in as bad a condition as those stretched on the cars. They were squatting about the outer walls waiting their turn to be called, while the courtyard was thronged with a dense mass of misery which it was not only shocking, but terrifying even to look upon and to pass through. And yet these applicants for admission into the Kilrush Poorhouse, so frightfully earnest and eager to get into that asylum, clamouring and pressing forward, the less weak thrusting aside the more infirm, the young hustling the old, the women pulling back the children, larger children pushing back the smaller, uttering confused cries of pain, impatience, anger and despair, had only come there when every other means of sustaining life had failed. There was not one of those I questioned who had not a mortal terror of that Poorhouse of Kilrush, and had not overcome it, only when the charity on which they had eked out a miserable existence had been utterly exhausted, or when the use of the boiled nettles and other weeds which had been their food of late had brought them to the brink of the grave. A close observer could tell those amongst them who had been thus subdued by starvation to this last resource, not only by the sight of their form and features—hardly those of human beings—but also by that peculiar smell of mouldy substances which is perceptible about the persons of starving people.

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The tumult round the door was almost equalled by the turmoil and confusion that reigned in the hall, where the guardians were assembled deciding on the claims of the famished multitude, and applying to each case "the workhouse test." It was surprising amidst the uproar and horrid strife of shrill and most discordant cries how any business could have been transacted there.

> Aspro conserto, orribile armonia,
> D'alte querele, d'ululi, e di strida,
> Istranamente concordar s'udia.

There was nothing of downright harshness, however, observable in the conduct of the Poor Law officials towards the unfortunate wretches who stood before them awaiting their doom. The terrible duty that devolved on these gentlemen was performed apparently in a cool, quiet, business-like manner, by men accustomed by their office—"triste ministerium"—to such scenes, and therefore capable of dealing with them in the manner they thought best for the interests of the ratepayers, and, as far as was consistent with the latter, it is to be presumed, for the interests of humanity. The difficulty of the position of those gentlemen it would not be easy to exaggerate. But, what adequate idea would any words convey of the frightful condition of the people of those districts which constitute the Kilrush Union that could furnish such an appalling spectacle of human misery as I have referred to on this occasion, resulting as it did to a very great extent, from acts that have assumed in this locality the character of a settled policy—*the destruction of the houses of the poor*.

The Poor Law contemplated a provision for the destitute on whom the hand of God had fallen heavily in a time of great calamity,—for the poor thus stricken down who could not live by labour. But the work of eviction has so augmented pauperism that the Poorhouse accommodation in the land proves insufficient to afford shelter for the poor who have been unhoused by their fellow-men. The whole of the west of Ireland, and above all the county Clare, at the present moment can be best described by comparing its condition to that of a weak man dying slowly of a chronic disease for which no remedy (deserving that name) has been applied, sinking gradually by the most hideous of all deaths—that of starvation, daily becoming a more appalling spectacle, a more frightful spectre of humanity,—going down in a prolonged agony by a process of inanition to the grave. I speak not from the evidence of other people's eyes or observation, nor do I speak lightly or on insufficient grounds, on this grave subject, when I solemnly affirm, to the best of my belief and knowledge, that society in the whole of the west and very largely in the south of Ireland is at this moment in a state of disorganization brought on by destitution and eviction, ap-

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proaching fast to a dissolution of all its bonds. A man who knows well the condition of the people, has elsewhere observed :—

"Perhaps when the Celtic race has passed away, the future archæologist, in poring over these accounts of famine and eviction, will deny their authenticity, and maintain that, in an age of civilization, and in a country not devastated by war, but abounding with the fruits of nature, it was impossible that men should sink into the grave unnoticed and unremembered. But the very brutes of the field which are now feeding where the wives and children of the peasant and the farmer once gathered round the domestic hearth—the kite and the ravenous dog that have feasted upon their unburied corpses,—these bear witness to the immensity of that calamity which no tongue but that of an angel's could adequately describe. For I have a strong conviction that the height, the depth, the immensity of that distress never can be known until the recording angel shall produce his official report on the day of Judgment."

We may now go back to Kilrush.—The task of deciding on the applications for admission into the workhouse on the occasion I have referred to required indeed no ordinary degree of mental composure. The consideration of the claims of each batch of famine-stricken paupers that was admitted, was made amidst a din of frightful sounds of human voices, expressive of entreaty, remonstrance and authority, or else on the other hand of suffering, of mortal anxiety, and of despair—screams of children admitted being taken away from mothers, shrieks of daughters parting with fathers whom they knew they would never see again, sobs and moans of women about to be separated from their husbands :—a babel of shrieks and supplications. Amidst these cries, that of a poor child about eleven years of age (a fine, intelligent looking boy as I ever saw), all the time I was in that hall prevailed over the others, exclaiming—"Ah, mammy, mammy ; don't leave me, mammy. I won't stay here without you. Oh, mammy, dear, sure you won't leave me in this place!" I heard one of the guardians speak to the child two or three words—kind and soothing words. This gentleman's name I learned was Keane. He is an ex-officio guardian, and I feel bound to say thus much, because I know there are many such men who, though not popular, are more humane than they apparently care to be deemed. Behold, then, the multitude of paupers—by some described as some thousands, by me as exceeding one thousand in number—congregated on one day round the Poorhouse of Kilrush, clamouring for admission—and then inquire into the result of their importunities. Of that multitude of famishing people, 209 were admitted on this occasion, and outdoor relief was given to widows with two or more children, in Indian corn meal, in value to the amount of £7 7s. 3d.!!! The numbers who received this outdoor

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relief were 523, and the value of the meal given to each "widow with two or more children" was under 3½d. But what became of the hundreds who received neither indoor nor outdoor relief? Numbers of them slept that night under the shelter of hedges in the ditches outside the town, and some were suffered to sleep, without a rag to cover them, or a wisp of straw to lie upon, under the arches and the porch of the Market House. On the occasion I refer to there were 4,858 inmates in the Kilrush Poorhouse and its eight auxiliaries, and with those admitted that day, viz., 209, the number was increased to 5,067. I asked for a weekly return of the inmates and the deaths from the latter end of December 1850, to the beginning of February 1851, of which the following is the substance:

	Inmates.	Deaths.
Week ending December 28th, 1850 .	4315	24
,, January 4th 1851 .	4569	14
,, January 11th ,, .	4997	17
,, January 18th ,, .	4956	25
,, January 25th ,, .	4869	35
,, February 1st ,, .	4981	51
,, February 6th ,, .	5067	30
,, March 8th 1851		56
,, March 15th 1851		68
And since then it has increased to . . .		72

I was also then furnished with the following official returns, the importance of which is greater than might be imagined by a mere cursory glance at them.

Number of deaths for year ended 29th Sept. 1849 .	505
Ditto for year ended 29th September 1850 . .	1392
Number of admissions for year ended 29th Sept. 1849 .	8089
Ditto for year ended 29th September 1850 . . .	12670

The highest rate made in this Union was 6s. 6d. in the pound. The current rate varies from 6s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. The average cost of a pauper per week was 10d. In another return a very competent authority observes—"The average cost of a pauper per week, including hospital and infirmary patients, is 10¼d. I should say those in the house do not cost 8d. per week each." Eightpence for the sustenance of a human being of adult age for seven days!!! Let us see how this expenditure is met.

[Here in the manuscript before us follow ten folio pages of information with reference to population, area, and valuation of the twelve Poor-Law divisions reported on, the dietary for each class of inmates in Kilrush and other Irish workhouses, and comparative tables shewing the treatment of similar classes in various English country

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London workhouses. For these tables the limits of this work do not however afford sufficient space.]

The present dietary of the English workhouses, it is well known, has been reduced to the smallest amount of nutritious food deemed sufficient to maintain life in health and strength. We now proceed to compare the actual amount of food, animal, vegetable and farinaceous, of an adult male English pauper for one week in the St. Pancras workhouse, with the quantity of food given to an Irish adult pauper in the Kilrush Union workhouse, premising that the data for the facts in regard to both are obtained from official returns. . . .

ONE WEEK'S FOOD FOR AN ADULT PAUPER IN ST. PANCRAS' WORKHOUSE, AND IN KILRUSH POORHOUSE.

	Meat	Bread	Vegetables	Stirrabout	Milk Porridge	Soup	Pud'g	Cheese	Beer	Milk	Cocoa
St. Pancras.	18oz.	92 oz.	36 oz.		14½ Pints 2½ oz. Meal	6 Pts	12oz.	6 oz.	11 P	—	—
Kilrush.		112		56 oz. Indian Meal in		14 Pints contain'g 2oz. oatml. & 2oz. vegetables, each pint say 56 ounces.					3 Pts.

In the Kilrush dietary, then, we look in vain for animal food, for vegetables, for milk, and indeed for bread fit for the food of man. It were well that guardians understood distinctly that humanity is not differently constituted in Ireland to what it is in England. Is there one law of nature regulating the functions of a man in an English Poorhouse and another controlling the digestive organs and vital powers of an Irish pauper? It may be sometimes forgotten, but should never be unknown, that there is but one law of God for the observance of all rulers, and the protection of the poor of all climes; and when that law is signally violated in their persons, there is no amount of sophistry that can fritter away the responsibility or guilt of a great crime against humanity.

To my inquiry of the proper authority on the subject of the state of health of the inmates, the written answer was—"Dysentery and diarrhœa very prevalent at present, which is attributed to the dietary and the overcrowding of the houses." In the official Minute Book I found the following Report, made by the medical officer of the Board, at the period of the awful increase of the mortality in this Institution.—

"Gentlemen,—I beg to bring the present overcrowded state of the infirmary under your especial notice, with a view of adding additional wards or apartments appropriated to the use of the sick.

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I regret to say that sickness is very much on the increase, its spread being principally amongst the old and infirm and the very young.

"The mortality is so frightfully high, and so many of the old and infirm are dropping off, in many instances somewhat suddenly, that I must urgently impress the necessity of allowing a sufficient supply of milk for breakfast instead of the cocoa now used.

"The sick, both in the infirmary and in the hospital, are not getting the prescribed quantity of milk—the nurses say that they are from 150 to 180 quarts a day short. This should be supplied, if possible, as it is their chief nutriment.

"Signed,

"T. S. B. O'Donnell."

This gentleman did his duty to his God, to his patients, and to his employers: he pointed out the means of stopping the ravages made by an insufficient dietary, and consequent on overcrowding in the several houses. If that terrible mortality went on unchecked, the fault was not his. No change was made in consequence of this protest. Great evils were predicted from a persistence in the existing dietary. That dietary was persisted in—the predictions were accomplished. The people were carried off in numbers unheard of before in any Poorhouse. The guardians are answerable for this mortality. In the parent house as well as in the auxiliaries, material order and cleanliness are carefully attended to, but a proper understanding of the means essential for securing moral order, inculcating habits of industry, restoring debilitated energies of mind and body, resisting formidable tendencies to disease, and prolonging life, are not observable in the government of any of these houses. But above all evils prevailing in their management, the monster evil of the Kilrush Poorhouses is insufficient food. The diet may be said to be wholly farinaceous; and I have elsewhere observed that human beings cooped up in crowded places, constantly breathing an infected atmosphere, debarred from active exercise, having no manual labour, and no means of maintaining or renovating impaired strength by either, cannot long be kept in health, or in life, on this diet. When, moreover, the farinaceous food is of a bad kind, the digestive and then the vital powers even of the strongest will gradually break down; whilst those of the infirm, the very young, and the very old, will utterly and speedily fail; and these persons will pine away and die with as much certainty as if they had been taken off by poison. You kill men by half feeding as effectually as if you took their blood by stabbing; and you destroy life by a process which kills still more effectually and more rapidly when the scanty supply of food is of a bad quality. The bread of the

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Kilrush Union poorhouse and its auxiliaries is not fit for the food of man—at least it was not so two months ago. It is composed of equal parts of rye and barley, and is black, clammy, badly baked, unsightly, and distasteful. When I pressed my fingers on it, the soft part pitted as if it were a mass of putty. I heard several of the paupers declare they could not eat it. And whilst I was present, orders were charitably given by the medical officer for the removal of two languid-looking boys from one of the auxiliaries to the infirmary, with the view, I believe, of furnishing them there with food that was more fit for them. It must be observed, though the doctor has the power of ordering wine and porter to the sick in hospital, he has not the power of changing the diet of the infirm unless he takes them into hospital. The accommodation there is extremely limited, the number of the infirm is very great, and this may be accounted one cause of the enormous mortality that has taken place here.

The diet, I repeat, is insufficient for the maintenance of life in health for a period of many weeks. It is scanty in quantity and bad in quality. There is not a due admixture of vegetable substances with the farinaceous food. There are, in fact, no vegetable substances used at all, except in the water whitened with meal, which is termed soup in the dietary, and in this liquid turnips or parsnips, in very small quantities are allowed. The small allowance of milk, which in other Poorhouses counteracted the evil effects of an otherwise exclusively farinaceous diet, here unfortunately was substituted in the case of adults by cocoa, and in the case of the children was either reduced to half the quantity, or, in some cases, wholly withheld, and substituted by a composition called artificial milk, which could serve no purpose with regard to nutriment, or as a corrective of food wholly farinaceous.

If the cost of each pauper was increased to the amount of 14d. or 15d. per week for his sustenance, by procuring the milk necessary for his health, and to which he was entitled, the Union would in all probability be saved the expense of some of the alcoholic stimulants which the doctor is allowed to prescribe for the sick and dying in hospital The Union might be saved also the expense of a vast number of coffins, the cost of which varies from 2s. 6d. for the large to 1s. 10d. for the small. The gratuity likewise might be spared that is allowed the pauper who daily conveys the cart load of the Poorhouse dead to the wide-mouthed trench that yawns in the churchyard in the vicinity of the town. There are other considerations I am aware unfavourable to this view of the question. But on the supposition that the life of a human being is of more importance than any saving that can be effected by a cessation of the cost that his maintenance in life may have occasioned, I find it difficult to conclude that the economy that has been practised

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here ought to be imitated elsewhere, or suffered to be continued in this place in the face of the awful mortality co-existent with it, or of the protest against the former of the Poorhouse medical officer recorded on the Minutes of the proceedings of the Board of Guardians:—

There are no stated times for parents to see their children, but occasionally they may see them. There are no fixed times for relatives to see their dying friends, but, *if they come* they are allowed to see them.

The Leadmore auxiliary house is destined for children from 9 to 15 years of age. On the 6th of February last, the number of the inmates, including 42 adults who acted as attendants, was 1851. There is no industrial employment in any of the Kilrush Houses, none here except that of a few children who were engaged in mending clothes, and about twenty others who were occupied in the courtyard at the period I refer to, making up small heaps of manure. There was a school, however, attached to this auxiliary, and several hundred children were present. The teacher, Mr. Mahony, evidently had taken great pains with the children, and some of the classes did great credit to the efforts of their instructor. But the painful consideration was forced on the mind—of what avail was this book learning likely to be to these pauper children without industrial training?

The clothing of a vast number of these boys was so bad that it might be supposed their old rags had not been taken from them. Such, I believe, was not the fact. In the house for the female children in this establishment there were 951 inmates. The clothing of the girls was, if possible, worse than that of the boys.

The master of the Leadmore auxiliary, an intelligent and apparently a humane person, Mr. B. Foley, lamented there was no employment for the inmates. There was no spinning, there was no sewing except by about twelve or fifteen children. Some time ago there were 94 girls employed at knitting, which has been introduced at his instance. He had prevailed on the guardians to advance 30s. for materials, and this was the whole cost of the experiment to the Union. But it was given up, because he could get no buyers in the town for the stockings. In the house none are given to the paupers, nor shoes either to men, women, or children. The children were all of the fourth class—from 9 to 15 years of age. Their diet was as follows:—

Morning Meal.

5ozs. Indian meal in stirrabout, 1 naggin of new milk, 1 naggin of *artificial milk*, composed of ¼ oz. of flour and ¼ oz. of ground rice mixed up and boiled in water.

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Dinner.

Brown bread 10 ounces—the same given to paupers of all classes —composed of rye and barley in equal parts, and 1 pint and a half of soup or porridge, consisting of 1½ oz. of oatmeal, *some* parsnips and turnips, and a little salt and pepper.

Supper

Brown bread, 4 oz.

There is no infirmary in the Leadmore auxiliary. The children when they fall sick must be removed to the parent house infirmary. The diet cannot be altered in this House, so that when ailing before they are sent to the infirmary, which is at some distance, they must remain on the common diet. There is the same want here that exists in all the Irish Poorhouses—the want of all opportunity for air and exercise in places fit for children's amusement out of doors. The children, from the want of suitable day sheds in wet weather, are cooped up all day in the school-room; but every morning they are sent down to the river-side at the rere of the premises to wash their feet. The dormitories of this house are only 7½ ft. high; those in the building called "the store" are only four or five; those in the house for girls called "the cottage" are nearly 11 feet in height. The number of boys crowded together in four dormitories, namely, 846, is far too great for the space, and as in the female dormitories—three sleep in one bed. Notwithstanding the original defects of those buildings of Leadmore,—never intended for the purposes to which they have been converted,—all that could possibly be effected to render them more fit for those purposes was done by a gentleman connected for three years with the affairs of the Union. This gentleman, Captain Kennedy, to whom all arrangements of any good kind existing in the Leadmore Poorhouse are due, has gained his honours dearly indeed for his own quiet and repose, like all men who fight great battles for humanity; but those honours will wear well and last longer than the remembrance of any vain efforts to decry them. A word or two, in conclusion, of the Poorhouse dead that for the three last weeks of March amounted to 219. The dead are interred every morning in a churchyard about a mile and a half from the town. The bodies are carted away without any appearance of a funeral ceremony: no attendance of priest or parson, no pall. The coffins—if the frail boards nailed together for the remains of paupers may be so called—are made by contract, and furnished "at a very low figure." The paupers' trench in a corner of the churchyard, which I visited, is a large pit, the yawning aperture about twenty feet square. The dead are deposited in layers, and over each coffin a little earth is thinly scattered, just sufficient to conceal the boards. The thickness of

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this covering of clay I found did not amount to two inches over the last tier of coffins deposited there. A pauper who drives the cart, and another who accompanies him to assist in taking the coffins from that conveyance, and slipping them down into the trench, are the only funeral attendants. It is very rare that any of the kith or kin of a pauper accompany his remains to the grave, because there are so many deaths, and so much difficulty in ascertaining anything about the identity of such a multitude of paupers as those amounting to half a hundred or more who die in a week, that it is seldom anything is known of the deaths in the Poorhouse by the friends outside, if any there be left, until long after they have taken place.

The Abbé Bergier, in his "Dictionnaire de Theologie" (Art. funerailles, Tome 3, page 453), inveighs against the barbarity of the Romans, as it is found exhibited in the contempt with which they treated the poor and enslaved, who, dying without the means of defraying the charges of funeral expenses, were buried like dogs. This conduct of their's, he says: "Est une preuve de leur barbarie et de leur sot orgueil, car quand on use de cruante envers des morts ou n,est pas disposé á mettre beaucoup d'humanite enver les vivans." Ah! good Abbé Bergier, what necessity would you have had for ransacking the graves of the old Romans for evidences of barbarity connected with the modes of disposing of the remains of the poor, had you lived in our day and visited the Kilrush Union!

"Nothing," says Charles Lamb, "tends more to keep up in the imaginations of the poorest sort of people a grievous horror of the workhouses than the manner in which pauper funerals are conducted in this metropolis."* This was said of pauper burials in England, where still there is some semblance of respect for the dead—some affectation of sympathy with the poor. But what would Charles Lamb say of pauper burials in this Christian land of ours if he witnessed one in the churchyard of Kilrush?

"X."—(R. R. MADDEN).

P.S.—To have witnessed the scenes that have come in the way of my observation in Irish Poorhouses, and to have been silent, would have been a crime, with something of the guilt of blood in it. It cannot now be said in England that the horrors that have taken place here have been totally ignored. It ought not to be said here—"The crimes of this land are wafted with impunity on the sea."

"Eunt totis terrarum crimina velis!"

Of myself and my aim I will only say—I am not of the number of those who are perpetually troubling public attention. I have no

* The Works of Charles Lamb—"Letters on Burial Societies.'

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applause to gain, no personal objects to promote, no feelings of resentment to gratify, by taking the course I have done. I therefore come forward without fear, with full confidence, and a strong faith in the power of truth and God's protection for it, and denounce acts which appear to me to be great crimes against humanity.

February 7th, 1851. "X."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SUBSEQUENTLY PUBLISHED WORKS.—VISIT TO PARIS.—INTERVIEW WITH DE LAMENAIS IN 1852.

Dr. Madden's first work after his return from Australia was a volume of poetry, original and selected, which he edited, entitled —*The Easter Offering; Memorials of those Who Were, and are Not,*" published by Duffy, Dublin, 1851, and posthumously reprinted in 1887. "At this festive time of Easter," observes the editor, "it is not fit we should 'shroud and pall' our thoughts in solemn gloom; neither is it meet, in the midst of its festivities, we should forget those we loved or honoured, who were in life and health perhaps when we last celebrated this festival, or that which preceded it, and who now are dwellers in the narrow house—the long last home of all humanity! The object of this little work is to solace the feelings of those who have sustained losses of beloved friends, to enliven the only hopes that can reconcile us to a separation from our dead. The remembrance of Easter is associated in every Christian land with ideas of immortality, triumph, and exultation. There are many, however, for whom the recurrence of this festival is fraught with mournful reminiscences, to whom the spirit-stirring tones of the Paschal hymn will be as the harmony of mingled strains of hope and sorrow. The pieces of poetry collected in this volume are of a character suitable to the reflections of such persons. They may serve to shew how others have been affected by the shafts of death that pierced those nearest and dearest to them—how they endeavoured to moderate the pain of loss and separation in communing with the shadows of the dead and how they sought consolation in thus clothing in living verse, their conceptions of departed worth and excellence."

In 1852 our author brought out, in two large octavo volumes, *The Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World,* published by T. C. Newby, London. Of this work one of the reviews of the time observed:—

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"It required an amount of curious and protracted study for which few possess aptness or opportunity, and a knowledge of strange countries which perhaps no one in Europe has combined of an equal extent with Dr. Madden, to undertake a work such to that before us, and, when undertaken, to ensure such success in it as our author has attained. Nothing that could have thrown light upon the singular and interesting subject of his researches seems to have escaped his attention. He quotes books which none but the most industrious of the learned would have discovered; and at the same time, it is quite evident that nothing on these subjects that has issued from the press, of recent years, is unknown to him. As a pilgrim of many wanderings—a thoughtful and enlightened traveller who has visited almost every country on the globe, our author's peculiar advantages for undertaking such a work as the present are of still more importance to his readers than his immense literary researches. Thus was the author prepared to write about the *Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World;* and to collect into a single work all that it is most interesting to know about the monuments of the dead, and the sacred rites and customs and popular superstitions connected with death, which have distinguished all the principal nations of ancient and modern times. This work, in fine, may be described as one of the most curious and interesting that has issued from the press in these countries for a long while past."

In the subject matter of the volumes just referred to, as in some of his earlier works, was evinced that reverence for the memorials of the dead which was one of Dr. Madden's special traits, and which in former years had led him to seduously search out and restore the forgotten or neglected graves of the Sheares,* of Wolf Tone, Anne Devlin, and of others connected with the Rebellion of '98, as he did from sentiments akin to those delineated by the master hand of Scott in his immortal portraiture of *Old Morality*. This zealous veneration for the memory of '*Those who Were and are Not*' is well reflected in the following lines—

* Copy of a Memorandum by W. Powell of New-Row.—"On this day, the 18th January 1842, I accompanied Doctor Madden to St. Michans Church, Church-street, Dublin, where he brought two oak coffins, each containing a shell coffin and a lead coffin, which he had taken down to the first vault on the south side of the Church, and the first chamber on the right hand side, where the remains of Henry and John Sheares, lay in shattered coffins, and he, Dr. Madden, with his own hands, assisted in removing and placing the bones or dismembered parts of each into new coffins, and the head of John Sheares, (particulars of which he describes in his work of the *United Irishmen*), which he brought in a tin canister with lock and key, he deposited in the coffin with John Sheare's remains, then had both coffins soldered up, and breast plates with age, names, and day of death put upon them. The coffins are placed in the upper end of said chamber on the right hand side. There is in the same chamber, the remains of a Nun, a Miss Crookshank, as described in the work of Dr. Madden, the body is partly whole, particularly from her thighs down, and from her head to shoulders." Mr. Geraghty of Anglesea-street was also present.—W. POWELL."

The writer of the above Memorandum, Mr William Powell, a relative of Dr. Madden's, was at that time a well-known Catholic publisher in Dublin.

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MEMORIALS OF THE DEAD.

'Tis not alone in "hallowed ground,"
At every step we tread,
'Midst tombs and sepulchres are found
Memorials of the dead.

'Tis not in sacred shrines alone,
Or trophies proudly spread,
On old Cathedral walls are shown
Memorials of the dead.

Emblems of fame surmounting death,
Of war and carnage dread—
They were not in times of Faith,
Memorials of the dead.

From marble bust and pictured traits
The living looks recede,
They fade away—so frail are these
Memorials of the dead.

On mural slabs, names loved of yore
Can now be scarcely read;
A few brief years have left no more
Memorials of the dead.

Save those which pass from sire to son,
Traditions that are bred
In the heart's core, and make their own
Memorials of the dead.

R. R. M.

In August 1852, Dr. Madden had occasion, in connexion with family affairs, to revisit Paris, where he then renewed his acquaintance with Beranger and de Lamenais. "On the 16th August 1852, he called on his old friend the Abbé de Lamenais at his apartments, 18, Rue de Montpelier. Lamenais spoke of the then recent *coup d'etat* and of Louis Napoleon in a tone of sarcastic persiflage, and of the failuro of the constitutional system and downfall of the party he had been allied with, in tones of bitter irony. When his visitor said that for half a century perhaps the military absolute regime would exist, Lamenais shrugged his shoulders, and said—'Non Monsieur: les hommes de la revolution sont abattus mais la revolution; C'est a dire l'Empire des opinions liberales marchent et fout de progres toujours. Louis Napoleon a fait son coup, et son canaille a profite de son succes. Que voulez vous? Louis Napoleon n'est pas ni bon ni mal, il n'aime ni la bon ni la mal, il n'aime que soit maime.'" On the 15th August 1852, Dr. Madden also visited his friend Beranger at his residence, 15, Avenue de Byron, and has left a long and interesting account of Beranger's views on the then recent *coup d'etat* and the future political prospects of France, which have been strangely verified by subsequent events. The full notes of that interview, however, are too extensive for insertion here.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

NOTICE OF SOME OTHER OF DR. MADDEN'S LATER WORKS.

THE literary industry of the subject of these memoirs was illustrated by the publication, only a year after the book last referred to, of the *Life and Times of Savonarola*, in two vols. (Newby, London, 1853), which has been characterised by *The Times*, (February 8th, 1886), as its author's "best work as to style and historical interest, and that which appeals to the largest class of readers." A short extract from the introduction to this scarce, and largely plundered work may serve to illustrate its scope and object:—

"There was a monk in Florence at the close of the fifteenth century who was of opinion that the mortal enemy of Christ's Gospel, in all ages of the world, was mammon; that the interests of religion were allied with those of liberty; and that the arts were the handmaids of both, of a Divine origin, and given to earth for purposes that tended to spiritualize humanity. Men of all creeds who believe in Christianity have an interest in the life and labours of this monk—Girolama Savonarola, of Ferrara. It was attempted in the days of Savonarola, and has been tried in our own, to give this illustrious Dominican the character of a mere demagogue, an enthusiast, a visionary. Such representations have been made by writers that almost worshipped the Medici for substituting Platonism for Christianity, and but slightly acquainted with the science of the saints, having no sympathies with a Gospel preached by holy men, who sympathized with the poor and the oppressed in their times, and denounced hypocrisy, cupidity, and impiety in high places. The life of Savonarola can only be written by a member of the Church, for the restoration of which the great Italian Reformer of the fifteenth century in the true spirit of an apostle—laboured, preached, prayed, struggled, and died an heroic death. It can only be written by one who, believing in his religion, discriminates between things appertaining to the Court, and the tenets, that cannot be impugned, of the Church of Rome, and who thinks the interests of truth and justice must not be sacrificed for any purpose whatever. The writer of that life should pray to be preserved from confounding reform with revolution; from mistaking enthusiasm for piety; the great virtues of individuals for the intrinsic merits of the cause they champion, or the vices of rulers, for inherent defects in the constitution of a Government. He must be careful not to involve the tenets of religion in the contumely arising from any disorders of its ministers. In this book Savonarola's life has

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as far as possible been elucidated by the light of his own words and works. The possession of a large collection of his writings (now of great rarity), enables the present biographer to thus make Savonarola the exponent of his own opinions, the reporter of his own labours for the restoration of religion and the salvation of souls. For the sake of truth and justice, which conduce more than all things in this world to the honour and glory of God and to the good of true religion, this life of Savonarola has been undertaken, with a strong conviction on the mind of the author that, to do justice to it, would be to render a service to his faith, and to humanity at large.

Dublin, 1st Jauuary 1853.

As already observed, the value of this life of Savonarola is attested not only by the commendations of the writer's erudition and successful treatment of a subject so difficult by nearly all the leading reviews and literary periodicals of that day, but still more by the very unsparing and unscrupulous use that has been since made of the labour and research devoted to its production. These volumes were dedicated to Mr. Gladstone, from whom the following letter may be here appended :—

Downing-street, August 14, 1853.

Dear Sir,—I was agreeably surprised by finding through your kind present which reached me yesterday, that you had published a work promising to be of the greatest interest on the subject of Savonarola's Life and Times, and that you had done me the high honour of inscribing it to me. I have ever regarded the history of that remarkable man as having received, at least in our day and country, much less of attention than it deserved by their intrinsic greatness, by their connexion with a most critical period in the fortunes of our religion and race, and by their bearings on the greatest and deepest question of the present day. We may not all view these questions from precisely the same standing ground; but what I have already read of your book, and at this comparatively favourable season I hope soon to complete a regular perusal of it, warrants my anticipating that I shall derive from so comprehensive and earnest an inquiry no less of instruction than of pleasure.

I remain, dear sir,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

R. R. MADDEN, ESQ., M.R.I.A.

Two years subsequently Dr. Madden brought out in three volumes, *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*, published by Newby, London, 1855.

"The task I have undertaken," says the author, "is to illustrate the literary life of Lady Blessington, and her acquaintance with the literary men and artists of England and foreign countries. It is not necessary for me here at least to enter at large into her early history, though with one exception, I am probably better acquainted with it than any other person now living. The whole of that history

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was communicated to me by Lady Blessington, I believe with a conviction that it might be confided to me with safety, and perhaps with advantage at some future time to her memory. . . . . I hope in one particular at least it will be found I have endeavoured to follow, even at an humble distance, the example of Scott's biographer in placing before my readers the subject of my work in a life-like, truthful manner, as she was before the public, in her works and in her saloons, and also in her private relations towards her friends and relatives." The best proof of the successful manner in which he availed himself of the vast mass of documents and letters of many distinguished persons entrusted to him for this purpose, is afforded by the eulogistic reviews which the *Life of Lady Blessington* received, and from the great success of the work, which, though published at a high price, rapidly passed through successive editions. *Lady Blessington's Life* was followed by a work of a graver and longer enduring interest than the more popular memoirs of that whildom centre of English social and literary life, viz., *Phantasmata; or, Illusions and Fanaticisms of Protean Form productive of Great Evils*, which, in two volumes was published in 1857.—

"In this work," observes an Edinburgh reviewer, July 1858, "Dr. Madden has given us a laborious yet popular view of the various epidemic manias that raged in Europe during the middle ages. It is a strange weird subject, profoundly interesting as a chapter of the mental history of our race, affording many important warnings. Dr. Madden treats it chiefly as a physician, tracing its connection with the more familiar forms of insanity, yet being also a *litterateur*, he has not neglected to present it in such a manner as to attract the ordinary reader . . . The Author's notice of the strange career of *Jeanne D'Arc* is one of the fullest and most interesting we have as yet encountered, and cannot be so well condensed as the foregoing notices that we have here abstracted from those pages to afford some glances at a series of strange historiettes which our readers will find in full and interesting detail in Dr. Madden's book. We close these volumes of our learned author with thanks for his bringing so many curious matters into a regular and acceptable form."

23, Westbourne Terrace,

March 8, 1857.

My dear Madden,—Very many thanks for your valuable present, and for the kind note which accompanied it. I have read much of the book already. I respect (I should almost hazard the phrase I love) the spirit in which it is written, and the justice which has evidently prompted it. As in your Savonarola, so in this book you are doing wisely and kindly (and I doubt

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not acceptable to the Supreme Judge), in showing forth to the world, as a member of the Catholic Church of Rome indeed, but with words which speak to all Churches and to all Christian men, some of the sources of their reciprocal misapprehensions, and of the hard thoughts and sayings to which these give birth. It is no little thing for the Protestant world to discover that a man who lives in heartfelt union and communion with your Church can cherish such mental freedom, and give such free utterance to it. Though I am too old to see it, and though even in your time it will hardly be visible, yet there will I trust and believe come at length a day when "all who profess themselves Christians" will make a serious effort to discover how far they have been hitherto mistaken about each other's opinions, how far their disputes darkened the truth, and how far their mutual forbearance and affection can render them all less impatient of the twilight. For what we esteem to be so true, as if necessary to die for it is quite consistent with the toleration which has both its root and fruit in the love of our Redeemer and His members on earth; and in culturing such toleration, you are doubtless acting in His spirit and according to His example. I doubt whether you are not a little severe, even to the Duke of Bedford and the Archbishop of Beauvais. I believe that each of them were profoundly of opinion that this poor Maid of Orleans was an agent and emissary of Satan, and though you and I are astounded both with their premises and with the practical inference which they deduced from them, I doubt whether, if we had lived 400 years ago, your candor and my caution would not have misled each of us to adopt their conclusions. I am exceedingly glad to have been spared the trial. The subject of each of your two last books has been admirably chosen. In the execution of them—so far as I have qualified myself to form an opinion—it has been your misfortune to give readers credit for too much knowledge, and of the two I would rather have you descend to the level of the multitude than rise to that of the ascendancy. Forgive this much of criticism which imputes to you some share of falibility.

Ever yours.
JAMES STEPHENS.

In February, 1858, with his friend and relative, the late Mr. James Murphy of Mount Merrion, Dr. Madden, paid a brief visit to the south of Spain, his surviving son, threatened with pulmonary disease, having been ordered to winter in Malaga. On their way through Paris, a pilgrimage to the place where was educated his eldest boy, the memory of whose loss was ever present to the last moment of his father's life, called forth the following lines—

LINES

WRITTEN IN VERSAILLES IN 1858.*

Not all of him is lost! In memory
The vision of his youth appears to me;
An angel's visit, that recalls the past
With all its joys, too exquisite to last!
A momentary spark—a flash of light—
A shooting star, as transient and as bright!
But all of him in death, that seem'd was lost,
Exists on high, to be regain'd, I trust.

*Written ten years after the decease of my beloved son, William Forde Madden, on revisiting the College Imperiale of Versailles, where he was educated.—*Obit*, 29th March, 1848, *ætat*, 18, R.I.P.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

LIFE AND WORK FROM 1850 TO '67.

In 1861, again accompanied by the writer of these lines, then a young traveller in pursuit of health, Dr. Madden undertook his last journey to the East, and after a short sojourn in Algiers and the Riviera, once more visited the scenes of his early life in Egypt, an account of which had been published a generation previously in his first work—*Travels in the East.*"

A year subsequently was brought out his history, in two vols., of "The Turkish Empire in its Relations with Christianity and Civilization," which was fully reviewed in the leading periodicals of the time, such as "The Quarterly," "British Quarterly," "National," and "Westminster" Reviews; "Spectator," "Observer," etc.

"The maintenance of the Mahommedan power in Europe," says the *Observer*, "by the Crimean war, cost Europe probably three hundred millions of money and nearly five hundred thousand lives. What, then, is this Turkey for which all this enormous expenditure of blood and treasure was incurred? It is with a view of answering this question that Dr. Madden has published the two volumes before us. . . . . 'I have no belief,' he says, 'in the probability of any renovation or renewal of vital vigour in that Empire. Turkey, so long as she is allowed to subsist by the mutual jealousies of the five great Powers, will be able to repress revolts more or less tardily as they are distant from the capital; but as to defend her frontiers against invasion or to push an army into an enemy's country, the thing is impracticable.' The work affords abundant materials for careful perusal, and may be studied with profit and advantage by all who desire to make themselves thoroughly informed on the important and interesting subjects with which it deals."

(From *The Queen*, 22nd March).

"It is no small pleasure to meet with a writer who is willing to tell the truth irrespective of consequences, and who does not seek to gloss over moral wrong under the specious pretext of political necessity. We therefore hail the appearance of this book which deals amply and dispassionately with Turkey under every aspect—political, moral, and social. Dr. Madden writes forcibly and brings to his labours the experience acquired by a long residence in Turkey, and the enlightenment of a well instructed man, anxious for the propagation of the truth."

(From the *National Review*).

"The Turkish Empire in its relations with Christianity and Civilization," is a valuable book,

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(From the *Liverpool Albion*, 27th January 1862).

"With the history of the antagonism between Christians and Mahommedans, no English writer is better acquainted than Dr. Madden, whose thorough mastery of the subject has been gained by nearly 40 years study of it, aided by residence in the East at three widely separated periods. . . . His opinions are diametrically opposed to the ideas upon which British policy towards Turkey has been founded. Dr. Madden not only has no faith in the probability of Ottoman regeneration, but believes that the continuance of Moslem rule in that country is an unmitigated evil. Opinions will probably long continue to differ on that point, but no better materials for their formation can be found than are contained in the present work."

In the year above referred to, a distinguished writer, the late Mr. Charles Dickens, allowed the pages of a periodical under his control to become the medium of a calumnious attack on the Jesuits, and then refused to give equal publicity to a prompt refutation of that calumny. The article in question was published in *All the Year Round*, on the 20th of July, and on the 27th of the same month it was answered by Dr. Madden in a letter addressed to the editor of that paper, but which being denied insertion there, appeared in the *Dublin Quarterly Review* for the following month (August 1861). This reply was briefly as follows:—

"An article recently published in Mr. Dickens' periodical, *All the Year Round*, has given large circulation to a mendacious work, imputing to the members of the Society of Jesus and the religion they profess, complicity in murder, robbery, perjury, prevarication, sacrilege, cupidity, hypocrisy, and impiety in all its forms. This terrible impeachment is made on the evidence of a code of instructions purporting to have been framed by the Jesuits for the government of the Order of which Loyola was the founder, and which necessarily makes him an accessory to these crimes.

"The work referred to is a new English version of a Latin work first printed in 1612. It was then stated to have been discovered in Germany, and purported to be secret instructions of the Jesuits for the use of the members of their Order. It was translated into English and published by Compton, 'the acute and learned Bishop of London,' in 1669, and having been again 'done into English' recently in London, is now being extensively circulated. The persons who have thus circulated this work could not possibly be ignorant of its being spurious, and fabricated for malicious purposes, had they made any critical inquiry into its origin, or had even given any commonly careful attention to its perusal. Bayle, who certainly cannot be accused of any partiality in favour of this Order, says:—"The fate of the Jesuits and that of Cataline are much the same. Several accusations were given in against him without

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any proof, but they met with credit on this general argument: 'Since he has done such a thing, he is very capable of having done this, and it is very possible he has done the rest.' . . . . I cannot think the rules of morality will allow of the making so ill a use of public prejudice."—*Bayle, Dict. Crit. Art., Loyola*, vol. iii, p. 892, 2nd ed. 1786. . . . . .

Some MSS. copies of this work were discriminated in 1611, and from internal evidence the author appeared to have been a Pole. The first printed copy appeared at Cracow in 1612. Three years later it was condemned as an infamous and calumnious forgery, by the Bishop of Cracow, Mgr. Tylchi, who was desirous of instituting legal proceedings against the suspected author, Jerome Tzaorowski, a former member of the Society of Jesus, who in 1611 had been turned out of the Society.

"In a very rare work in our possession, entitled "Fasti Societatis Jesu Res et Personas Memorabiles Ejusdem Societis, opera et studio Rev. P. Joannis Drews," (Praga 1750, p. 167), among the occurrences of the year 1606, we find a record of the condemnation by the Sacred Congregation of the Index, of the book entitled "Monita Privata Societis Jesu," dated 10th May 1616, as 'falsely attributed to the Jesuits, calumnious, and full of defamation.'

"About the same time this infamous book was proved to be a forgery by several Catholic writers, Jesuits and others, such as Adam Fanner (Matthew Bembo), Gretser, and Aquaviva. In the 'Dizionario degli anomimi e dei Pseudonimi,' tom. 3, the author Barbier, no great admirer of the Jesuits, acknowledges that the 'Monita Secreta' is an apocryphal book; a literary imposture devised and executed by the enemies of the Jesuits, to calumniate and discredit them.' Nevertheless, though nothing was wanting to the proofs of the utter falsehood of the charge against the Jesuits as being the authors, it continued to be re-published and read by Protestants as a genuine Jesuit performance. It is most clearly proved that the alleged original discovery of this MS. in the Jesuit College of Paderborn in Westphalia, by the Duke Christian of Brunswick, when he sacked that College, could not have been true, inasmuch as the said sacking took place in 1622, and the book was printed at Cracow ten years previously, and had been condemned at Rome in 1616, six years before the 'original discovery' of the work by the Duke of Brunswick."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LATE MR. JOHN BRIGHT, ETC..

In 1866, the late Mr. John Bright visited Dublin, and "being, says Dr. Madden," a former fellow-labourer in the Anti-Slavery cause, and having enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance for

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thirty years' I called to pay my respects on the morning after his arrival (October 20th, 1886), at the house of my good old friend James Haughton, the well-known philantrophist, with whom he was staying in Eccles-St. I was very kindly received by that distinguished man, who, pre-eminent as he is for his genius, is still more remarkable for his singleness of purpose and strength and simplicity of mind. Mr. Bright did not lose much time in referring to some points connected with the state of affairs in this country which he proposed to deal with in his intended speech at the Rotunda on the following day, and referred to the many difficulties of his task, and more especially to three or four topics concerning which he was pleased to desire my opinion. These included the Irish Established Church as well as the land problem ; and the question how far the actual condition of the people of Ireland was influenced by the special circumstances of their race, education, and long endurance of oppression or wrong. In reply to Mr. Bright's questions with regard to the supposed influence of the Celtic race, on Irish politics and polemics, I did not believe, I said, in the possibility of the continued existence of any distinct original race pure and unmixed in a country such as this, repeatedly overrun and peopled by foreign conquerors. In Ireland the transfusion of the Celtic with the Anglo-Norman and Saxon races had been going on nearly seven centuries. I therefore had no faith in the doctrine that ascribed all the virtues under heaven to a particular section of our people in right of that supposed distinction, whether the claim was set up by O'Connell for the Celtic, or by Lyndhurst for the Anglo-Saxon race. At the same time I acknowledged that there was a peculiar quality characteristic of the Celtic race, especially in Ireland, namely, a recuperative power, a living principle of energy that rose up unsubdued after every conflict with rapacious tyranny. Under God, to that signal characteristic of the Celtic race (largely mixed though this race had been in the course of 694 years of English rule), the existence of the Irish people to the present day is mainly to be attributed.

"The Irish people in our times have been somewhat hurt, I think, by the extravagant enconiums on their intellectual and moral qualities, by which their friends have sought to compensate for the calumnies of their detractors. It is quite impossible that any people could be so reduced and kept in such an abject condition as the Irish had been, without becoming deteriorated by the savagery of such a regime. Moreover, the effects of slavery long survive the regime itself. Nor is it even in forty years after emancipation has been enacted that the vices engendered during many ages can be eradicated. The vices of slavery, that are its peculiar ones, its only weapons of defence, are servile sycophancy, and proneness to deceive. Homer has truly said—"The day that robs a man of his

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freedom deprives him of half his worth.' The bad qualities that exist in the Irish people are not as Mr. Froude, and other writers of similar views in the Press seem to suppose—specially attributable to their race or creed. They are wholly and solely ascribable to seven centuries of misrule."

At this point I was obliged to take my leave of Mr. Bright, with a determination that what I had left unsaid with regard to the two other questions he had alluded to, I would within a couple of hours communicate to him in writing. This I accordingly did in the following letter:—

(To John Bright, Esq., M.P.)

Dublin, Oct. 20th 1866.

My Dear Sir,—Our conversation was interrupted this morning when I was making some reply to your inquiries respecting the state of affairs here. I think I need now make no apology to you for stating in writing that which then remained unsaid by me. With reference first to your questions concerning the Established Church in Ireland, I would venture to express my opinion that had it pleased God to have permitted Irish Protestant Ascendancy, as it is embodied in the Established Church, the gift of a high order of intelligence and a far-seeing, worldly wisdom, that establishment of State privileged rapacity pretending to be a religious institution, would have been the most powerful hypocrisy that was ever planted in the midst of civilization. But the Irish Established Church is not far-seeing, wise, and prudent, not even commonly discreet enough for the security of its own interests. It never was more bent on forcing the peculiar iniquities of its injustice on the public attention than it is at the present moment, and, in point of fact, of compelling the thinking portion of the English people to come to the conclusion that the existence of the Established Church in Ireland is not only an intolerable grievance to the Roman Catholic people of Ireland, but also a formidable danger to British imperial power. Observe the singular openness as well as the iniquity of its alliances with Orangeism and proselytism. Keep in mind the present connexion of its dignitaries with the Orange Institution. Do not lose sight of the present Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, up to a very recent date in close alliance and pious amity with the late Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam, endorsing the statements of conversions, now proved to be enormously erroneous, of that man of a great name, and of a bad fame for Christian charity.

The third and last observation I have to trouble you with is the following:—

Irish landlordism, with the power for evil now conferred on it, is by no means less degrading, less oppressive than Turkish rule was at the period when I had personal experience of that Power, immediately previous to the liberation from

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its yoke of the Greeks in the Morea and in the islands of the Archipelago. Nothing short of the most comprehensive and speedy measure of Tenant Right Law, embracing the whole question of legislation in regard to the tenure of land can meet its difficulties and its dangers. The Government should be urged to make a further recognition of the importance and feasibility of creating, on equitable terms of compensation, and payments by state aid, on the vast estates now held by non-resident landlords, a class of peasant proprietors who would furnish here, as elsewhere, the surest guarantee for the future peace and welfare of the country. If such measures be not passed in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, the law that united the Parliament of Ireland to that of England will have to be considered with a more profound, calm, and earnest attention than ever it has been heretofore considered with. And the question will necessarily force itself on the minds of all just, right-thinking people, of the absolute need of a Parliament in Ireland to do that which a Parliament in England will not do for the vital interests of this country. It will not do for the Imperial Legislature to palter any more with these two vital questions. Either the Irish Church Establishment must be totally abolished by it, or an Irish restored Parliament will have to accomplish that object; either an English Parliament will have to legislate on the Irish land question in a way that will put an immediate and effectual check to emigration and eviction, or an Irish Parliament most assuredly will eventually have to save the people of Ireland in this dire extremity to which it has been reduced by English legislation.

I am, my dear sir,

Very truly yours,

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN.

(Letter from Mr. Bright).

Rochdale, 1st Nov. 1866.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your letter of the 20th ult., and for the book you kindly sent me.

After all you have written and I have said, I fear the Irish question will remain where it is until some calamity arouses the English people and the terror of our ruling class. It is admitted by the Press on both sides that there is almost universal discontent in Ireland—such discontent as would welcome invasion from any quarter. It is known that there is an Irish nation in America burning to be avenged for its sufferings in the past, and that this element

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of evil may bring about the calamity of war between England and the United States. Should this occur, from any cause, there would be an immediate rising in Ireland, and the consequences no man can foresee.

I am very sad when I think of Ireland in connexion with the ruling class in the United Kingdom. All fact and argument seem to be thrown away upon it. Its Press is ignorant or vile, or both, and it supports all the evil of the past and that now exists, and condemns every honest proposition that might give a chance of a better future.

If some opportunity occurs, I shall say something more on the Irish Land Question. I may not be able to teach or to warn the governing body or the people; but I shall clear myself of any complicity in what is done, and of any responsibility as to what may occur.

I received much kindness whilst in Dublin, for which I am very grateful.

Believe me always sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

R. R. MADDEN, ESQ., Loan Fund Board, Dublin.

IN the inception of the O'Connell memorial in Dublin, in which, through the genius of Foley, the gratitude of an emancipated people to their Liberator has been perpetuated, an early part was taken by the subject of this memoir. The history of the origin of that monument in the trifling surplus remaining after the completion of a statue to O'Connell in Ennis, has been sketched by the Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon in his interesting "Report of the O'Connell Monument Committee," Dublin, 1888.

"Much about the same time," says Canon O'Hanlon, "the distinguished and patriotic Irishman, Dr. R. R. Madden, then residing at Dalkey, held communication with Dr. Gray on this subject, and the fortuitous circumstance of procuring more than Mr. Considine required (for the Ennis Monument) was availed of to commence another good work. An evening was named by Dr. Madden for a dinner party, and a number of influential gentlemen, who were known to be the former friends and associates of Ireland's illus-

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trious champion, were invited to meet Dr. Gray. Several guests specially selected for the object held in view, were there assembled. Distinguished amongst them was Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, the former organizer and treasurer of the O'Connell National Tribute. His experience and assistance were availed of and very readily tendered. The plan of operations was considered, discussed, and finally resolved on, that Sunday evening before the party separated. At that time the project was a secret to the general public, and at a late hour Dr. Gray reached the *Freeman's Journal* office to prepare an article announcing that the subscription for the Ennis Monument to O'Connell should close on the following day. On Monday, the 22nd September 1862, a first and stirring appeal was made by Dr. Gray through the medium of the *Freeman's Journal* for funds to raise a National Monument in honour of O'Connell, and on a site most suitable for the purpose." *Report*, p. xiii.

A few days previously, however, to the date referred to Dr. Madden had published the following appeal for the completion of the O'Connell Memorial in Glasnevin, designed by Petrie :—

(To the Editor of the *Freeman*).

9, Great Denmark-St., Dublin.

19th September 1862.

Dear Sir,—I beg leave to trouble you with my subscription towards the completion of the monument to O'Connell's memory in Ennis. I am not of opinion that O'Connell's services to his countrymen are forgotten, or in danger of being forgotten by them. Probably they will be better appreciated in fifty years to come than they apparently are at the present day, not only by his compatriots, but also by every enlightened Englishman, and that both people will unite in honouring the memory of a man who had rid the statute book of their land from the infamy and disgrace of the most barbarous legislation that ever stigmatized the character and institutions of any christian land—the penal code. I know very well, however, how ephemeral in all lands popularity is, how evanescent public gratitude is at all times, and how often intentions to demonstrate by public monuments admiration for benefactors of their country, have either never been carried into effect or only partially accomplished, and ultimately lost sight of altogether.) The application of these remarks is to the still uncompleted monument to O'Connell in Glasnevin. Soon after O'Connell's remains were removed to Ireland a committee was formed, and it was determined

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to apply to Dr. Petrie, an artist as well as an antiquary of the highest character, for plans and designs for a suitable monument. These plans were prepared in an elaborate manner and accepted by the committee. They ordered a model of the proposed memorial, and this was accordingly made by a very competent person, Mr. O'Brien, under the supervision of Dr. Petrie. A distinguished Englishman, renowned in science, Sir R Murchison, having seen this design, said—'This monument, when all its details are carried out, will not only be the fittest memorial for O'Connell, but one of the finest specimens of Christian monumental art in existence.' Alas, it has not been completed. You, my dear sir, have done one good work in your recent effort for the O'Connell statue in Clare, do another and a better service still. Call on the people of Ireland to complete the monument to O'Connell's memory in this city.

Yours very faithfully,

R. R. MADDEN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DR. MADDEN'S LAST PUBLISHED WORKS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

In 1863 was published Dr. Madden's work on "*Galileo and the Inquisition*," in which he refuted, from authentic original sources, viz., letters of Galileo and his co-temporaries,and the records of the proceedings against Galileo never previously published in this country, the hitherto generally accepted statements that Galileo had been "ill-treated by the Roman Court, or put to the torture by the Inquisition for promulgating a great scientific discovery." In this work was, moreover, proved that upwards of a century before the birth of Galileo (in 1562), the motion of the earth and the heliocentric system were theories that found acceptance at the hands of the most eminent Roman ecclesiastics, Cardinals, and Popes.

In 1865 a new series of the same writer's *Historical Notice of the Penal Laws against Roman Catholics* was published by Messrs. Richardson of London. This continuation of Dr. Madden's former work thereon included a full account of the operation and relaxation of that code during the past century, and of the partial measures of relief from those infamous enactments in 1779, '82, '98, and 1829. In it, moreover, may be found a detailed notice of the vestiges of the penal law system which still remain unrepealed, or

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that have even been rendered more stringent by the latest Emancipation Act. In the following year, 1866, the last of the many works published by Dr. Madden, viz., *The History of Irish Periodical Literature*, appeared, and the termination of his literary career as an author was characterised by no less erudition than is evinced in his earlier writings, and, like others of them, was devoted to a most interesting portion of Irish historical literature. This book was intended to be brought out in three volumes published separately, but of these only two appeared, the materials completed for the third being sold at the dispersion of the writer's library after his death twenty years subsequently. The book referred to was thus described at the time of its publication :—

"This *History of Irish Periodical Literature*, the result of arduous labour and research for the past five years, is not a mere catalogue of names, dates, and compendious characteristics of newspapers and magazines, gleaned from published lists, but an original and extensive Treatise, illustrative of the origin, scope, progress, and design of newspapers, magazines, and periodical miscellanies of all kinds worthy of notice, that have been published in Ireland from the latter part of the seventeenth, to the middle of the nineteenth century.

"The importance of such a work, executed with due care, truthfulness, and impartiality, must be obvious to all by whom reliable knowledge is desired on subjects of great pith and moment, that have engaged public attention in Ireland during a period of nearly two centuries. It abounds with biographical notices of Irish periodical originators, contributors, and editors, remarkable for their position, influence, ability, or eccentricity, of past or recent times.

"No work of this kind has heretofore been published in Ireland. It could only have been attempted with any prospect of success, and successfully executed, by one who was prepared to make great sacrifices of time, labour, and money, for the acquisition of the materials essentially requisite for the accomplishment of such a task. It could only be done effectually, and completed in the period above referred to, by one who had not only a very extensive library of his own at command, but, moreover, an extensive knowledge of Irish history, previously acquired in the pursuit of knowledge bearing on analogous subjects of grave interest, at some of the most stirring periods of Irish history. The character of this work may be set forth in a few words: it has been written, not for the sake of serving any purpose, political or polemical, or pecuniary, but of promoting the interests of truth, and its objects in relation to a very important and long-neglected portion of Irish literature."

On the 24th of May 1867, an influential deputation who waited on the Lord Lieutenant, the late Duke of Abercorn, had been informed that the sentence pronounced on the then recently convicted

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Fenian prisoners could not be commuted, and a day later, in reply to a most forcible appeal for mercy, from the late Mr. James Haughton, His Excellency expressed his deep regret that he could "hold out no hope that the sentence passed on Burke could be remitted." Nevertheless, the memorials for clemency proved successful, and to this result the part taken by Mr. Haughton, and also by Dr. Madden in the following appeal to the Prime Minister were unquestionably contributary.

(To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby).

Ballygihen-avenue, Kingstown, Co. Dublin.

25th May 1867.

My Lord,—In taking the great liberty of addressing your Lordship in reference to the memorial for a commutation of the sentence pronounced on the political prisoners recently tried in this city, I am influenced mainly by the following consideration :—The infliction of capital punishment has never fulfilled the expectation of those who have had recourse to that means of removing discontent and repressing insurrection in Ireland at least. For one insurgent whom the Government makes, as it thinks, the victim of the outraged laws of his country, and as the mass of people think the martyr of its cause, hundreds, nay thousands of sympathisers will be at once raised up, and at the expiration of upwards of three score years—referring for example to the insurrectionary movement of Robert Emmet in 1803—millions even may be found imbued with feelings of commiseration for that rash, and ill-fated young man whom they look on as a martyr, and of repugnance to the power that consigned him to the gallows.

* * * * * *

That consideration I would humbly venture to submit might well at this present moment probably conduce towards influencing your Lordship in favour of the extension of Her Majesty's gracious clemency to Burke and the other prisoners now under sentence of death for an offence, which, however grave in its legal aspects and consequences, was essentially political in its nature.

* * * * * *

The remission of that awful penalty in these cases would, I am well convinced, redound more to the enduring honour of your Lordship's name, than can be conceived by any person who is not intimately acquainted, not only with the present state of things in Ireland, but with that of the past, and its doleful history of periodical abortive insurrections, and those subsequent too frequent expiations of them on the gallows, that have certainly had no advantageous result or any power of repression. I believe, moreover, that at this moment the carrying into effect of the merciful and wise course above referred to, would tend not less to promote the true

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and permanent interests of the Imperial Government in Ireland, but even those higher interests of justice, and humanity, which are the essentials of all true civilization, and though last, not least, the high estimation in which the best of English sovereigns, our precious gracious Queen is held.

The resume of the preceding observations is embodied in the following declaration, made towards the end—as in the course of nature I must expect—of a long career, and, I may add, of a very varied one, fraught with very large experience—"I solemnly declare that I believe most firmly it is not necessary, expedient, politic, or advantageous to the interest of society, humanity, justice, and civilization to take away human life; and that all such interests would be best served by withholding the sanction of the law from the power exercised by men in authority over the lives of their fellow-creatures on any plea or pretext whatsoever, or pretence of using that power for the vindication of justice or in atonement of any wrong or outrage."

My Lord, I am an old man, verging on my seventieth year. I have had abundance of experience derived from observation of the vanity and unprofitableness of engagements in politics or polemics, in the strife of factions, and the far worse calamities of civil wars and commotions, and I confess, knowing as I do, the sanguinary feelings that have prevailed in this country, even in classes where they might least be expected to be found, where education and civilizing influences ought to have produced very different results, that I now feel the most extreme terror at the prospect of recourse to measures which, if they do not prove the inauguration of a new regime of blood like that of 1798 in Ireland, will be so construed by millions of people in this country and in America. And, moreover, that construction may probably do more permanent mischief to the character of British rule, and to the condition of all classes in this country than they ever before received. You have the power, my lord, of averting those great evils, and I do not doubt the inclination. That so it may be now proved is the most earnest prayer of

Your Lordship's very obedient humble servant,

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN.

On several occasions my father was urged to publish his recollections of the remarkable events and persons that he had been acquainted with during the course of his varied career in many lands.

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The materials for this record were more than once commenced and abandoned, and their character may be gathered from the fragments which an attempt has been made to weld together in the preceding pages. One of those by whom this work was suggested was his old and valued friend, Mr. James Murphy, of Cork, a man of similar tastes, well known as a scholar and collector of old books. Thus, in one of his letters on this subject the latter writes:

City Club, Cork,
15th October 1870.

My dear Doctor,—More than once have I hinted to you that you should give us "Reminiscences of R. R. Madden." What a treat the book would be to your friends; how interesting to literary men, and others like myself, would be your recollections of travel, interspersed with anecdotes, your intercourse with persons of note in foreign lands as well as at home, during the last forty years or upwards. Your friend Newby would guarantee a large sale of the work in England, Ireland, America, and the Antipodes, if brought out like *Henry Crabbe Robinson's Diary, &c.*, (3 vols. 8vo.), which I have just been reading. Have you read this book? If not, you have a treat in store. He was one of Lady Blessington's favourites, and gives interesting particulars of the soirees and persons he met at Gore House. Providence was very kind to him and kept his brain and nerves intact until the ripe old bachelor closed his career in 1867, aged 91. It is one of the most interesting books I have come across for a long time, and I thought of yourself many times while reading it. Should you act as I fondly wish, you have the advantages of the clear intellect and talents of your own dear *cara sposa* to assist you in the memorial, and freshen up bygone events,—an "Amanuensis" of incalculable value. What pleasure it would give me to hear you had this resolution "in your mind's eye, Horatio."

Last week I sent you a newspaper giving an account of some Cork newspapers of old dates which may interest you. How is our friend McCarthy getting on in London? I have a great regard for him and his family, and would be glad to hear he got some berth from Government and became a fixture.

Does not your heart shudder at the war in France? There is a cold chill upon me every day I look at the telegrams, when I think how the Prussians will act. When they get into Paris, very little respect they will pay to the treasures of the Louvre, and the books of the "Bibliotheque Imperiale," now packed in cellars under sandbags, impervious to bombshells, but not so to plundering soldiers. Rome, too; what a contrast from my late visit to the Eternal City!

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How sad to think of the present position of the Holy Father—under the heel of his enemies. What a spectacle to all enemies of Catholicism over the world!

I hope Tom and his amiable wife and children are quite well; they will never be happier than I wish them. Let me hear from you very soon; and with my warmest regards to Mrs. Madden,

Believe me, my dear Doctor,
Very affectionately yours,
JAMES MURPHY.

3, Vernon-terrace, Booterstown,
20th October 1870.

My dear Murphy,—I take it as a very kind act your renewed suggestion *in re* the putting together of the reminiscences of an old wanderer in many lands, and "picker up of unconsidered trifles" in many libraries. The first suggestion made no deep impression, but not so the second. There was a heartiness in the persuasion of it that I found irresistible. So *Deo volente*, you may yet have my reminiscences of all the strange passages in my life in strange lands in the course of the past half century, for my amblings and ramblings in foreign countries commenced in the year 1820. My communings with people savage and civilized, my knockings against queer people, celebrities of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent; my indulgencies in bookish habits and pursuits in libraries, foreign and domestic, will be set down in order for publication; and if God be pleased to add two years more to my present stock of seventy-two summers, not to say anything of the winters, the reminiscences of the poor old man, who is proud to call himself your friend, may yet see the light of day in print. If so, and if, moreover, this work should be damned, strike your breast contritely three times and say in your most solemn Corkonian tones—"Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!"

I have been very busy for several days past, or your kind letter would not have remained some days unacknowledged. I am a worker behind the scenes occasionally in grand emergencies when things of a public kind are not doing that which ought to be done. You may have seen an admirable letter of Lord Granard suggesting meetings, &c., with reference to Roman affairs and the outrages on the Pontiff. It fell on the leading Liberal Catholics truly as a dead letter. I think I will send you copies of some of my correspondence in this matter to read—but mind to return them. I also enclose some reflexions of mine on "the almighty smash" of Louis Napoleon, published in the *Evening Post*.

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Mrs. Madden joins in kind regards, and so would your old friend Tom if he knew I were writing.

Yours, my dear Murphy,
Ever faithfully,
R. R. MADDEN.*

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RETIREMENT FROM LOAN FUND BOARD, 1880.

In the spring of 1880 Dr. Madden felt warned by the increasing burden of the eighty-one years during which he had earned his bread,—"*sudor mentis*,"—that the hour had at length arrived for a brief respite from the labours of a busy life, in preparation for the fast approaching call from time to eternity. Accordingly, in March 1880, he placed his resignation as Secretary of the Loan Fund Board in the hands of the authorities. This was thus noticed in the *Freeman's Journal* of Saturday, March 20th, 1880:—

"After a long and faithful service of nearly forty years, Dr. R. R. Madden has resigned the office of Secretary to the Loan Fund Board in Dublin Castle. He resigns the office simply because the weight of years and work is pressing too heavily upon him, and that he does not care to accept remuneration for engagements which he deems that he can no longer fulfil, as he has so long and so well done up to the present day. There is no need of our saying a single word in recognition of Dr. Madden's public and personal worth. Of few men could it be said with more perfect truth, that in private life he has received for himself, by his kindly and genial ways, love and honour, and troops of friends. In public life, he has earned imperishable renown by his valuable researches into a period of Irish history around which so many associations and tra-

* The work referred to in the foregoing letter was never completed, but amongst the voluminous papers found after Dr. Madden's death, were some showing that a similar work had been previously contemplated by him. Only the preface and some fragments of this volume now remain, and of these the former may be found in the Appendix. The title of the proposed volume was—"THOUGHTS AND INCIDENTS—Traces of the Footprints of Travel in Many Lands, in Ancient Lore and Regions of Research, Abounding in Imperfect or Ill-Remembered Records of Remarkable Persons and Events; Miscellaneous Notes and Sketches, Historical, Biographical, and Literary. By Richard Robert Madden, M.R.I.A., Mem. Grem. Liter. Lisb.; Mem. Soc. Scien. Med., Lisb., etc." Vol. I.

"I have passed manye landes and manye yles and contrees, and cherched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable companye. Now I am comen home to reste. And thus recordynge the tyme passed, I have fulfilled these thynge and put them wryten in this boke, as it would come into my mynde."—*Sir John Maundeville*.

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ditions are encircled. In all that he has written he has proved Irish to the core, and has shown his sympathy with every legitimate national aspiration. Now that he is withdrawing into comparative retirement, we are sure that we but speak a universal feeling in hoping that he may have yet before him many years of health and happiness, and that it may be long before there shall be occasion to write of him with more detail than in the few brief sentences we have just now printed."

After his retirement, Dr. Madden occupied his time chiefly in literary pursuits, works of piety and benevolence, and, as he expressed it,—"*Communing with the shadows of the Dead.*"

"My days among the dead are pass'd,
Aronnd me I behold
Where'er these old grey eyes are cast,
The friends I lov'd of old."—*Coleridge.*

An old man's friendless days are dreary;
His sleepless nights, 'tis said,
Some solace find, however weary,
Communing with the dead.

Portraits of dear departed friends
Are had to meet his gaze:
Remembrance of them thus extends
The light of other days.

Dear, never-failing friends are they
Whose traits these prints recall,
With whom I mingle, night and day,
In thought with one and all.

Conversing with the shadows here
Of the lov'd dead, I find
Has something in it—serves to cheer
And soothe the saddened mind.

Around me features I behold
I look'd on in my youth,
In manhood and old age—now cold
In death, still lov'd, in sooth.

A little more, and I shall be
Of time that's past and gone—
Recall'd, perhaps, by some, like me—
Live in the Past alone.

Tis better thus to live, indeed
In any land ill-fated,
Than in the present, and take heed
Of wrongs unmitigated.

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Yet in the Past, so live should we,
Our main desire would prove
Our future life with God might be
And those dear friends we love!

R. R. M.

3 Vernon-terrace, Booterstown, June 4, 1873.

At the same time, nothing gave the old man more pleasure than to see, as long as possible, the few surviving friends of earlier days around his table, except it were the society of his family and grandchildren—and perhaps more especially of the youngest of these, a singularly bright, winning, and gifted little girl named Beda,* whose early call from earth to heaven, in her seventh year, on the 11th June 1882, left a great blank in that small world of which she was the brightest sunbeam. Indeed, throughout life, Dr. Madden always entertained a great sentiment of affection—nay, even reverence—for children, by whom he, in turn, was as generally beloved, for, as he wrote in some of his latest lines—

"There is something in the artless smiles
Of youth, their winning ways and wiles,
Their joyous innocence and freaks,
That even of the aged seeks
The notice; and it almost seems
They know their gracefulness redeems
Their boist'rous mirth, their pranks unruly
And frolicsome—perhaps unduly.

"These creatures have so lately come
Out of their Maker's hands, they've some
Faint traces of their origin
Yet in them—of its source divine.
No wonder aged folks should see
In them so much purity—
So much of poor humanity
Unsullied in the spotless child,
By sin or sorrow undefiled."

In this period of retirement, his leisure was chiefly employed with the well read "old books" with which, as before said, the walls of almost every room in his house were lined.† To few were Cicero's words more applicable. "Nothing seemed more pleasing to him than serious study, learning, and the writings of the learned, by which he put the remembrance of past grief out of his mind."—Nihil illi solitudine, et in studiis solicitudinæ, visum est amicius, in qua omnis ei erat sermo cum literis, et literatorum scriptis et per quam pellebat ex animo dolorum præteritorum recordationem.

* Vide Appendix.

† Dr. Madden's extensive library had twice previously been dispersed on occasion of his departure from home. Nevertheless, its re-accumulation always followed as soon as he had again settled himself in any place, and after his death its final sale by auction occupied no less than six days.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

DR. MADDEN'S DEATH IN 1886.

In this chapter we approach the closing scene of that long life, the vicissitudes of which in many lands have been imperfectly traced in the foregoing pages—*Ad Sepulchrum Venimus.* During his declining years he retained to the end not only his love of learning, but also his kindly nature and sympathy with literary and philanthrophic work and workers. At the same time, he employed himself with those more serious considerations that best befit the close of existence, and found in the religion he practised an unfailing source of hope beyond the grave, and of solace for all the trials of age.

Thus prepared for the supreme change, and studiously tended to the final moment of existence by the untiring watchfulness of his devoted wife (who, having shared and lightened all his cares, literary labours, and toils in the cause of humanity in every quarter of the world, was herself soon destined to follow to the same "long, last home"),* Dr. Madden peacefully departed this life at his residence, Vernon-terrace, Booterstown, on Friday, 5th of February 1886. To that inevitable hour he long looked forward with christian hope and resignation, and in it he was fortified by the ministrations of his Faith. The writer of one of the kindly obituary articles published in the Press at the time of his death well summed up his character as that of—"An upright, honourable, and high-souled man, whose genial and dignified presence will long be missed. . . . If not loaded here with those honours which in any other land might well have rewarded a career so distinguished and so useful to his country and his kind, at least his memory should survive as long as talents of the highest order exercised in the cause of truth and humanity, unswerving rectitude, benevolence, and love of country, deserve our remembrance."

His interment, which took place on Tuesday, February 9th, was thus described in another journal of the following day :—

"Yesterday morning, the remains of Dr. Richard Robert Madden were conveyed from Booterstown for interment in the family burial place at Donnybrook. The greatest marks of respect were shown for the deceased gentleman, and deep sympathy evinced for his widow and family. At Booterstown all the dwellings were

* Mrs. Harriet T. Madden (né Elmslie), born in London 1801, died at Booterstown, Co. Dublin, February 7th, 1888:—her mental faculties unclouded by age or infirmity; her last word a prayer; and her last action an effort to make the sign of redemption on her brow. She was interred beside her husband's remains, in the old churchyard of Donnybrook. R.I.P.

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closed, and as the funeral cortege, which extended for over a mile along the road, arrived at Donnybrook, the houses had their shutters up. The coffin containing the remains was placed on a catafalque in the Booterstown Church, where Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Pierce Gaussen, C.C., the Very Rev. Monsignor Farrell, and several other Clergymen assisting at the solemn service. A considerable gathering of leading citizens and representatives of the learned professions were present to pay a tribute of respect to one who filled a foremost place among men of letters of his time, the chief mourners being his son, Dr. T. More Madden, President Obstetric Section Academy of Medicine in Ireland; his nephew, the Right Hon. William H. F. Cogan, P.C., D.L.; and his cousin, John C. Murphy, Esq., J.P. On arrival at Donnybrook, the last prayers having been read, the remains of this gifted and estimable man were laid to their rest beside those of his father, mother, and kindred, under the shadow of the now ruined Roman Catholic Church, in which as a boy he had often knelt, and within view of the ancient residence of "The Maddens of Donnybrook," where much of his boyhood was passed. The Christian benevolence of the deceased was unsparingly exercised with equal zeal on behalf of the poor and oppressed, whether they were of his own country or in those distant lands with which his eventful career had brought him in contact; and during his Colonial Secretaryship in Western Australia this was especially the case. He was one —"Qui multorum providus urbes et mores hominum inspexit"; and in all these wanderings it had ever been his earnest hope that he might ultimately share the resting place of his kindred in the land for which love endured to his heart's last beat. It is not a little remarkable that the interval between the death of the author of the *History of the Lives of the United Irishmen*, who died in his 88th year, and the birth of his father, beside whom he was laid, covers a period of no less than 180 years. The churchyard itself, now closed as a burial place, is one of the most ancient in the country. Within its borders lie several eminent worthies, chronicled in Mr. Blacker's *Memorials of Booterstown*, and amongst these was no truer or more upright man than the venerable Dr. Madden. It may be added that he rests beneath the shade of four cypress trees, which many years ago he had brought from Napoleon's tomb in far off St. Helena, to mark the site of the Madden family vault, where he desired should be inscribed as his epitaph the words: "Here also lie the remains of a man who loved his country."—*Requiescat in pace.*"

To the foregoing generous tribute, which was but one of the many similar notices that appeared in the leading English, Irish,

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and American journals of the day, there remains only to observe that to Richard Robert Madden might be well applied some lines written by himself nineteen years previously, *In Memoriam* one of his oldest friends—namely, the late Richard O'Gorman, of whom he spoke as—

"The grand old man, of an heroic mind,
Of Roman traits of character and mien,
Of manners simple, gentle, and refined,
Of noblest nature, ardent and serene.

* * * * * * * * *

We shall not look upon his like again,
In youth and age still faithful he remained
To creed and country, to his fellow-men,
To ev'ry cause deserved to be sustained.

Peaceful and calm the death-bed of the just
In his was seen, its solemn grandeur shown,
In look and gesture of implicit trust—
Breathings of prayer, revealed to God alone!

True and noble friend, thy mission is well done;
In life thou'st plann'd to serve mankind,
To exalt thy God, thy country, and thine own
And each to love, with all thy heart and mind."

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APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX.

GENEALOGICAL, HISTORICAL, AND FAMILY RECORDS OF THE

O'MADDEN'S OF HY-MANY.

THE following account of the ancient Sept of Siol Anmachadha, and their descendants, is condensed from family records, and various works bearing thereon, amongst which special mention must be made of the late Professor O'Donovan's *Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many*. These notices, the greater portion of which were collected and as far as possible compared with the original documents by the late Dr. R. R. Madden, are here published in the belief that this sketch of the lineage of that family, and the part taken by them in some remarkable passages of Irish History, may not be devoid of interest.

In our earliest Annals, a prominent place is occupied by the Septs and Rulers of the territory of Hy-Many, and amongst the latter there were none whose ancestry is traceable to a remoter period, or whose names are more frequently mentioned than the O'Maddens Chieftains of Siol Anmachadha. By some writers the pedigree of this family has been carried back to a date long antecedent to any of the Celtic records cited in the following pages, the originals of which are still preserved in the libraries of Trinity College, Dublin, and of the Royal Irish Academy, or else in those of the British Museum, and Bodlean Library, Oxford. Thus for instance, De Burgo in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, traces the history of the O'Maddens up to the dim and distant period of the Milesian invasion of Ireland, an event which Celtic chroniclers assign to the year 1699 B.C.; when as they aver, Hermone and his brother Heber, sons of Milesius of Spain, commenced their conjoint reign as the first Milesian Monarchs of Ireland. Of this curious legendary illustration of genealogical enthusiasm, if not of unquestionable historical accuracy, the introductory works may here suffice "Antiquissima hæc Progenies O'Maddenorum Hibernice O'Madagain .... recta descendit ab Heremone, tertio natu é Milesii Regis Iberiæ, alias Hispaniæ Filiis qui, ut toties ajebam, permultis ante Virginis Partum centenis annis in Insular hanc ad propagandum in ea Gentem advenerunt A prælibato quippe Heremone Originem ducens Conn Ceadchathach genuit Jomchaith cujus Fratres Progenitores fuere illustrissimarum Familiarum de Maguire .... et de M'Mahon in Ultonia——a memorata autem Jomchaidh post decem generationes ortus est Eogan a quo O'Kelly, et Buadhach (recta Eoghan Buac) a quo O'Madden prognati sunt." In reference to the chieftain thus alluded to by De Burgo, O'Donovan cites a Celtic poem written *circa* 1347, and still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, H. 217, p. 190,—"The progeny of Eoghan Buac, the hero, are the great race of O'Madden."—Tribes of Hy-Many.

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"Non ab re erit obiter in hoc loco advertere," adds de Burgo, "Baroniam Longofordiensem adeoque et comitatum Galviensiem comprehendisse temporibus O'Maddenorum Dynastarum partem moderni agri regis in Lagenia, vernacule dictam Lusmagh, haud obstante Shanano interfluente, atque sejungente Conaciam á Lagenia, integramque istam Baroniam in diocesi fuisse Clonfertensi, et Provincia Tuamensi—Postmodum autem per Legem Parliamentariam ut vocant territorium illud Lusmagh, in Ditione olim Dynastæ Longofordiensis; unitum fuit comitatui Regis, adeoque, et Nationi, Lageniæ salvis tamen curibus Episcopi Clonfertensis, et Archiepiscopi Tuamensis. Hinc Territorium illud unica constans Parochia, intra Fines est Diocesis Clonfertensis et Provinciæ Tuamensis." *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 305-6. . . . . According to the *Book of Lecan*, written previously to 1417, (the MS. of which is preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and which was translated for the Irish Archæological Society, by the late Dr. O'Donovan, the ancestor of the O'Madden Sept, is stated to have been Maine Mor, ruler of Hy-Many. In O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, the origin of this family is ascribed to Eugenius Buach.

Camac, the son of Carbry Crom, and great grandson of Dallon, had Eugenius Fionn and Eugenius Buach. From the former, O'Kelly, Lord of Traine (or Hy-Many) is descended, and from the latter is sprung O'Madden, Lord of Siol Anmachadha, and Lusmach on the other side of the Shannon, in the county of Galway. Anmachadha, the son of Eugenius Buac, has given the name of Silanmachadha to the possessions of his posterity, which are situated in the county of Galway, opposite Leinster, being divided from it by the River Shannon. (O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, vol. 2, p. 344).

The territory of Hy-Many originally extended from Clontuskert, near Lanesborough, in the county of Roscommon, southwards to the boundary of Thomond, in the county of Clare, and from Athlone westwards to Seefin and Athenry in the present county Galway. It is also stated in a poem, addressed before 1373 to Eoghan O'Madden, which is cited by O'Donovan, from a fragment of the Book of Hy-Many, (in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, H. 2. 7. p. 190) that Oran in the county of Roscommon, Lusmagh in the Kings County, and Laragh Grian in the county of Clare, were all portion of Hy-Many, which further extended from Grian to Caradh, and included Dunamon, Hais Clothraim in Lough Rhee, and Mis Cealthra in Lough Dorghere. "The O'Madden Country," which was included in Hy-Many, is referred to in a remarkable document addressed to the Lord Deputy Sydney, A.D. 1566, preserved in the Rolls Office, Dublin, but which the limited space here available precludes citation in this connexion.

After the Burkes or de Burghs had established themselves in the county Galway, the limits of Hy-Many, observes O'Donovan, were very much circumscribed, the Baronies of Leitrim, Loughrea, and Athenry being seized on by the de Burgo or Burkes, and made part of their territory, and it is remarkable that in the year 1585 O'Madden's Country was no longer considered a part of Hy-Many. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it consisted only of five Baronies, as appears from a document amongst the "Inrolments tempore Elizabethæ," in the Auditor-General's Office, Dublin, dated 6th August 1585. From the foregoing references we learn that the Siol Anmachadha or O'Madden portion of Hy-Many was co-extensive with the Barony of Longford in the county of Galway, and with the parish of Lusnagh in the Kings County on the east side of the Shannon, which formerly was included in Galway, as also was Longford castle in that territory—O'Madden's chief fortified residence or stronghold.

In the account of this tribe in the Life of St. Grellan (a cotemporary of St. Patrick), who flourished in the fifth century, the MSS. of which is in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, Maine Mor, as before observed, is

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said to have been the ancestor of all the Hy-Many tribe. We are told that with the spiritual assistance of St. Grellan, he successfully attacked the Firbolg King, who was then the Lord of the country, now the Barony of Clonmacowen, in the county of Galway, and having slain this Firbolg chief, established himself in that territory. Stories of this kind are not confined to those distant epochs of Celtic tribal warfare with which we are now concerned, but have been repeated in other climes and later times, in aid of adventurers on a larger scale. The patron of the O'Maddens must have been "a most forbearing saint," as the princes of Hy-Many were much given to slaying and spoiling, and were entitled to one third of all fines for killing men throughout the province of Connaught." St. Grellan however does not appear to have given his benison to the "strong-armed O'Maddens," until he had provided for a due tribute for himself and his successors; and ultimately St. Grellan bequeathed his Crozier, as a battle standard, to the victorious clan of Siol Anmchadha, by whose descendants it was preserved, down to the nineteenth century.

The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many, translated from the MSS. *Book of Lecan*, we find (p. 14, 17) it stated in a poem addressed to the celebrated Eoghan O'Madden, that his ancestors came from Clocher Mac in Maidhain. In another tract in same volume, a long list is given of O'Madden's predecessors in the chieftaincy of Hy Many, and although that list cannot, says O'Donovan, be considered perfect, without it nothing like an accurate series of the early chiefs of Hy-Many could now be given, as the Annals are imperfect. According to this manuscript, the first of these chiefs was the before-mentioned Maine Mor, ancestor of all the Hy-Many Sept, who was chief of the territory for fifty years, and died a natural death. The second, Brasil, son of Maine Mor, chief for thirty years, who also died a natural death, which as the Celtic writer says "was surprising, as he had been much engaged in wars." The third was Faichra Fin, the son of Brasil, for seventeen years, when he was slain by his brother, Maine Mor. In the poem Fiachra Fin is styled a "tower in conflict and battle." He is the ancestor of the O'Naughtons and O'Mullallys, or Lallys, the progenitors of the celebrated and ill-fated Count Lally de Tollendal. We need not here follow this history of the earlier chiefs of this clan, from Conall, who was fourth of their lineage, down to Dearmid, the seventeenth prince of the O'Madden line. It may suffice to say that of sixteen succeeding chiefs, of whom a few are described as having been saints, whilst the majority are spoken of as redoubtable warriors, only four appear to have died a natural death; the rest from the year 579 down to 1014, when Tadhg Mor fell by the side of King Brian Boru, at the battle of Clontarf, having all been slain in field or foray . . . . . of these princes, Gadhara, Lord of Siol Anmchadha, or the O'Madden country, the twenty-second chieftain of Hy-Many, is the last-mentioned in the document above cited, which was addressed to Eoghan O'Madden, chief of Siol Anmchadha and Hy-Many, who died in the year 1347, according to the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

When O'Madden rose to the chieftaincy of all Hy-Many, it would appear from the "Topographical Poem" of O'Dugan (a writer who died in 1372), that the M'Ullachan or Couloghan was the chief of Siol Anmchadha. But in *the Book of Lecan*, compiled forty years subsequently (in 1418) it is stated that the chiefs of Siol Anmchadha are the Maduhains or O'Maddens, (*vide* Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many p. 43.) O'Donovan cites another MS. preserved in the Library of Trinity College Dublin, also written in the life-time of Eoghan O'Madden, in which his pedigree is carried up to Gadhra Mor, Prince of all Hy-Many, who was slain in 1027. This MS. being one of the most curious fragments of ancient Irish history which has descended to our times, and throwing much light on the pedigree of O'Madden, may be here briefly quoted—

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"There is a tranquil, benign, great, hardy, sweet voiced, generous, vehement, regal king over the Siol Anmchadha, and this king, is the noble Eoghan, son of the loud-voiced Murchadh, son of the lively-preying Cathal, son of the expertly-wounding Diarmid, son of the affluent Madudan, son of the bright-faced Diarmid, son of the munificent Madden, son of the fettering Gadhra; and this rapid-routing Gadhra was the last of his tribe, who had dominion over the third of the province of Smooth Callows, viz., that region extending from the time Griau, in the mountains, to the bright Caradh. And from the river of Gadhra to that of Eoghan, this country (Ireland) has been divided without any sole monarch to govern it, and a plague came to bring this disunion among all the chiefs—foreigners came over the green seas to seize on it, and these foreigners gained one day's victory, which prepared the way for their conquest—the victory of Leithridh over the heroic Roderick, so that the Gaels remained under the yoke of the foreigners for a period of five above seven score bright years. Now the following were the chiefs of the territory during this period—viz., Madudan, or Madden Mor, son of Diarmid. He ruled justly over his native principality. After Madudan Mor, ruled Mealseachlain, in good peace, and next came Cathal, son of Madudan, who was illustrious for hospitality and munificence. To him succeeded his son Murchadh, but he resigned the chieftaincy of his own accord, and went away from royal rule over lands, to Rome, to resign his soul to the Supreme King, and his body to the cemetery of St. Peter's—in the chief city. And it was no wonder that his great son, Eoghan O'Madden should flourish in his place, as he has flourished, for he was (has been) twenty years in the famed chieftainship, undisturbed in his prosperity by his neighbours and his country not oppressed by Lords . . . This fair prince erected for a habitation at Magh Bealaigh, a strong castle of stone and fine timber, the like of which has not been erected by any chief in Erin. He also repaired the churches in general—taught truth to the chieftains—kept his people from treachery and fratricide, checked evil customs, and taught charity and humanity in his goodly districts. He wrested from his neighbours a portion of each province, viz, the western extremity of Meath, which is under his stewards, and the northern portion of Ormond, which is under his high control." . . . (In reference to Eoghan O'Madden, the late Dr. R R. Madden in his MSS. historical account of this family, observes—"In my table, he is numbered I., in his youth, he was very inimical to the English interest in Connaught, and so early as 1306 defeated the Clanricarde, and slew sixty-six of his people. Afterwards however, he seemed to have fought many battles on the English side. His eldest son, Cathal, was slain by the Clanricardes in 1340. He had a daughter named Finola, who died in 1398).

The "Four Masters," and Mac Geoghegan, from the "Annals of Clonmacnoise," inform us, that about the year 1356, considerable warfare raged between the habitant Lords of English race settled in Connaught, in which the Irish chieftains joined as a matter of course, that the English of West Connaught defeated Mac William Burke, and killed many of his people—that Edmund, the son of William, who was son of Richard de Burgo, was slain by the Irish Sept of Siol Anmchadha (the O'Madden's). Whilst at the same time Richard Oge de Burgo, gained a signal victory over the people of Edmund, the son of William de Burgo and the O'Maddens, in which conflict, "Sixteen of the Nobles of the Siol Anmchadha was slain," (vide *Tracts relating to Ireland*, published by the Irish Archæological Society, vol. 2, p. 98, Dublin, 1843.)

Murchadh or Morough O'Madden, son of the preceding, Chief of the Sept for twenty-four years, died in 1371, and was 116th in descent from Owen Buac. In the "Annals of the Four Masters,"

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he is styled "General, Patron of the Literati, the poor and the needy of Ireland." He was killed in a predatory excursion in Ormonde, leaving a son, and a daughter named More. This Lady More married Mac William Burke, Lord of Clanricarde, and died in 1383. The son, Eoghan Mor O'Madden (also mentioned as Owen McMurrough O'Madden, in the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*), succeeded his father, and died in 1411. He was replaced by Murchadh or Morough O'Madden his son, who is described in the annals as "a man of mighty arm, and good jurisdiction," and in some of the pedigrees is said to have founded the Abbey of Meelick in the year 1451. But in the "Annals of the Four Masters," the foundation of that Abbey is ascribed to his successor in the chieftaincy, A.D. 1479. The Monastery of Meelick, on the Shannon banks, in the diocese of Clonfert, was founded for Franciscan Friars by O'Madden, who selected a burial-place for himself in it." . . . It is true, however, that he (Murchadh), granted a chapel at Portumna together with the village to the Dominicans, who founded on the spot a Religious House, under the authority of a Bull from Pope Martin V., dated October 9th, 1426. This Bull is printed in the *Hibernia Dominicana* by De Burgo. . . . Murchadh had three sons, two of whom were slain by their kinsman, Cabthach or Coffey O'Madden, in the year 1486. The line being thence continued by his third son, Eoghan.

119th of this family, from Owen Buac, Eoghan Carragh O'Madden was succeeded by his son, Murchadh Reagh, who left four sons and one daughter. John O'Madden followed his father (Murchadh), and was succeeded by his son, Brasil O'Madden, on whose death his son John became chieftain; and two years subsequently in 556, he being slain by Brasil Dubh O'Madden, the chieftaincy of Siol Anmchadha was divided between the latter and the surviving brother of John, viz., Mealachlin Modarha. In 1540 the Lord Deputy was instructed to confirm treaties between the king and "Mealachlin O'Madden and Hugh O'Madden, chiefs of their country." (*Vide State Papers, Temp. Henry VIII.*, p. 171).

123.—The next, Domhnall or Donal O'Madden, son of John; "he was the last chief," says O'Donovan, "who ruled the territory of Anmchadha or Silanchia according to the old Irish system, and was the most powerful and celebrated chieftain since the time of Eoghan or Owen O'Madden, who died in 1347." Queen Elizabeth appointed Donal O'Madden "Captain of his Nation" in 1567, after clearing himself of the charge of slaying his predecessor, and paying a fine of eighty cows to the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sydney. He attended a parliament convened in Dublin by Lord Deputy Perrott in 1585, to which the Irish Chieftains were summoned. Amongst the multitudes of O's and of Mac's, great renown in their several territories, who attended this Irish Parliament, as given by the "Four Masters," we find Donal O'Madden, son of John, son of Brasil and also his kinsman, the Earl of Clanricarde, Ulick, son of Ulick Na Grean (of the heads).

To understand the object of this Assembly, it should be borne in mind that it was not until late in the reign of Elizabeth that the province of Connaught was brought into subjection to the crown and laws of England. "The proceedings by which that event was achieved," says Hardiman, "were commenced by the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sydney, in 1575, and completed by a succeeding Deputy, Sir John Perrott, in 1585. The project was to divide the provinces into shires, then to induce the Lords and Chieftains to receive Sheriffs into their shires, and finally to prevail on the Chiefs themselves to surrender their Irish titles and tenures, and to receive back their possessions by patents from the Crown, to descend in hereditary succession, according to the laws of England." (*Hardiman's Notes to O'Flaherty's Description of West Connaught*). The end of this was the destruction of the power of the hereditary Irish Princes, which was carried out by what

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was termed "Indentures of Composition," by which many of the O'Kelly's, O'Flaherty's, O'Madden's, Clanricarde's, Bermingham's, and other ancient Connaught families agreed henceforth to hold their lands by tenure of knight service from the Crown. Amongst those who then accepted this settlement were some members of the Siol Anmchadha Sept, whose territory in the document referred to is described as "The O'Madden Country, otherwise called Sillaninghadh or Silanchia," in the county of Galway. "In witness thereof, said Lords and Chieftains have put their Seals, and subscribed their names this day, September, 1585: Stephen (Bishop) of Clonfert, Owen O'Madden, Donal McBrasil O'Madden, &c., &c." In this Indenture, the O'Madden's Barony of Longford is stated to include 255 quarters of land, each quarter containing 120 acres.

In the Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland, 1509 to 1573, we find frequent mention of the O'Madden Chieftains. Thus amongst these papers, *Temp. Henry VIII.*, vol. viii, we find letters of Stephen Fitz-Henry respecting operations of the army against Murrough O'Brien, and reporting the capture and submission of several castles, including those of Hugh and Managhlyn O'Madden. In the State Papers *Temp. Elizabeth*, under date, Greenwich, May 21st 1561, is a letter—"The Queen to O'Madden and O'Shaughnessy requiring them to assist the Lord Lieutenant, Sussex, in apprehending Shane O'Neill" (Latin). In the "State Papers, Ireland," we also find (p. 243) under date August 5th, 1564, a letter from the Lord Justices and Council to O'Madden, in reference to report, "that some of his people have joined the rebels of the Mores and Conors." In the same collection, September 1st, 1572, there is another letter from the Mayor of Limerick to the Lord President of Munster, stating that the Earl of Clanricarde's son and a great force have passed the Shannon, with O'Madden's assistance."

Several years subsequently, Donal O'Madden is mentioned in the Annals as being in open rebellion. "In that year, 1595," says O'Donovan, "Cloghan, one of his castles in the district of Lusmagh, on the east of the Shannon, was summoned to surrender to the Lord Deputy, Sir William Russell, but O'Madden's people replied that they would not surrender even though all the soldiers were Deputies." Ultimately, however, the castle was taken by storm and burned to the ground, the O'Madden garrison being ruthlessly put to the sword, a fate which their Chieftain, Donal O'Madden escaped, by his absence at the time, on one of his marauding expeditions. (*Vide Cox. Hist.*, vol. i, p. 409). A full account of this episode, in the Conquest of Ireland, may be found in a remarkable State Paper, cited by O'Donovan, viz., "Journal of Sir William Russell, Lord Deputy of Ireland" (*in MSS. Archives*, 4728, British Museum, to which Institution it was presented by Lord Willoughby of Farnham, 18th May 1764, *Fol.* 61 *B*).—

"Thursdaie, 11th March 1595 . . . From Rathingelduld—My Lord rode to O'Madden's Castle in Lusmagh, before which hee encamped in cominge to which we passed thro' a strait pace (pass) of four miles in length. O'Madden himself beinge gone out in action of rebellion, and he left a ward of his principall men in his castle, whoe assoome as they perceaved my Lord to aproach neare, they sett three of the houses on fire, which hurt two of our soldiers and a boye, and made shott at us out of the Castle. And being sent to by my Lord to yield upp the Castle to the Queene, there answere was to Captain Thomas Lea, that if all that came in his Lords companie, were Deputies, they would not yield, but said they would trust to the strength of there Castle, and hoped by to-morrowe that the Deputie and his companie should stande in as grate feare as they then were, expecting as it should seeme some ayde to relieve them. That night, my Lord appointed Captain Izod to keepe a sure watch aboute the saide Castle, for that a mayne bogg was adjoining thereto, and appointed the kearne with certain souldiers to

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watche, lest they should make an attempt o escape that way. . . . About midnight, my Lord visited the watche, and underrtandinge of some women to be within the castle, sent to advise them to put forth their women, for that hee intended next morninge to assault the Castle with fire and sword, but they refused soe to doe, and would not suffer their women to come forth.

Fridaie, 12th March.—My Lord continued before the Castle, and as preparation was makinge for fireworks, to fire the Castle, one in Sir W. Clarke's companie being nere the Castle by making tryall, cast upp a fire brand to the topp of the roofe which greatlie dismaide them, whereupon the alarum was strooke upp, and whilst our shoot plaide at theire spike holes, a fire was maide to the gate and doore which smothered manie of them, and with all the souldiers made a breache in the wall and entered the Castle and took manie of them alive, most of which were cast over the walls and soe executed. And the whole nomber which were burnd and kild in the Castle were forty-sixe persons, besides two women and a boye which were saved by my Lords appointment."

Fol. 64.—"The names of such chiefe men as were kilde in the Castle of Cloghan O'Madden, at the winninge thereof, who were the principall fighting men, the XIIth of March 1592, Shane McBrasil O'Madden of Corylagher, gent.; Donagh Mc O'Madden of Tomhaligh, gent. Owen McShane O'Madden of Tomhaligh, gent.; Molaghlin, Duffe, McColeghan of Ballymacoleghan, gent. The Captain of Shott and his two sonnes, Manose Oge O'Regan of O'Rourke's countrie, Captain of Shott, O'Rourke's mother, brothers, sonnes, Shane Enemeny O'Connor of the countie of Sligo, gent.; who said when hee was taken, that he was a good prisoner to bee ransomed. . . . More and two other gent., of O'Rourkes countrie, whose names are unknown.

"The names of the chiefe men kilde in the conflict on the daie before the winninge of the Castle, viz.:—Ambrose McMolaghline, Mothere O'Madden of Clare Madden, gent.; Cohedge Oge O'Madden, gent. of the same; Leve O'Madden of Clare, gent.; three landed men, Leve O'Connor of ye countie of Sligo, chief, gent., a leader of Shott and Scotts, he was buried at Meelick Abbey; Ferdoragh McEverye, a Captain of Scotts; Ever McGarell of Galway, gent.; McConnell, Chiefe of the Scotts; Ulick Burke. McEdmund Burke of Balyely, gent.; &c., &c. The rest were shott, bownen, and kearne, the whole nomber of kilde and drowned (besides those in the castle) were seven score and upwards, besides some hurt which escaped and fled away in great amasement."

In the very year in which so many gallant gentlemen and devoted members of this Sept were thus put to the sword in defence of O'Madden's Castle of Cloghan, their Chieftain, appears, from the Annals of the Four Masters, to have been engaged in an inexplicable quarrel with his kinsmen, which is thus referred to by the Annalsts. "In 1559 O'Donnell was also joined by all the O'Madden's except The O'Madden himself, and his son Anmachadha, upon which the sons of Redmond Na Scuadh, son of Ulick Burke, and the other disaffected Burkes already mentioned, attacked and destroyed Meelick, O'Madden's mansion-seat, Tir Lethair, and all the castles of his territory except Longford. They plundered and destroyed Clonfert-Bredan, and took the Bishop of that See prisoner. Amongst those plundered was Eoghan Dubh, son of Melaghlin Babh O'Madden of the territory of Lusmagh."

"Domhnell or Donal O'Madden, was evidently," say Dr. R. R. Madden, "an unscrupulous, wily, unprincipled person, though he could not save his castle, he managed to preserve his property. In 1602 'he came in' and apparently manifested his fealty that year by attacking the brave Donal O'Sullivan Beare, who after the disastrous defeat of the Irish at Kinsale,

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and the taking of the Castle of Dunboy, was passing through O'Madden's country on his retreat to O'Rourke. It may be for this act that he was eventually pardoned by King James I., as O'Donovan thinks he was, having settled his property on his sons by deed according to the laws of England."

By this deed "Donal O'Madden of Longford, in the county of Galway, 'Captain of his Nation,' granted his manor and Castle of Longford, and all his other property in the county of Galway, to hold for the use of Ambrose, otherwise Anmchadha O'Madden, son and heir of the said Donal, and his heirs male, remainder the Brasil O'Madden, son of Hugh O'Madden, one of the sons of the said Donal O'Madden, and his heirs male, remainder to the heirs general of Ambrose O'Madden for ever." In the succeeding section may be found an account of the part taken by the descendants of the ancient chieftains of Silanchia, as adherents of the royalist and Catholic side throughout the long and disastrous civil wars in Ireland during the periods of the Revolution, Commonwealth, and Restoration; and of the consequent repeated confiscations of their hereditary property, their exile and services in the French and other foreign armies, down to the close of the Eighteenth Century.

124.—Anmchadha or Ambrose O'Madden, son of the above Donal, died in 1637, being then succeeded by his son, John Madden, whose property was forfeited in the Civil Wars of 1641. But in 1677, under the Act of Settlement, by a grant dated August 6th, 1677, this John was restored to a portion of his grandfather's property, viz. the lands of Clonefeagan, Attickey, Mota, and Ballybranagh now Walshestown, near Eyrecourt, in the Barony of Longford and the county of Galway. He had two sons, Daniel and Patrick, the former, Daniel, is the last of his race given by O'Farrell in his *Lina Antique*, and is there described as "the head of the O'Madden's," which adds O'Donovan, undoubtedly he was. This Daniel O'Madden was succeeded by his son Brasil, No. 127 in this pedigree (who, says the late Dr. Richard R. Madden, was my great grandfather), and who by his will, dated in 1745, bequeathed his property to his son Ambrose, leaving, *inter aliis*, Edward and one daughter, Mary.

[The latter, who married Christopher M'Donnell, Esq., of Kileen Co. Dublin, grandfather of the late Sir Edward M'Donnell, of Merrion Square, Dublin, had two other brothers, viz., John, born in 1709, (of whom presently) and Edward, born in 1711. The last mentioned settled at Clonskeagh, near Dublin, where he died, leaving considerable property to his son William of Merchants Quay, Dublin, who married Miss M. M'Evoy, of Ballymote, Co. Meath, and died 1817, leaving issue *inter aliis* a daughter, Mary, married to Edward Ryan, Esq., of Dublin, by which marriage was Eliza, married to Joseph Halpin, Esq., of Gowran Hall, who died about 1876.]

128.—Ambrose Madden, who is mentioned as No. 41 in O'Donovan's "*Madden Pedigree*," and as 129 in O'Hart's "*Irish Pedigrees*," son of Daniel O'Madden, was in 1779 in possession of his father's estate. He was married to Margery, daughter of Malachy Fallon, Esq., of Ballynahan, in the county of Roscommon, and according to O'Hart's pedigree, had Brasil, who was never in possession, as his father survived him, being succeeded under deed of settlement, 1791, by Ambrose Madden of Streamstown, his grandson, who married in 1810, and had issue, Brasil,* married to Julietta, daughter of Francis Lynch of Omey.

["In reference to the above mentioned marriage of Margery Fallon, daughter of Malachy Fallon of Ballynahan, to Ambrose Madden, I have to remark

* A sister of this Brasil (son of Ambrose), married Madden of Fahy, "whose son, Laurence Madden of Fahy," says O'Donovan, writing in 1843, "still retains the fee-simple possession of three hundred acres of the original territory, but Laurences's pedigree on the father's side has not been traced."

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(says Dr. R. R. Madden in the MSS. before cited), that my father's claim to kindred induced me to make inquiry of the surviving members of the family at Ballynaghan, respecting Malachy and his children. Malachy Fallon fought a duel with Mr. James Dillon of Ouleen, and killed that gentleman. Patrick Fallon the son of Malachy, challenged and fought the late Lord French. Previous to that duel, Malachy is said to have instructed his son how to handle the pistol. In the encounter, Pat had the first fire, and shot away a button from his adversarie's coat, but Lord French did not fire, and so the affair ended much to the disgust of the sanguinary Malachy, who as I was informed by one of his descendants, was very indignant with his son for not shooting his Lordship. The family proclivity for duelling was more unfortunately evinced by Malachy's grandson, James Fallon, who fought and shot Mr. Bellew, uncle to the present Sir Michael Dillon Bellew. I have a vivid recollection of Malachy Fallon's eldest son, Edward, at my father's house astonishing his guests, and sober-minded kinsman, Edward Madden, with comic songs, not remarkable for their propriety, and extraordinary narratives of desperate duels, celebrated races, and famous sporting or shooting exploits. One of this mad-cap young Galway gentleman's favourite songs, when my father had left the table, began with the words "My wife she is the Queen of all sluts." From his sporting propensities and patriotic spoutings after dinner particularly, he was complimented by his companions, by the soubriquet of "Grattan." He died in 1820, aged about forty. Malachy Fallon and all his descendants are buried at Dysart, three miles from Ballynaghan."]

129.—John Madden of Kilternan, near Enniskerry, in the county of Wicklow (No. 128 in O'Hart's pedigree), was second son of the above-mentioned Brasil Madden, of Eyre Court and Meelick, in the county of Galway. He was born *circa* 1708, and settled in Wicklow in 1728. Married Miss Anna Lee of Macclesfield in 1730, and died at Clonskeagh, near Dublin, in 1796, leaving issue *inter aliis* Edward (of whom hereafter), Joseph, James, Benjamin, Jane, and Mary. Of these children of John Madden, the second, Joseph, born in 1745, settled at Donnybrook, married Miss Eleanor Byrne, died in 1799, leaving two sons, namely, John, born 1779, died 1851, and Peter, born 1784, died 1841, and several daughters, of whom the youngest, Mary, was married in 1802 to Peter Dillon, Esq., whose daughter was mother to the distinguished soldier and writer, General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., now commanding in Egypt.

[. . . . "My grandfather, John Madden of Enniskerry," says Dr. Richard Robert Madden, "was a buck in his day—a fox-hunting, horse-riding, scarlet-coated, buckskin wearing gentleman. On one of his racing expeditions to England, he made the acquaintance of a Miss Anne Lee of Macclesfield, ran away with this young lady, and married her. On the first Sunday after returning from their honeymoon to Enniskerry, my worthy grandfather, accompanied by his bride, riding behind him on a pillion, as the custom was in those days, set out for the Protestant church of Kilternan, and as he passed the Roman Catholic chapel in the same locality, he said: "There is my place of worship, and after I have left you at your church I will come back to mine." Whereupon my complaisant grandfather replied: "If this place is good enough for you my dear, it might be the same for me; stop here, and we will go in together." From that time my grandmother was a Roman Catholic, and I believe a very pious and good woman. But my grandfather followed the hounds too much, and his business too little, and so eventually became embarrassed, and removed to Clonskeagh, near Dublin, where he died about 1769. They had four sons and three daughters. Their eldest son, my father, the late Edward Madden of Wormwood Gate, was born 17th November 1739, at Kilternan, near Enniskerry, and went to a school which, in those good old days of penal law persecution, was kept in the adjacent ruins of the ancient castle of Kilgobbin. In after years, in his

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Sunday walks, accompanied by some of his children, my father used to point out the remains of this old castle where his early education had been thus imparted (not without much risk to the teacher and pupils of that proscribed Catholic school)—and which stands about a mile from the scalp ——and a quarter of a mile from what was known as the 'Upper Road,' between Enniskerry and Dundrum. Near this is the old burial-ground of Killeigar where some of my father's family were interred.]

130.—Edward Madden (No. 129 in O'Hart's pedigree), was born in 1739, and died in his 91st year, November 20th, 1829, interred in Donnybrook. In an article published in *The Dublin Post* on the occasion of his death in November 1830, Edward Madden is described as "An upright man, just in all his dealings, prudent and moderate in his opinions, singularly pious, very charitable, humane and tolerant. He interfered with no man's sentiments on controversial subjects, and during his whole life he suffered nothing to interrupt his own religious duties. Like the devout Simeon, from his youth upwards he was daily to be seen in the temple of the Lord. Remembering his Creator in the days of his youth, he departed not from him in his old age: and in his last hours, full of peace and retaining unimpaired his mental faculties, he steadily and serenely contemplated death, and spoke of his passage to eternity as one might speak of an approaching journey to another country, happier and better than the one he was about to leave." Before the Union he was an eminent manufacturer in Wormwood-gate, Dublin, and in 1792 his name is to be found amongst those of the 'Delegates' appointed by the Catholics of Ireland to take the sense of the whole people on the subject of their existing grievances and the constitutional means to be adopted for their redress. It was the first time that object was attempted; and the success of that memorable effort, on the presentation of their petition to the king by their chosen Delegates, was the date of the earliest concession made to the Catholics of Ireland of any moment, viz., that of 1793. He married first Mademoiselle Marie Duras of Bordeaux, and had issue six children, all since deceased. [In 1791 M. Duras died in Bordeaux, leaving a property, and by his will nominated as his executor and residuary legatee, Edward Madden. This estate however, was so destroyed during the French Revolution, as to have scarcely a remnant recoverable by those to whom it was bequeathed, being seized by the Revolutionary Government as British property, though subsequently at the peace of 1802, some useless attempts were made to effect the restoration of the sequestered inheritance. Shortly after the death of M. Duras his residuary legatee, Edward Madden, undertook what was then a long and difficult journey to Bordeaux to look after this property. The notes still existing of that visit to France, where he remained for some months, during the reign of terror (100 years ago), present a curious contrast to the conditions of Continental travel now. The passage from Dublin to Holyhead for instance, occupied twenty-four hours, and from Dover to Calais, thirty-seven hours, whilst his bill for ten weeks stay in the Hotel de Angleterre at Bordeaux, was but 406 francs.]

Edward Madden married, secondly, Miss Elizabeth Forde, youngest daughter of Thaddeus Forde, Esq., of Corry, county of Leitrim, and of Elizabeth, his wife (daughter of Thaddeus Lyons of Lyonstown, in the county of Roscommon, Esq.,) of which marriage there was issue, *inter aliis* five sons, who attained mature age, viz., Edward, born 1785, died 1814; Henry, born 1788, died 1830; William, born 1793, died 1819; James, born 1795, died 1828; Richard Robert (of whom hereafter), born 1798, died 1886, and a daughter, Elizabeth, born 1787.

[Miss Elizabeth Madden married in 1815 Bryan Cogan, Esq., of Athgarret, in the county of Kildare and of the city of Dublin, who died in 1830, leaving issue, firstly, the Right Hon. William Forde Cogan, P.C., D.L., of Tinode, county of Wicklow, formerly for twenty-five years M.P. for the county of Kil-

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dare, M.A. and gold medallist, T.C.D., succeeded his uncle, Matthew Cogan, Esq., of Tinode, Wicklow, in 1850, married in 1858 Gertrude, daughter of Francis Kyan, Esq. And secondly, four daughters: Eliza, deceased; Cathorine, deceased; Margaret, deceased; and Lizzie. In 1862 Mrs. Elizabeth Cogan died—"endeared to all who knew her, as a loving mother, a wise counsellor, a generous friend to the poor and friendless."]

131.—Richard Robert Madden, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. (the 130th of this family in descent from Eoghan Buac, according to O'Hart), was born August 22nd 1798, and died 5th February 1887. He was the 21st and youngest child of the above mentioned Edward Madden. Having been educated for the medical profession at first in Ireland and subsequently in England, France, and Italy, he resided for several years in the East. After his marriage with Miss Elmslie in 1828, he settled down to practice as a physician in Curzon-street, Mayfair, London. His sympathy with the Anti-Slavery movement, however, led him to relinquish this, and in 1833 he accepted an appointment as Special Magistrate for the Abolition of Negro Slavery in Jamaica.

In this office as in every phase of his long life, his rule of conduct was directed by a fearless rectitude, love of justice and humanity, to which personal interests of his own were invariably subordinated. For some years subsequently he was employed in Anti-Slavery work, in a high official capacity in the Island of Cuba. In 1842 he was appointed H. M. Special Commissioner of Inquiry on the West Coast of Africa Settlements; Colonial Secretary of Western Australia in 1847; Secretary of the Loan Fund Board, Dublin, 1850 to 1880. He was the author of the *History of the United Irishmen of* 1798, in six volumes; *Travels in the East; Biography of Savonarola; The Infirmities of Genius; History of the Penal Laws; Phantastamata, Memoirs of Lady Blessington; Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World;* and many other works. In 1828 Dr. Madden married Harriet, the youngest, and twenty- first child of John Elmslie, Esq., of Serge Island Estate, Jamaica, and of London, who was born in London, 1801, and died at Booterstown, near Dublin, February 7th, 1888. The issue of the marriage were, *inter aliis*, first, William Forde Madden, born in London 1829, who after passing with distinction through the Polytecnic School of Engineering in Paris, was accidentally drowned in the Shannon whilst engaged in the Public Works for the relief of the distress in Ireland, March 29th, 1848; and secondly, Thomas More Madden, (of whom hereafter).

[By one that knew her worth, Mrs. Harriet Madden was truthfully thus described in an obituary notice published at the time of her death—"We have much regret in recording the severance of another of the few remaining links between the present and the past by the death, at her residence, 3 Vernon Terrace, Booterstown, near Dublin, on February 7th 1888, of the widow of the late Dr. R. R. Madden, author of the *History of the United Irishmen*, and formerly Colonial Secretary of Western Australia. Those who have admired the late Dr. Madden's writings may be interested to know how much his literary labours were lightened and aided by the untiring and intelligent co-operation of the estimable and gifted lady whose death we chronicle to-day. Nearly every page of the more than forty volumes published by Dr. R. R. Madden was transcribed or revised by the ever ready aid of the good wife, who survived her lamented husband but two years almost to a day. She was born in London August 15th 1801, being the youngest daughter of John Elmslie, Esq. Her father, who was the descendant of an ancient Scotch family, the Elmslies of Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, was himself a West Indian planter, owning Serge Island and other estates in Jamaica. He was married to a Miss Wallis, who died immediately after the birth of her 21st child, and whom he survived until 1822, when he died at his residence, Berners-street, London. Six years subsequently his youngest daughter Harriet Elmslie, was married at Cheltenham to Dr. R. R. Madden, whom in 1833 she accompanied to the West Indies, where he filled an important office

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in connection with the emancipation of the Negro Slaves in that Island. In 1837, whilst residing in Cuba, Mrs. Madden, from sincere conviction became a member of the same church as her husband, and thenceforth was a most fervent and exemplary follower of the Catholic faith, by the teachings and practices of which the many trials and bereavements of her life were consoled, and by the ministrations and prayers of which her last moments were blessed and fortified. Of that marriage there were, *inter aliis*, three sons, two of whom, viz., William Forde, born in London in 1829, and Thomas More, born in Cuba in 1839, attained manhood. Subsequently Mrs. Madden, accompanied her husband to Portugal, where they resided three years; after that to France, where she remained for some time during the education of their eldest son, and then to Western Australia, where Dr. Madden held the office of Colonial Secretary, whence on the death of that son they returned to Ireland, where they remained for the rest of their lives. Possessed of intellectual endowments which survived unclouded to the last moment of life, fervent piety, rare self-abnegation and thoughtful kindness of character, ever considerate for the happiness of others, and charitable to the weakness and failings of all but herself; her whole life was marked by benevolence, which we trust has now met with its reward in that blessed immortality for which she had long prayed, and which should induce those whom to the utmost of her power she had striven to benefit, to occasionally re-echo in her behalf the last solemn words of that funeral service repeated on the 15th February 1888 over her grave in Donnybrook churchyard.—*Requiescat in Pace.*"]

132.—Thomas More Madden, son of the above named Richard Robert Madden, born at Havana in Cuba, is a Doctor of Medicine, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, and of Surgeons, England; a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; author of *A Guide to the Health Resorts of Europe and Africa;* editor of *The Dublin Practice of Midwifery; On the Cerebro-Nervous Disorders Peculiar to Women; Lectures on Child Culture, Moral, Mental, and Physical,* and several other works on Medical and other subjects; one of the Medical Staff of the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital and Children's Hospital in Dublin. In 1872 Dr. More Madden was "Decoré Croix de Bronze Pour Services rendus a la France pendant la Guerre de 1870-71." He was subsequently accorded the gold medal and Hon. Fellowship of the Associazione dei Benemerite Italiani; and in 1890 he received the degree of M.D. Honoris Causá from the Faculty of the Medical College of Texas—"as in some part a recognition of your services as a practitioner, your valuable and distinguished labours in the fie d of gynæcology, and your eminent position in the esteem of the medical profession in this country as of your own." Dr. More Madden is also Master of the National Lying-in Hospital, Dublin; Ex-President of the Obstetric Sections of the British Medical Association and of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland; Formerly Vice-President, British Gynæcological Society; Hon. Member Texas State Medical Society; and Corresponding Member of the Gynœcological Society of Boston, &c. He married in 1865 Mary Josephine, eldest daughter of Thomas M'Donnell Caffrey, Esq., of Crosthwaite Park, Kingstown, and has had, first, Richard Robert (of whom presently); secondly, Thomas M'Donnel, now (1891) Lieutenant 7th Brigade, North Irish Division, Royal Artillery; thirdly, William Forde, died 1871; besides two daughters, namely, Mary Josephine, educated at Newhall Convent, Essex, and at Jette St. Pierre, Brussels; and Brigid Gertrude Harriet (Beda), a child of great promise and endowments, "who was early called to God," born 17th July 1875, died 16th June 1882, at Merrion-square, Dublin.

133. Richard Robert Madden, Junior, born 1869, educated at Downside College, near Bath, and who having recently passed the third Professional Examination of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Ireland, is now, 1891, Resident, Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin.

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THE ABBEY OF MEELICK, ITS FOUNDERS (THE O'MADDENS) AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

In the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*, and in some of the earlier pedigrees of the O'Madden's of Hy-Many, the foundation of the Abbey of Meelick is attributed to Murchadha or Morogh O'Madden, Lord of Siol Anmchadha, whose death occurred in the year 1451, and who is described in the *Annals of the Four Masters* as "a man of mighty arm and jurisdiction." In the latter work however, this event is ascribed to his son and successor in the chieftaincy, Eoghan O'Madden, in 1574, when as there as stated, "the Monastery of Meelick, on the banks of the Shannon in the diocese of Clonfert, was founded for Franciscan Friars by O'Madden, who selected a burial-place for himself in it." "It is true, however," says O'Donovan (*Tribes of Hy-Many*, p. 147), "that Murchadha O'Madden granted a chapel at Portumna together with the village to the Franciscans, who founded in that spot a Religious House under the authority of a Bull from Martin V., dated 2nd October 1426. By this Bull, which is cited in full by De Burgo (*Hibernia Dominicana* p. 304), it appears that Murchadha O'Madden's grant at Portumna was made to another order, viz., the Dominicans—"*Dominus Temporalis O'Madden Baroniæ illius Longofordenensis nobilissimus Dynastæ, Ordini Prædicatorum donavit, etc.*" Archdale in his *Monasticon Hiberniæ;* p. 294, makes mention of "the delightful situation" of Meelick, about two and a half miles from Eyrecourt, and of the venerable ruins of the ancient monastery, "spacious and beautiful." In that admirable periodical, the old *Dublin Penny Journal* for 1832-33, p. 172, may be found an interesting article on this subject by an eminent archæologist, the late Dr. George Petrie, who says "the Abbey of Meelick is romantically situated on the banks of the Shannon in the barony of Longford, in the county of Galway, which was anciently denominated Silanchia, or the territory of the O'Madden's, and was founded by one of the Dynasts of Silanchia in the year 1474 for conventual Franciscans."

The following is an extract from an old Register which when Petrie visited these ruins in 1832, was still preserved in the Convent of Meelick: "*Monasterium de Milick, Diocesis Clonfertensis in Comitatu Galvenciæ, pro ipsa observantia fundatores anno 1474, aliqui antiquisis multo sentiunt circo annum 1300. Fundatorem habuit Dominum O'Madden; suppressum et fere-omninó destructum est tempore Elizabeth Reginæ.*"—Many years later this document was examined by the late Dr. R. R. Madden, in whose MS. account of the O'Madden family, its subsequent history is thus referred to:—"The R. C. curate of Eyrecourt in 1853, the Rev. James Hynes (whose mother's name was Madden), showed me the most valuable document in existence relating to the O'Madden's, viz., *The Annals of the Franciscan Friars of Meelick*, which the last resident Monk thereof presented to this gentleman on the abandonment of that house and mission some two years previously." Amongst the many important facts chronicled in the MS. above referred to bearing on the history of the Catholic Church in Ireland in those ages of persecution, is one showing the uncrushable spirit of the Franciscan Fathers of The O'Madden's Abbey of Meelick who, under circumstances of no little difficulty and danger again reassembled in the ruins of their once splendid church, where, on the 4th of June 1645, being the festival of Corpus Christi, High Mass was once more celebrated by Father James O'Madden,

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O.S.F. Thenceforth throughout all the long period of the civil wars, and the subsequent regime of the penal laws in Ireland, the sacred ministrations of religion were carried on therein down to a recent date, by the devoted members of the Order of St. Francis, whose predecessors had been expelled by the soldiery of Elizabeth from this ancient shrine.

In Secretary Walsingham's original draft of "The Orders to be observed by Sir Nicholas Ealby, Knight, for the better government of the Province of Connaught, given at Westminster the last of March, 1579, in the twenty-first year of our reign ("and which is still preserved in the Cotton Library, British Museum, *Titus B. XII.*, No. 53, p. 226)," is the following clause, specially aimed at the remaining abbeys, such as Meelick, with which that province was still endowed. "B . . . And whereas we understand that divers houses freight with Friars, remain in some parts of that Province unsuppressed; our pleasure is that you cause them to abandon those places, and to compell them chaunge their cotes, and to live according to our lawes: which howses may be apt places for habitacon of such Englishmen as we meane shall have estates in our lands in those places."

How thoroughly the spirit of these instructions was carried out by the Elizabethan governors of Ireland may be seen from the evidence of that most anti-celtic and anti-catholic of modern historians, Mr. Froude, who even expresses some indignation with his heroine, Queen Elizabeth, for not effecting a more complete extirpation of the ancient creed than she succeeded in doing at this time; when, as he boasts, "The church property of the Pale, the lands of the abbeys which were again suppressed, the estates attached to the Bishops sees, had, all of them, lapsed to the Crown;" and when, as he continues, "Irrirated with the expenses of the government, she (Elizabeth) farmed the Church lands, farmed even the benefices themselves, squeezing out of them some miserable driblet of revenue, and gradually as the English power extended, applied the same method to the other provinces, the priests fled from the churches to the hillsides, or to the chieftains' castles, and no ministers took their places; roofs and windows fell in, doors were broken from the hinges, till at last there was neither church nor chapel through which rain and wind had not free sweep."—*Froude, The English in Ireland*, vol. i., p. 140.

"About two miles from Eyrecourt and half that distance from the old stronghold of the O'Madden's, Lismore Castle," says Dr. R. R. Madden, "stands the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Meelick. This venerable sanctuary is also within sight of the O'Madden's celebrated Castle of Clogher or Lusmagh, taken by storm, and the Irish garrison put to the sword by the Lord Deputy, Sir William Russell, in 1595, the remains of which are still (1854) habitable, and inhabited by an agent of Garrett Moore, Esq., the present proprietor." The account of the scene of carnage and pillage that was enacted on the 11th March 1595, under the walls of Meelick Abbey in the storming of O'Madden's adjacent castle, by the Lord Deputy, Sir William Russell, as related in the latters report, the MS. of which is preserved in the Library of the British Museum, has been cited in the preceding chapter.

Meelick is yearly surrounded by inundations of the Shannon during the winter months; the lands in the vicinity are particularly rich and fertile, and most of these were formerly held by the Monks of Meelick. The latter when described by Petrie in 1832-33, had diminished to two brethren, who he says "inhabit a small dwelling-house annexed to the old abbey, adjoining to which they have a chapel where they perform service. They have a few acres of land on lease from the Marquis of Clanricarde, who is now lord of the soil, the Abbey having been, at its suppression, granted to Sir John King, who assigned it to the Earl of Clanricarde." Twenty years subsequently the final abandonment of this ancient shrine

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was recorded by the late Dr. R. R. Madden: "Adjoining the ruined Abbey is the Franciscan Convent, which never ceased since the Abbey was erected to be tenanted by Franciscans, except at brief intervals during the wars of Elizabeth and Cromwell until the past couple of years, when one of the community, then reduced to two members, having died, the survivor, Mr. Fannin found it impossible any longer to procure the means of living there, as the neighbouring country had been so depopulated and impoverished. It was to me a very melancholy sight to see this old time-honoured establishment (still habitable and apparently in good repair) deserted. The windows closed up and the doors shut for the first time certainly for upwards of two hundred years. The Abbey was founded by the O'Madden's, but on the ruin of a more ancient structure."—R. R. M.

Long previously to the foundation of the Abbey of Meelick, a church existed there. In the *Munster Annals* we read that "in the year 1203 William de Burgo marched at the head of a great army into Connaught, and so to Meelick, and there did profanely convert the church into a stable, round which he erected a castle of a circular form, wherein he was wont to eat flesh meat during the whole of Lent." There is no more ancient inscription now remaining amongst the monuments of Meelick than 1643. The once rich library of the Abbey when described by Petrie in 1832, was then reduced to "a few mutilated volumes of school divinity, perishing through damp and neglect." An anonymous correspondent of the journal before cited, gives the following additional particulars relative to the condition of these ruins at that period: "At present the roofless walls of this once sumptuous building are mouldering into decay or falling a prey to the ruthless hands of modern vandals. The beautiful pillars that separated and supported the arches on the north side, have been torn away to supply headstones for the humble occupants of the neighbouring narrow cells." The river Shannon is here romantically picturesque, being broken with rapid falls. On one side was a martello tower, which at the time of Petrie's account, was still occupied by military and surmounted by three twenty-four pounders, and on the opposite side is a dismantled battery (evidently belonging to O'Madden's ancient castle), and crowned by the ruined monastery before described. "Two and twenty years had elapsed," says Dr. R. R. M., "since the preceding account was written when I visited Meelick in the month of February 1854. The monastery had ceased to be tenanted, and of the remains of the old library, nothing was left save some odd and mutilated volumes that had not been thought worth the trouble of removal by the last of the Franciscan Fathers of the ruined Abbey. In the walls of the ancient church there are several monuments of the O'Madden's; of these tombstones however, there are none now remaining of an earlier date than 1643."

[The armorial bearings of the founders of Meelick, as sculptured in the Abbey, viz., a falcon seizing a mallard: motto, *Fide et Fortitudine*, are identical with those described by Molyneux in 1554, and to the present time borne by the family of the late Dr. R. R. Madden, whose father, Edward Madden, was grandson of Daniel Madden, who *circa* 1687 was, according to Farrell (*Lina Antiqua*), "the head of the O'Madden's," which, says O'Donovan (*Tribes of Hy-Many*, p. 151), "undoubtedly he was."—"The above mentioned Dr. Madden, the writer," says Sir Frederick Madden, "bears the usual coat, with the chief and cross, and the falcon and coronet on the crest."]

Amongst the memorials of the descendants of the founder of this Abbey in the crypt of the convent, is a hexagonal stone (once cruciform), bearing the following inscription: "1645, Orate pro Anima preclari Domini Malachy O'Madden et Margarieta Cromptori, conjugibus qui me erexerunt." One of the best preserved of these mural slabs is one existing in the west wall of

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the southern transept. *Me vere erexerunt pro se et posteris suis Hugo Cuolf lachan et Isabella Madden uxor ejus, die XX. Mensis, Maii, 1673.* On another slab is the following inscription: *Pro familia Maddena, Fergus Madden me erigi de conjuge delecta Catherina Madden alias Donnellan ac posteris suis, necnon in memoriam sepultura majorem erigi fecit, 4 Janii, 1671.* At the opposite end of the Abbey on the right hand side is the following mural inscription: "Pray for the soul of Loughlin Madden and his wife Ellen Kelly, and of Bryan Madden and his wife Rose Kelly of Ballinascorthy, who raised this monument in remembrance of them, 6th March 1686." The most perfectly preserved of the tombstones of the O'Madden's is one of a later date, and exhibits the family coat of arms, as at present borne, a falcon *argent*, preying on a mallard, the motto effaced. The following is the inscription: "Here lyes the body of Ambrose Madden of Derryhoran, Esq., who died the 4th February 1754, aged 71 years: as also the bodies of his beloved children, Patrick Madden, who died 27th August 1725; Anne Madden, who died 15th October 1726; and John Madden, who died 29th November 1728, all in the flower and bloom of their youth, much lamented. God gives them eternal bliss and happiness and a glorious resurrection. Amen."*

In connexion with the history of the sept of Silanchia, we have already referred to the unequal contest which, under the walls of Meelick Abbey, was waged between the chiefs of the O'Madden territory, who at Cloghan Castle in 1595 sacrificed their lives and fortunes in the vain attempt to oppose by the rude weapons, and wild heroism of their followers, the well armed and disciplined forces of Queen Elizabeth, under the command of the veteran Lord Deputy Sir William Russell. "These events of 1595 led, says Dalton (*King James Army List*), to deaths and the confiscations of many of the O'Madden sept. In 1606 John King of Dublin had a grant of the estates of various O'Maddens, of the county Galway and the King's County, slain in rebellion, as had also Sir Henry Davis, the Attorney-General of the day, of what was described as "the estate of Brasil O'Madden, of the county of Clare, slain in rebellion." In the same year, however, Ambrose O'Madden had "livery of certain estates in the old Barony of Longford as son of said Donald O'Madden." In 1612 Donald O'Madden, then the "Captain of his Nation," settled on trustees, his manor and castle of Longford, and all his other estates in that part of Galway, to hold to the use of Ambrose O'Madden, his son and heir intail, with remainder to his other sons Malachy and Donald; and the heirs male of Ambrose O'Madden in fee.

The confiscations of the O'Madden territory commenced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and were repeated in the plantations of her successors James I. and Charles I. These confiscations were carried out not merely as a spoliation of the Irish chieftains, but even in the partial restoration of some fragments of their possessions, as in the instance of Donald O'Madden, the last hereditary native ruler of Silanchia or Siol Anmchadha, whose son Ambrose was deprived of his ancestral authority, and distinctive title as "The O'Madden," being thenceforward permitted merely to retain a small portion of his forefathers lands, on the English tenure, by Knights service; were part of a settled policy the object of which was, says Prendergast, "to break up the clan system, and to destroy the power of the chiefs." This once accomplished, the more complete and ruthless spoliation of the O'Maddens and other Celtic tribes of Hy-Many, which followed during the early years of

* There is a tombstone here also to the memory of Francis Madden who died in 1748. In the aisle is a horizontal monument to the memory of Patrick Burke and Dorothy Madden, his wife, who died in 1745; and in the same place a modern tombstone in memory of John Madden, who died, 1812; and in the churchyard adjoining, there are a great number of tombstones dating from the commencement of the century, with inscriptions commemorative of persons of the name of Madden.

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the subsequent reign of Charles I. and during the Cromwellian usurpation, became an easy exemplification of the successful robber's favourite adage.—*Væ Victis.*

It would be impossible to follow the narrative of the repeated confiscations by which the chieftains of Silanchia (Siol Anmchadha) and their descendents were thus in successive reigns despoiled of their ancestral possessions, without some reference to the history of the times and of the circumstances which led to this result. Nor for that purpose are there any better materials available than may be found in Dr. Madden's *Historical Introduction* to his *Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, of a small portion of which the subsequent passages are a very brief summary:—

The first four centuries after Strongbow's invasion had passed away without the conquest of Ireland being completed. The wars with France and Scotland, the insurrections of the Barons, and the wars of the Roses, prevented the English monarchs from establishing even a nominal supremacy over the entire Island. Instead of the Irish princes becoming feudal vassals, the Anglo-Norman Barons who obtained fiefs in Ireland adopted the usages of the native chieftains. The attention of Henry VII. was attracted to this state of things by the adherence of the Anglo-Norman Lords, and the Irish princes, with whom they had formed an alliance to the cause of the Plantagenets; and their insuperable reluctance to any allegiance to the Tudors. From that time it became the fixed policy of the Crown to break down the power of the Anglo-Irish aristocracy, and to destroy the independence of the native chieftains by large grants of their lands to English colonists and adventurers, who by the former Lords of the soil were looked upon as intruders, whilst the ruling powers regarded them with peculiar favour, as being most likely to establish and promote an "English interest in Ireland." This political motive must not be confounded with the religious movement which took place about the same time. It was as much the object of Queen Mary as it was that of Elizabeth to give Irish lands to English settlers, in order to obtain a hold over Ireland. Thus it was under Mary that the lands of Leix and Offally were forfeited, and the Lord Deputy permitted to grant leases of them at such rents as he might deem expedient. In the midst of this political convulsion, an attempt was made to force the Irish to adopt the principles of the Reformation, which had been just established in England. The only reason proposed to them for a change of creed was the Royal Authority; and they were already engaged in a struggle against that authority to prevent their lands being parcelled out to strangers. Under such circumstances, the futility of thus perforce converting the natives to the new creed soon became evident, and it was at last abandoned for the apparently more feasible plan of colonizing Ireland with Protestants from England. The calamitous wars of Elizabeth were waged by the Irish and the descendents of the Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland, equally in defence of their land and of their creed. After ten years of incessant warfare, an expenditure of money that drained the English exchequer, and of life that nearly depopulated Ireland, the entire Island was subdued by the arms of Elizabeth, but the animosity of the hostile parties was not abated. They had merely dropped their weapons from sheer exhaustion. Colonies had been planted in the conquered provinces, but the settlers (the great majority of whom exhibited those strongly marked Calvanistic tendencies, which to the present day distinguish the Irish from the English Protestant Church), were merely garrisons in a hostile country, and continued there as aliens in religion, language, and blood, to the people by whom they were surrounded (*Vide Historical Introduction to Dr. Madden's United Irishmen*, Vol. I. p.)

The manner in which the conquered inhabitants of Hy-Many were dealt with by their English victors in those days of the so-called "Good Queen Bess" may be gathered even from the parti-coloured pages of Mr. Froude's

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History of the English in Ireland, in which we are told that "Elizabeth's soldiers, with their pay for ever in arrears, lived almost universally on plunder. Placed in the country to repress banditti, they were little better than bandits themselves. They came at last to regard the Irish peasantry as unpossessed of the common rights of human beings, and shot and strangled them like foxes and jackals. More than once in the reports of officers employed in these services we meet the sickening details of their performances, related with a calmness more frightful than the atrocities themselves. Young English gentlemen describing expeditions into the mountains to have some killing; as if a forest was being driven for a battue." (*Froude's The English in Ireland,* Vol. I. p. 51).

In the succeeding reign of James the 1st., the confiscations in Ireland were renewed, on a still larger scale, the revolt of the Earls of Tyrconnell and Tyrone, and O'Doherty, affording a pretext for confiscating the six northern counties, over which the sovereignty of these chieftains extended. The "Plantation of Ulster," and the share granted to the City of London Corporation in the plunder, led directly to a complete change in the tenure of land in Ireland; which under the ancient Irish system, consisted in the co-partnership of the chieftain with all the members of his sept, and by the abolition of which, under the "Commissions" issued by James 1st, the latter were reduced from small proprietors tributary to the Chief, into the position of tenants at will, under the new settlers then introduced into Ireland. To that needy monarch these "Irish forfeitures" became such a ready source of income, that by the end of his reign, there remained scarcely a landed proprietor of the old race in Ireland whose estates were not placed at the mercy of the crown . . . . . In the earlier years of his successor, Charles I. under the viceroyalty of Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Stafford, a further project of confiscation of nearly the entire province of Connaught, especially affecting the O'Maddens territory of Silanchia, or Siol Anmachada, under the plea of defective title of the Lords of the soil, was commenced and would have been soon completed, had not the troubles in England and the insurrection in Scotland led to Lord Stafford's recall, and the adaptation of a policy of conciliation to the Irish gentry, on whom, "Graces," or indulgences in regard to religion and title to land were then conferred. After the revolution these promises were disregarded by the Puritan Parliament, whose war of extermination against the Irish Catholic landed proprietors and chieftains was followed by the subsequent uprising of the latter, and the saguinary civil war, which ended in the total defeat of the Royalists and confederated Irish, by Cromwell, at Drogheda, Wexford, and other places, where were enacted indescribably dreadful scenes of massacre of the ill-fated Irish,—followed by the wholesale expulsion—"to Hell or Connaught" of the Catholic Gentry of Leinster and Munster.

By the "Acts of Settlement and Explanation" almost the entire landed property of the country was transferred from its righful owners to the Cromwellian settlers. On the accession of James II., the hopes of the Irish were aroused once more, but were quickly blighted by the flight of the King, after the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, and the seige of Limerick, where the valour of the Irish had been well proved. The reign of William was inaugurated by a fresh act of attainder and the Penal Laws, by which the almost complete extermination of the ancient race of landed proprietors in Ireland was accomplished . . . . . During the Commonwealth, as well as at an earlier period, the O'Madden territory was repeatedly plundered, these confiscations being most extensively carried out during the Plantations under the Commonwealth. Thus, in February 1656 we find in the—"Proposals for assyning certaine Baronies in Connaught and Clare, to certaine countries in other provinces"—amongst the lands assigned by the Cromwellian Commissioners, to the inhabitants of Waterford, etc., etc., "the half Barony of Longford (or Silanchia), except

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what is in the byre (or portion reserved for military occupation) in the county of Galway." This latter robbery does not appear to have been quietly acquiesced in by the dispossessed old proprietors of Silanchia. Four years after the confiscations just referred to, we find in the records of the Irish Parliament that, in 1616, John Eyre a member of Parliament, complained to the House against Fergus Madden, whereby his servants, and Laughlin Reagh Madden and Rory Madden, with others, came to the barns and haggard on the lands of Ballyhugh, where the petitioners', servants were threshing his corn, and turned them out, and took possession, and he also complained of others who had seized his cattle on the lands of Killa, and of Killershave, in the Barony of Longford, and still detained same." . . . The Sheriff of Galway was thereupon "ordered to quit Eyre's possessions, and the offenders were summoned to attend the House." However, in 1677, this Fergus Madden had a confirmatory grant of 1783 acres in the aforesaid Barony of Longford, "the ancient inheritance of his family,"—as had also John Madden, great grandson of Daniel O'Madden, of 448 acres, in the same district, while Dr. Richard Madden possessed patent for about 200 acres in Clare and Mayo. The latter was probably the Dr. Richard Madden of Waterford, who twenty-three years previously, presumably on the ground of his professional services, was specially exempted from the Cromwellian transplantation,—Applications were frequently made to Cromwell, in favour of some persons, who were found particularly useful. Thus on the 20th of March 1654, on the certificate of Colonel W. Leigh, and other officers, within the precincts of Waterford, Dr. Richard Madden was dispensed with from transplantation into Connaught—but as to his desire of residing in Waterford, it was referred to Colonel Lawrence, the governor there, to decide, and if he considered it fit, the request should then be granted" . . . . . .

In the subsequent struggles between the contending claimants to the British Throne, during the Jacobite wars, the O'Maddens are frequently mentioned amongst the adherents of the Stuart cause, in whose misfortunes and exile they shared. Thus amongst those enumerated in the "List of the men of note, that came with King James out of France, or that followed him after, as fast as could be collected"—(London 1691)—is included amongst others of the Silanchia Sept, the Rev. John Madden, whilst in King James's Irish Army List, (1689) we find no small space occupied by the O'Madden family. In the Earl of Clanricarde's regiment of infantry, Lieutenant Colonel Edw. Madden of the Hy-many Sept, was second in command. This Colonel Edward Madden was taken prisoner at the battle of Aughrim, but having afterwards regained his liberty, hastened to France, where he was commissioned as major in the Brigade of Fitzjames, the Grand Prior . . . . . Two of the name, adds Dalton (op. cit. p. 143) were attainted in 1691. In the Earl of Clanricarde's regiment, there was Michael Madden an ensign, John Madden, Lieutenant in the Earl of Tyrone's Regiment, and another Madden in Colonel Owen M'Carthy's regiment—John Madden, an ensign in Lord Boffin's Regiment, who in 1691 was indited as of Longford, county of Galway, "and was," adds Dalton, "ancestor of the present Dr. Richard Robert Madden, so well known and respected in various fields of literature."*

At the same period we find another of this family, viz., Hugh Madden, a Captain in Colonel O'Hugh's regiment and, John Madden, lieutenant in same regiment; while in the King's Own Infantry regiment there was another lieutenant Madden . . . . . Their adherence to the losing side was avenged during the victorious Dutchman's reign, and in the Williamite confiscations, the territory of the O'Maddens was again despoiled, and the members of this

* "Illustrations, Historical and Geographical, of King James's Army List (1689)," by John Dalton, 2nd edition vol. 2., p. 525.

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ancient house driven from their ancestral possessions, were, perforce, like Dr. R. R. Madden's grandfather—John Brasil Madden, who, says O'Donovan, "was undoubtedly the head of the family"—fain to earn their livelihood in such positions or occupations as were then permitted, to persecuted Catholic victims, of penal law oppression in Ireland, whilst others more adventurously sought their fortune in the congenial profession of arms, in one or other of those Irish regiments, at that time so largely employed in the Austrian, Spanish, and French services. During the earlier years of the eighteenth century, a vast number of these Irish exiles served in the Spanish army, in which there were no less than seven regiments recruited from Ireland, and in these were included a considerable number of the O'Madden name....." Among the officers who then distinguished themselves in the Regiment de Infanterie de Irlanda, which was raised in 1702, we find the name of Don Patricio O'Madden. In the following year, 1703, in the list of Irish officers in the French service, we discover several of the exiled sept of Silanchia, amongst whom was Lieutenant-Colonel Donal O'Madden of the Regiment de Fitzgerald, and throughout the last century, down to the time of the Revolution, the O'Maddens figured largely in their muster-rolls.

One of the last of those who thus served the House of Bourbon before its sanguinary extinction, and the final disbandment of the Irish regiments in the royal service, was Morrough O'Madden—who in 1785 was Lieutenant in the regiment of Dillon, of the Irish Brigade. The origin of this splendid corps, in the remnant of King James's Irish Army, which on the final defeat of the Jacobite cause, by the fall of Limerick, subsequently became the Irish Brigade in the service of France, of whom about nineteen thousand officers and soldiers were reviewed at Brest in 1692, and its achievements in the wars of Louis XIV. and his successors are too familiar to need any allusion, nor would the limits at our disposal permit any further account here of the many members of the O'Madden sept who fought in the ranks of the Brigade from 1692 down to the period of its extinction, during the revolutionary reign of terror in 1792. At the same time, it would be difficult to conclude this article without some brief reference to the ultimate fate of that distinguished body of Irish troops.

Early in 1782 the regiment of Dillon, in which many of the O'Madden's had served, was employed in a successful expedition to recover the Antilles from England. After the capture of the Island of St. Christopher, and whilst the regiment was in occupation of St. Domingo, peace was proclaimed between England, France, and America, and by it was terminated the active military career of the Irish Brigade, which in 1785 was reduced to the regiments of Dillon, Berwick, and Walshe, consisting of about 5,000 men, and thenceforth these ceased to be exclusively recruited from Ireland, although the officers continued Irish down to their disbandment. Three years from the commencement of the Revolution, by a Decree of the National Assembly, July 1791, the distinctive establishment of the *Troupes Etrangers au Service de France* was established, and the regiments broken up and transferred to other corps. Of the existant officers of the Irish Brigade, only a few gave their adhesion to the revolutionary government, and of these some subsequently served with distinction in the Republican and Imperial armies. The great majority, as might be anticipated from their antecedents, more honourably adhered to the loosing or Royalist side, in the misfortunes of which they participated. Thus in 1793, the last commandant of the Regiment of Dillon, viz., General Lord Charles Dillon, was arrested as a Royalist and ultimately brought to the guillotine on the 14th of April 1794. It is related by an eyewitness, on that fatal morning, as Dillon approached the blood-stained Place de la Revolution—one of the female victims about to share his fate, shrank back from the executioners hand, and turning to the gallant

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soldier beside her, exclaimed: "Oh, M. Dillon, will you go first?" to which he replied: "anything to oblige a lady," as he preceded her to the block. His lastwords—"Vive le Roi"—says O'Callaghan, resounded from the scaffold with as loud and as firm a tone as if he had been giving the word of command for a military evolution.* . . . . . Nearly two years before Dillon's execution, the last muster of the remnant of that once formidable corps, in which so many of the descendants of the founders of Meelick Abbey, with those of almost every other ancient Irish family, had as we have seen, well sustained the cause of France in all the battlefields of the preceding century, took place in 1792, at Coblentz, where the exiled Bourbon princes and other leaders of the Royalist party were then assembled.

We may here, in conclusion, cite the words in which the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., brother of the ill-fated Louis XVI., at this epoch, recorded the services, and pronounced the final dismissal from the pages of history, of the Irish Brigade in the service of France.—"Gentlemen," said the Prince, in his address to the officers of that body. "We acknowledge the invaluable services that France has received from the Irish Brigade in the course of the last hundred years, services that we shall never forget, though under an impossibility of requiting them. Receive this standard as a pledge of our remembrance, as well as a monument of our admiration and respect, and that in future times, generous Irishmen, this shall be the motto of your spotless flag (1692-1792), *Semper et ubique Fidelis.*"

* *History of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France*, p. 634.

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ABSTRACT OF A NOTICE OF MR. JOHN PATTEN—EMMET'S BROTHER-IN-LAW.

BY R. R. M. (*From "The Nation*, January, 1864.")

The following compendious notice of the termination of the career of a man of great worth and noble qualities, who loved his country well, and suffered for it—a wise and a good man, of Christian principles, tolerant and charitable, utterly free from guile, eminently just, and of a generous, kindly, loving nature—is, perhaps, a little too brief for the occasion:—

"January 11th, at 93 Lower Mount-street, Dublin, died, John Patten, Esq., aged 96 years." (Jan. 11th 1864).

There are persons who converse with the shadows of men whose memories are connected with historical events of more or less pith and moment, of mere Irish interest though they be. For such persons we put together the scattered records of the career of John Patten, which we find in a work entitled *The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, by R. R. Madden, and in letters and other papers of the late Mr. Patten, which are in the hands of the writer of this sketch:—

John Patten, the son of the Rev. J. Patten, Presbyterian minister of Clonmel (deceased in 1787), by his marriage with Miss Margaret Colville (born in 1735), was the youngest of three children by this marriage. . . . . He was born the 16th of August 1774, and consequently died in his 91st, not his 96th, year. His sister Jane, married to T. A. Emmet in 1791, was born 16th of August 1771. His brother. William Patten, was born in 1772. Mr. John Patten married, about 1822, Miss Orr, a Scotch lady, and by this marriage had a son, John Patten, born in 1823, who died about twenty years ago, and two other children, who died previously.

The maternal uncle of Mr. John Patten, Mr. William Colville, was a merchant of this city, and by him Mr. Patten was taken into his house of business, and eventually became his partner. Mr. Colville was succeeded by his sons, John and William C. Colville (the latter subsequently was a director of the Bank of Ireland), and Mr. Patten ceased to be connected with the firm. He became intimately acquainted with the family of old Dr. Emmet, then living in Stephen's Green, and continued so to be from the time of the marriage of T. A. Emmet with his sister in 1791 to the period of the ruin that fell on it in 1798, and its utter desolation in 1803. Mr. Patten was not a member of the Society of United Irishmen, but he was acquainted with the connection of T. A. Emmet with it, and having an intimate knowledge of Emmet's projects in 1803, was then imprisoned for upwards of a year for his alleged connexion with them. He had feelings of the strongest affection for Robert Emmet, and that love and friendship of his never varied. This affectionate sorrow that had been taught to be proud of its object, was the same in his old age as it was in his early days, full of ardour and admiration, but never demonstrated voluntarily, or on slight occasions. Elsewhere, in the same work, we find that Mr. Patten was acquainted with the fact, known only to two persons, who were living within a period of some twenty years—the fact of a nobleman of distinguished rank, viz., the the Earl of Wycombe being well cognisant of the plans of Emmet.

. . . . . .

The author of *The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen* tells us:—

"In the month of August 1859, I accompanied Mr. Patten to Kilmainham Jail, to have the cell pointed out to me where Robert Emmet passed his last night in this world; and, on entering the vestibule of the prison, Mr. Patten without any hesitation or inquiry, stepped up to a door, the first on entering on the left hand side, and recognized that room rather than cell—for it was not ordinarily used as a cell—though Mr. Patten had been placed in confinement in it, and actually slept in Emmet's bed the night following his execution. It is now quite different in its appearance to what he remem-

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bers it. When he entered the room, as a prisoner, Emmet's bed was just as he had slept in it the night before; he (Mr. Patten) lay down there. The room is now undergoing such extensive alterations that in a short time it will be totally different in regard to size, doors, and windows. Its dimensions when Emmet passed his last night there, were eighteen feet in height, sixteen feet in length, and fourteen feet in breadth. After many inquiries, we could find only one person living in the locality who had any knowledge of Robert Emmet while in prison in Kilmainham. . . . . "

The author of *The History of the United Irishmen*, writing in 1859, said:—

" Mr. Patten, late librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, was the brother of Mrs. Emmet, wife of Thomas Addis Emmet. This venerable man, now in his eighty-sixth year, still survives, in Dublin, revered by his fellow-citizens of all creeds and parties, for that rare virtue of consistency that is the same in all circumstances and in either fortune. It has been exhibited by him in early life as it is found in his old age, and all who know the brother-in-law of Thomas A. Emmet recognize in him one whose equanimity of mind is the result of practical religion—whose philosophy is shown in the tolerance of his opinions, the moderation of his desires, the calmness of his spirit, and the contentment of a good conscience. True to his early friendships, to his simple tastes, to the interests of his country—which he espoused in youth, and clings to in his declining years with unshaken fidelity, after all his sufferings for them—few men have been so faithful to their principles, throughout a long and chequered career, as John Patten."

The same writer, was by Mr Patten's bedside in his last moments. All that the kindness of a faithful servant (in whose home he died) could do for a beloved master on such an occasion was done. The relatives of Mrs. Patten did not forget the offices of friendship, and, in particular, Mr. Boyle was unremitting in his attention.

Many are the traits of Mr. Patten's benevolence which have come to our personal knowledge. With his limited means it is surprising how much suffering he relieved. For many years he was in the habit of paying a weekly pension—small in amount, but to the objects of his bounty the chief means of subsistence—to two poor widows, whose only claim on him was their destitution. The deepest sorrow was manifested by the old servants of the institution with which he was so long connected when the news of his death reached them. He had all the urbanity and kindness in dealing with the poor especially, and with his inferiors, in position, all the considerate gentleness and courtesy of a Christian gentleman. In the house where he died, a few hours after his de[illegible] the present writer saw two poor aged women, weeping, and reca[illegible]g all the kind acts of " the dear good old gentleman ;" and one of them said—" I may well lament his death, for he was the best and kindest friend, and the only benefactor I ever had in the world." His servant man expressed himself in similar terms, and crying as a son might do whose father was lying dead before him. The writer of this notice has but one observation more to make of his departed friend's character, Mr. Patten was not a member of his Church. He appreciates, however, as highly as the member of any Church can do, a true spirit of tolerant charity, and that he has never seen exemplified more uniformly than in the practice and the principles of the late John Patten. He was, indeed, a truly Christian gentleman. Peace be to his ashes.

R. R. M.

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JOHN CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN.

[To the foregoing notices of some of Dr. Madden's friends, may be appended a brief sketch of one of the most valued and oldest of his literary associates, contributed to the *Irish Monthly Magazine*, in which, with some additions, it was published in August, 1890.]

The name of John Cornelius O'Callaghan is one entitled to a prominent place in the long list of Irish literary celebrities, and is certainly deserving of fuller recognition than has yet been awarded to his life-long labours in the cause of his country's history.

The newspaper obituaries at the time of his death, and a short article in *The Irish Monthly Magazine* are the only record of a man whose individuality of character was as remarkable as his genius, and whose services in rescuing from misrepresentation and oblivion some of the least known and most important passages of Hibernian history are probably reserved for the appreciation of future times less troubled than the present. If left unnoticed until then, however, nothing more than his works can survive, and the personality of the man and those traits which were familiar to his contemporaries will be no longer known. Hence, from the sources just mentioned, supplemented by circumstances referred to by O'Callaghan in his works or in his conversations during an acquaintance extending from those distant "boyhood's years—now, alas! more than poor Mangan's "Twenty Golden Years Ago," when I first met Mr. O'Callaghan at my father's table, down to the time when, in the same company, I sat by his death-bed and followed his hearse to Glasnevin Cemetery, during which long period I enjoyed the privilege of intimate friendship with the historian of *The Irish Brigade*, has been compiled the following notice of a man who well merits a better chronicle than these imperfect reminiscences.

John Cornelius O'Callaghan was born in Dublin in 1805, and, as he boasted, drew his blood from canny Ulster as well as from the more fervid and imaginative Munster race. His father, Mr. John O'Callaghan, of Talbot-street, was one of the first Catholics admitted to the profession of attorney in Ireland, on the partial relaxation of the Penal Laws in 1793, and at the time of the Union was a highly respected solicitor, who succeeded in amassing a competency which subsequently enabled the younger O'Callaghan to follow his literary tastes. His mother was a southern lady—a Miss Donovan, who is described as having been a beauty in her youth, and whom I well remember in her latter years as a highly intellectual woman.

At an early age John Cornelius O'Callaghan was sent as a pupil to the then newly-established Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, where he was imbued with that love of classical learning which distinguished his after life, and with those principles of religion which consoled his last moments. Subsequently he was transferred to another school nearer to Dublin, at Blanchardstown, kept by a Catholic priest, the Rev. Joseph Joy Deane. At the completion of his education he became a candidate for membership in his father's profession, but, fortunately for the interest of Irish history, he evinced such a dislike for those shrewd practices and pettifogging ways by which, he was wont to say, success in the law is chiefly attainable, that as soon as possible he shook its dust from his feet, and devoted himself wholly to the more congenial if less profitable pursuits of literature.

Of his brothers, of whom he had either two or three, he was accustomed to refer most frequently and in terms of warm affection to the younger, who, having entered the medical department of the army at an early age, retired, after a long service in India, with the rank of Surgeon-General, and is still

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living in England with his family, one of whom was, I believe, married to Mr. Irving, the well-known actor. His sisters were married and left families, of whom two ladies residing in this city and one distinguished clergyman of the Vincentian Order are the surviving representatives.

Mr. O'Callaghan's mother, from whom he apparently inherited much of his talent as well as the originality of his character, was a lady of considerable mental culture and some eccentricity, who attained a very advanced age. One of my earliest recollections of O'Callaghan goes back to my boyhood, when I was sent with some message to his house in Dorset-street, where I met his mother, then a very old lady, but with mind and memory unimpaired by age. The scene was one I shall never forget. The venerable matron, oddly dressed, and retaining little trace of her early comeliness, filled an arm-chair on one side of the fire-place, whilst the opposite one was occupied by her son, clad in a flowing dressing-robe of faded pattern, his customary bag-wig replaced by an old-fashioned white nightcap; and there they sat for nearly an hour, heedless of any interruption, discussing some forgotten point of historical controversy with extraordinary learning and equal vehemence on both sides, until at last both appealed to my judgment, to my no small bewilderment and consternation. To the day of her death, O'Callaghan's respect and love for his mother were constant and unfailing, and to her he always ascribed his own literary tastes and much of the knowledge embodied in his works.

O'Callaghan's first appearance in print was in the columns of *The Comet*, a newspaper established in 1831 by the members of the Comet Club, and in the *Irish Monthly Magazine of Politics and Literature*, which from 1830 to 1833 was conducted by Mr. Ronayne, then M.P. for Dungarvan, and two other barristers, Messrs. Close and Kennedy, and amongst the contributors to which, besides Mr. O'Callaghan, Daniel O'Connell, his eldest daughter, Mrs. Fitzsimons, Richard Lalor Sheil, and many other distinguished Irish writers were included.

The abolition of the Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland as a State-supported institution was one of the chief objects of the Comet Club; and by the able newspaper which owed its existence to that body was sown the seeds of the agitation that bore fruit long subsequently in the disestablishment and disendowment of the once-apparently unassailable citadel of sectarian intolerance and ascendancy. "To get rid of such a glaring insult to justice, Christianity, and Protestantism in general, and to Ireland in particular," says Mr. O'Callaghan,* the original Comet Club, a political and literary society embracing members of various creeds, had the merit of combining in Dublin about the commencement of 1831. From the head-quarters of the club, No. 10 D'Olier-street, the commencing blaze of the vigorous fire against the Established Church, and in favour of the voluntary system, which has been since so widely spread throughout England and Scotland, was in consequence kindled by the irregular and fantastic but keen and scorching light of *The Parson's Horn-Book*. The first edition of this, with etchings by Lover, was sold off in less than a fortnight, and the general impressions of ridicule and disgust towards the State Established Church were briskly kept up by other publications of the club, but particularly by the establishment of *The Comet*, a weekly Sunday newspaper. The principles which *The Comet* maintained cannot be better expressed than by the following lines that appeared above the signature, *Alfieri*, in its first number:—

* "The Green Book," by John Cornelius O'Callaghan, p. 80, Dublin, 1845

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"Our Comet shines to chase foul mists away,
And drive dark falsehood from her cell to-day,
To scathe the hands that break man's chartered laws,
Or pounce on nations with a vulture's claws.
To raise the prostrate, soothe the anguished breast,
To check the oppressor, bid the goaded rest—
To give to man true knowledge of his kind,
And lift him to that rank which Heaven designed—
For ends like these, from high our COMET moves,
Bright freedom wings it, and fair Truth approves.

. . . . .

"Yes—'twill be ours to check the bigot's frown,
Or despot's stride that tramples freedom down.

. . . . .

"Yes—Themis' bench shall see no hand impure
Deal partial laws to crush the suffering poor—
And bloated prelates shall with bigots fly,
While pure Religion waves her torch on high,
And Sacred Truth, with gospel-flag unfurled,
Diffuse unpaid-for doctrines throughout the world."

Such were the principles on which *The Comet* commenced its course, and so successful was the venture, that from May to October, 1831, when its original founders retired from its direction, it rapidly rose to a circulation then considered large, of 2,300 copies. After this time its character became altered and deteriorated by the introduction of local personalities and scandal, by which, at the expiration of two years, its circulation was eventually destroyed, and by the secession of the majority of the original Comet Club from that paper, when they, with other gentlemen, formed themselves into another literary society called the "Irish Brigade," and got up a periodical, entitled *The Irish Monthly Magazine*.

Of the two literary and political associations just referred to, which included so many men of ability, probably the last survivor was Mr. O'Callaghan. The best testimony to the merit of these societies was the reluctant tribute paid by one of their oldest opponents in the cause of misrule and Orange ascendancy, namely, the *Quarterly Review*, which at that time admitted that each of them had "exhibited public proof that its labours were not frivolous or unproductive."

Mr. O'Callaghan's contributions to *The Comet* and *Irish Monthly Magazine*, with several others of his earlier writings, were reprinted in a now scarce volume, under the title of *The Green Book; or, Gleanings from the Writing-desk of a Literary Agitator*. The first edition of this curious *Olla podrida* of historic and political research, with some forty of his poetical pieces, was published in Dublin by the late Mr. James Duffy in 1840, and the second edition, adorned with an excellent likeness of the author, by W. H. Holbrooke, in 1845.

In the earlier volumes of *The Nation* he was a frequent and valued contributor, and his services to that famous journal have been generously acknowledged by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in his *Young Ireland*, and still more recently in his "Life of Thomas Davis." Indeed, O'Callaghan was wont to claim a share in the origin of *The Nation*, and in the preface to his second edition to his *Green Book*, he refers to it as "that able weekly periodical, the necessity for whose establishment in Dublin was first suggested by the present publication."

If O'Callaghan had never written anything beyond the notes to his edition of he *Macariæ Excidium*, published in 1850 by the Archæological Society,

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is sufficient evidence of his extraordinary erudition, industry, and love of country might be found therein. This work drew forth the most flattering tributes to the editor's historic accuracy and learning, even from those most strenuously opposed to all his views. Thus Macaulay, for instance, wrote to him: "To a considerable extent our views coincide. I admit that the Irish were not like the English Jacobites, the defenders of arbitrary power. The cause of James presented itself, no doubt, to the Roman Catholics of Munster as the cause of civil and spiritual liberty." When Macaulay visited Ireland in quest of information bearing on the Jacobite and Williamite Wars in this country, he expressed a wish to see the editor of the *Macariæ Excidium*, and the latter was accordingly requested to wait on the eloquent word-painter whose historic accuracy was less conspicuous than his brilliant descriptive power. O'Callaghan, however, resented this summons as an indignity. "No sir," he replied, "I shall not wait on Mr. Macaulay. If Mr. Macauley desires an interview, he can ascertain where I live, and may call on Mr. O'Callaghan."

As a politician, O'Callaghan was an ardent and uncompromising nationalist of the old school, of which the typical representatives were Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, R. R. Madden, Denis Florence M'Carthy, Father Meehan, R. D. Williams, Clarence Mangan, Maurice and John O'Connell, Denny Lane, William Drennan, Edward Walsh, and those other gifted men of genius and letters, whose names with his own may be found in *Songs and Ballads*, by writers in *The Nation*, published in 1846. His habits and tastes, however, were not such as to lead him into any prominent participation in the turmoil of public political life. Nevertheless, he was a warm supporter of O'Connell, not only in the great Tribune's gatherings in Conciliation Hall, but also at the monster meetings of 1843, where O'Connell, then in the zenith of his power, swayed the vast multitudes that thronged around him at Tara, Athlone, and Mullaghmast. At the last named meeting, in October, 1843, conjointly with Hogan the sculptor, in the presence of 400,000 spectators, he took part in crowning the Liberator with a facsimile of the ancient Irish regal diadem.

This, I believe, was O'Callaghan's last appearance on a public platform After the secession of the Young Ireland Party he confined his political efforts to the emanations of his prolific pen. Nor in the more recent political affairs of later years did he again appear in the arena of public life, although consistently maintaining to the final moments of existence all the opinions of his youth and manhood.

Mr. O'Callaghan's latest, and perhaps his greatest work was the *History of the Irish Brigade*" in the Service of France and other foreign countries, between the dethronement of James II. and the death of the Young Pretender. This, after many ineffectual efforts to obtain a publisher at home, was brought out by Messrs. Cameron, of Glasgow, in 1867, and, as has been well said, is "a mine of information from which future historians will be glad to draw their materials," as well as the labour of love on which he expended the energies of the best part of his life. As far back as March 3, 1843, John O'Connell writes from Carysfort Avenue, Blackrock, telling Davis that he had made over all his Irish Brigade documents to O'Callaghan, who was then living at 37 Upper Merrion-street, and whom he asked Davis to consult on the matter, as 61 Baggot-street was not many paces distant. Our author was thus preparing for his *magnum opus* during more than a quarter of a century.

There has been more than one reference to the fact that O'Callaghan did not confine himself to sober prose, but not unfrequently indulged in a poetic flight, as may be seen by his *Green Book* in which are included no less than forty-two specimens of his verse. These, with some exceptions, were chiefly on ephemeral topics of the day, and hence have now lost much

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of their original interest. Nor can it be pretended that his muse soared very high, or that its effusions are likely to survive the remembrance of his friends and contemporaries. One specimen may here suffice—his epigram on the weeping and laughing philosophers:—

"'If we look,' says Racine, 'to the lives of the wise,
What opposite maxims we find!
Here said Heraclitus despondingly cries,
While Democritus laughs at mankind.'
Yet as long as my stay in this planet extends,
To follow them both I propose;
With one, may I weep for my suffering friends—
With the other, I'll laugh at my foes."

O'Callaghan's acquaintance with the forgotten bye-ways of ancient literary research was probably unrivalled. As a writer (quoted in the *Irish Monthly Magazine*, vol. xv., page 249) says:—"He knew almost the exact spot in which reposed every old manuscript in Europe. Living as he did amongst the ancients, he had their sayings always on his tongue, and would walk into a friend's drawingroom quoting Hannibal in such a way as to give the impression that the great general had just left him at the gate. A man to shed tears for the death of a pet canary, or to lash himself to fury over a tale of human injustice or wrong: he had a just and almost a martial spirit. He was one of an old school now passing away—of a small band of intrepid *savants* who denied themselves much that is desirable in life in order to toil amongst the ruins of our language and past, resolved that all traces of the prints left by noble Irish feet should not be wholly obliterated from the sands of time."

O'Callaghan's death took place at his residence in Fitzgibbon-street, Dublin, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. His last hours were soothed by the consolations of his religion, and the untiring ministrations of one of the most venerable and zealous priests who ever adorned the Catholic Church of Ireland and his own distinguished Order, viz., the late Father Callan, S.J. During that illness the present writer had the privilege of witnessing the resignation and piety with which his dear old friend bore the pains of approaching dissolution, and the humble confidence with which he looked forward to that better life beyond the grave, to which he passed with faculties undimmed by age or infirmity, on the 24th of April, 1883.

T. M. M.

THE END.

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